THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fo... by Benj. Franklin

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AUGUST 18, 1923

Elisabeth Marbury—C. E. Scoggins—Will Payne—Roland Pertwee
Grace Sartwell Mason—Richard Connell—Hugh MacNair Kahler

Yes! You can be sure of that fine Red Salmon you like so well—

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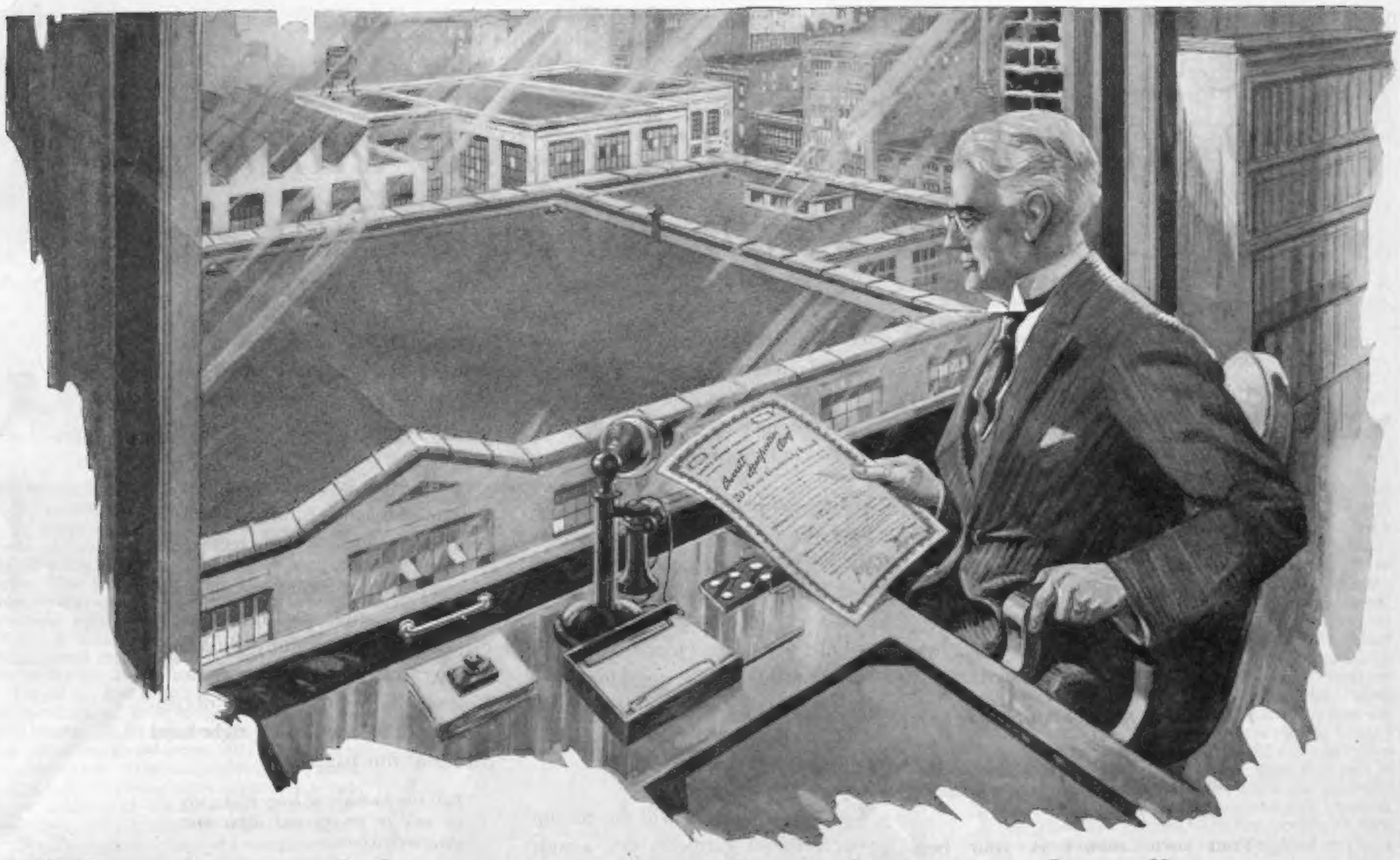

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2 Protection against weakening, shrinking or matting of fabric fibres.

3 Protection of "finish."

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

THREE of the earliest episodes in my life are distinctly associated with cowardice, gluttony and mendacity. I remember, at two years of age, being seated on the lap of a shaking Quakeress, at Lebanon, during a terrific thunderstorm. The bolt from heaven shook even more than the Quakeress, so that together we were thrown to the floor. There I sat in a heap, yelling from fear—plain physical fear—which explained an unconquerable terror of thunder and lightning which lasted until, at the age of fifteen, I was shamed out of feather beds, dark rooms and damp cellars.

I recall my first birthday party, when three years old, to which my little friends in the neighborhood were bidden. In the center of the table was a great bowl of luscious strawberries. All the big ones had been put on top. Prior to the arrival of my guests I crept into the dining room, climbed on a high chair, removed all the large berries and hid them away to eat later in selfish solitude.

The third episode indicated a straight road to a reformatory school. My father received from a client a large bunch of green bananas. In those days bananas were a rarity. They were my strongest passion, and I was never able to indulge my appetite for them to its fullest extent. I was six when I saw the bananas in question being brought into the house and placed in a storeroom to ripen. This was on a Wednesday. I became obsessed with the idea of getting at those bananas. I waited feverishly until Sunday morning. My parents, who were both God-fearing people, went to church. I pleaded to stay at home, coughing, sneezing, holding on to my head and giving every evidence of an approaching malady.

My Secret Society

I WATCHED with inward delight the departure of my father and mother, of my three brothers, of my one sister and of the servants; only the cook remained, to prepare our midday meal. This was my chance. I sneaked into the store closet. I sat my chubby little person on the floor and began to eat the forbidden fruit. I had Adam and Eve discounted, for I ate six green bananas at one fell swoop. That night I writhed in agony. I heard my distracted mother and our kindly family physician racking their brains as to what had caused my illness. I stolidly refused to explain—ur[illegible] suddenly I heard fear expressed that my hours might be numbered.

Then all the Sunday-school threats of eternal damnation flashed before my eyes. Hell fire was sizzling. Red devils were dancing. Three-pronged forks were pricking. I was broken at the wheel. My spirit groaned, my flesh was conquered, my soul cried out. I confessed—not through remorse, but through fear. I had lied through fear. I was truthful through fear. These three episodes are my earliest recollections.

Conspicuous in my memory are the incidents in a fashionable school which I attended for several years. I suggested to the class of some thirty girls that we should form ourselves into a secret society. The very name had an enticing sound. It suggested exclusiveness, and all children are natural-born snobs. I proceeded to elect myself both president and treasurer. A name had to be chosen and a pin designed. I decided that the initials A. B. S. would look well interlaced, but what would those letters mean? Presto—I had it! "Asses Bray Shockingly." This interpretation, born of the moment, proved satisfactory to my classmates. I had seen to it that the selection and ordering of the pin were to be my affair. The price was agreed upon. The pins were to cost twenty-five cents each. I recalled a little shop in the Bowery which supplied flags, banners and emblems. There I struck my bargain. The pins were to be made of shiny tin, so that they might suggest silver. The cost was to be eleven cents each. Therefore, on this transaction I cleaned up the net sum of four dollars and twenty cents, representing the value of my idea. I had something to sell and I sold it.

The next story deals with an annual prize offered to the scholar who could recite with proper effect a long poem by some distinguished author. I selected Gray's Elegy. As nothing was more difficult for me than to memorize, I had to struggle to master the self-imposed task. At last I knew the lines, and knew them so thoroughly that for three consecutive years I recited the poem with stupendous success, carrying off the prize each time—the repetition remaining undetected. But at the fourth contest I met my Waterloo. The teacher remembered!

In connection with my own school days let me observe that I do not believe there is a greater fallacy than the belief that one's social standing is improved or cemented by the associates found in a classroom. School friends are almost invariably dead friends in an incredibly short period after graduation. Rarely in after life does one meet them; nor does, as a rule, the phrase, "I used to go to school with you," strike any responsive chord. Schoolmates are not ships that pass in the night, but little skiffs which are generally engulfed by the fifty-thousand-ton liners of after life. Besides, very few women, as they grow older, like to face that ruthless reminder of the passing years.

PHOTO, FROM M. E. HEWITT STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY
Elisabeth Marbury, 10 Years Old, Authority on the Solar System

My Venture in Chickens

WHEN I graduated I was destined to restrain my early evil tendencies, and to become a respectable member of society. My early mental training had been remarkable, for before I was seven my father was teaching me the first Latin grammar and directing my literary taste, so that I was reading daily and having expounded to me the Odes of Horace, pages of Doctor Johnson, Tasso, Kant's Critique of Reason, Jeremy Taylor's Living and Dying, Plutarch, the Greek drama, Shakspere, and a score of other classics the very titles of which are unknown to most of the youth of today.

At ten years of age I gave an illustrated lecture on the solar system, with a lantern and slides belonging to my father. The room was crowded with expectant children, who had been mulcted of five cents each to listen to me. All went well until suddenly there was a strong odor of burning wood. In order to see the pages from which I was reading—my older sister having been coaxed to manipulate the slides, without compensation—I had set a lighted candle in my mother's china cupboard. As the shelves were fairly close together, the origin of the fire was readily explained. The lecture came to an untimely end, but I have no recollection of returning the money at the door.

I will omit the many other influences and incidents tending to my business development until I come to my first real venture, which had to do with the raising of chickens. Incubators were a new invention, but they seemed to solve my temporary problem.

I was about twenty-five years of age, and lived with my family in a comfortable old-fashioned house in Irving Place, occupying a small hall bedroom in the third story. There was ample space in it, so the incubator was bought and set up at the foot of my bed. This was in the month of February. I was a passionate admirer of John Ruskin, and I can remember perfectly regulating the temperature of the eggs while devouring at the same time the pages of Sesame and Lilies.

I had grown tired of doing nothing. I began to realize that the world was divided into three groups—wasters, mollusks and builders. I made my decision early. I would not belong to either of the first two classes. I had danced and played long enough. I had the germ of independence in my system. Besides, my father, like thousands of others, had caught the get-rich-quick microbe. I wanted to have my own life-saver in case of financial disaster, so I thought that an anchor to windward would be advisable; in other words, an individual bank account.

Like the hayseed who first plays poker, my beginning was a glorious success. From one hundred eggs, eighty-seven chicks pecked their way into life. When old enough they were carefully transported to Long Island, where we had an old-fashioned manor house and farm. There I had my brooder ready to receive them. Not one died on the way. My venture prospered, and soon, on borrowed money which I eventually paid

back, I built elaborate yards and in due course of time was the proud owner of what in those days was a large poultry plant.

I became an exhibitor at the shows, and on one occasion, after making thirteen entries, took nine firsts and specials. It was a proud moment, but incidentally it bred romance as well as chickens. A few days after the show closed I received an offer of marriage from a rival breeder in Connecticut. He was a widower of forty and a well-known professional. Attracted, I presume, by my success, and remarking that I was, judging from my appearance, a healthy young woman, he with a keen business sense decided that I would make a practical helpmeet for him. Like many another girl overconfident of her charm, I thought I could marry whenever the spirit seized me, so I turned down this offer. I never drive through that particular town in Connecticut that I do not think that I was served jolly well right for my conceit. I might have been a happy old grandmother by this time, had I not been so cocksure of myself.

If, having read thus far, you feel any interest in my ancestry, let me state that I was born in New York City in 1856, and was the youngest of five children. We came from a long line of lawyers, with an occasional doctor thrown in to balance the mental with the physical. My maternal grandfather, a Quaker, was Vice Chancellor William T. McCoun, a resident of Warren Street, and a page out of old New York. How often he described being taken, when he was a lad of seven, dressed in a little velvet suit with lace frills at his throat and sleeves, with knee breeches, silk stockings, paste-buckled shoes and a cocked hat, to meet General Washington! My maternal grandmother was a very handsome woman of Huguenot parentage. She was on the reception committee of the ball given to the Marquis of Lafayette, who evidently cherished a memory of her, because he sent her back from France, as a souvenir, a gold needlecase, which is still in my possession.

John Jacob's Selling Methods

MY FATHER knew the founder of the Astor family, John Jacob, who dealt in skins as well as in real estate, and I have often heard the story of the way in which he traded. The skins were placed along the high shelves, with the tails of the animals carefully brushed, and hanging conspicuously over the edges. When the trader came into the little shop, which was ill lighted, he was invited to look over the stock, but his actual choice had to be made from the tails, for no skin was ever taken down until purchased.

As frequently inferior skins had very bushy tails, Astor was thus enabled to unload much of his least desirable merchandise.

Cornelius Vanderbilt the first was also well known to the citizens of those days. He did a thriving business by peddling in his boat cargoes of watermelons, then a great delicacy, between New York City, Staten Island and Albany. This perishable freight, however, was handled with such skill that little of it rotted on the way. Cornelius Vanderbilt was thus the pioneer in the fruit trade.

Once I was taken by my Grandfather McCoun to the old meetinghouse which was at Locust Valley, Long Island. The occasion was the funeral of one of his many Quaker cousins. The service was conducted in absolute silence, which lasted an hour, and which was a terrible strain upon my active little person. As we filed out, the other relatives, who were dressed most carefully in delicate shades of gray and fawn-colored silks, with immaculate white kerchiefs and becoming poke bonnets, exchanged condolences regarding the deceased "sister"—when suddenly one of the ladies leaned forward, took a fold of her friend's dress between her fingers and exclaimed: "Dear Phœbe, thy dress is made of a beautiful quality. Where did thee find it?"

I had always been told that Quakers knew nothing of vanity, of vainglory or of worldliness; from this time on my belief in them was shattered.

Long Island was in those days unknown to millionaires. It was peopled by good substantial folk, chiefly farmers and village storekeepers. The railroads were still embryonic. Glen Cove was the boat landing for Oyster Bay, and when we children were taken annually to pay grandfather a visit he invariably met us with a team of his big horses harnessed to one of his farm wagons, for when he retired from active law practice he had gone into gentleman farming. His livestock was my delight, and I remember how I trudged joyfully with him over every acre of his property, growing daily more and more familiar with the complexities of crops and fruit trees.

It was not until years later, when my mother had inherited the Oyster Bay homestead, that the tide of fashionable summer residents began to flow in our direction. It is almost needless to state that when the old house came into our hands an architect of the worst period, and of the most vicious tendencies, was employed to do it over. He promptly destroyed every bit of the colonial landmark, and erected instead a hideous modern structure, with jazzed roof and meaningless excrescences, in which our family lived until the death of my parents.

It was in Oyster Bay that I first knew Theodore Roosevelt, and it was he who inspired me to raise English mastiffs. It was fortunate that the Bull Moose had not been domesticated. At that time he was entering upon his political career in the State Assembly. He used to ride a regular Fenimore Cooper gentle Narraganset, with a Mexican, large-stirruped saddle. On our barn was a hitching ring, to which visitors tied their horses.

My young neighbor Theodore found that I made a good tryout for his speeches, but in the end I proved a keen disappointment. One evening he appeared with a bulging manuscript in his pocket, a speech he was to deliver the following night in the Jamaica Town Hall. It was pretty long and fairly dull. I fell asleep, and when he turned to me eagerly for comment, I was dead to the world and to him. In after years we often referred to this incident, which he magnanimously forgave.

Dive!

TWO stories which always struck me as very characteristic of Roosevelt might properly be told here.

When his children were all very young, he used to take them, even in the coldest weather, to the dock in front of Sagamore, his country place. There he would line them up, shivering and shaking in their bathing suits. Suddenly in a voice of thunder he would cry out "Dive!" at which command the youngsters all leaped into the water, not daring to disobey.

Roosevelt's tone of authority on these occasions was the same which he used at San Juan Hill; in fact, throughout his life. Roosevelt was metaphorically insistent that those around him should "dive" if they wanted to make good in his eyes.

In those old Long Island days hunting became a popular sport, and whether the trails were for aniseed or foxes, the fun was the same. Theodore Roosevelt was rarely absent from a meet. He rode hard, as he did everything else that came his way. He always wore his glasses, which at times became his torment, especially when heading for a stiff fence. On one occasion I was near him when he had a terrible cropper. He scrambled to his feet; the glasses had disappeared. Stroking his horse's neck he remarked: "This is the time, old chap, when I will have to trust to another fellow's eyes."

My father, Francis F. Marbury, was a remarkable man. He was one of the original members of the Century Club, where he is still referred to as a wonderful conversationalist and ready wit. Many are the stories attributed to him. On one occasion an eminent English jurist was a guest of honor, and after dinner remarked that he had observed that our country knew

(Continued on Page 115)

PHOTOS. FROM H. C. HEWITT STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY

Emma Jackson McCoun, the Author's Maternal Grandmother, of Huguenot Descent

Hon. William T. McCoun, Miss Marbury's Maternal Grandfather, Lawyer and Gentleman Farmer

In the Oval—Miss Marbury's Mother. The Silhouette Above is of Her Father, Francis Ferdinand Marbury

CAT'S-PAW

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I Turned to Remind Palomar That it Was His Move. He Had Made it, as You Shall See. His Chair Was Empty

ONCE I, Howard Pressley, viewing the world from Milo, Indiana, U. S. A., thought it was something great to be an American. I remember very well when Gus Hardy used to talk about the tropics, its simple brown people and the riches they hadn't the energy or the brains to make use of, it seemed no trick at all for an intelligent young business man to step down there and cash in.

Oh, I was making money in Milo right enough; there was something else. It's hard to put a name to. Gus Hardy was a queer one; a lean, laconic fellow with homesick eyes, who drifted into Milo and saw Martha McAllister and came suddenly and serenely to anchor. But he used to talk, his deep voice quiet and his eyes intensely blue; and walls melted about me, listening, into distance and space and color—black beaches and the thunder of giant seas, jungle and mountain and the sweep of wide horizons in the sun.

I was dissatisfied with Milo; call it that.

It's funny to remember how soft I was. A construction crew in Mexico knocked the tender self-concern out of me, taught me to stand on my own two legs and not take up so much room doing it; practical men, those fellow pioneers of mine. But I was a trader by instinct and training; that was how I came to be hanging around the American Club in Mexico City, waiting for things to pick up.

That was how my big chance came, the gambler's chance that every man hopes for—a fortune to win and nothing much to lose.

The fact is I forgot to count my life among my assets. I had heard vaguely of Anselmo Palomar, but I didn't even know that old Ben Murchison—shabby, thirsty old Ben Murchison—existed.

II

THE American Club in Mexico City was a weary place in those days. There were few of us left; so few that I, less than two years in the country, was on even footing with the oldest and bitterest of the old-timers. One subject made us brothers: How long—how long, O Lord, would the State Department at Washington let these things be?

The letter rack told the story—stuffed with letters that got smudged and dog-eared waiting for men who never came; men who had gone home, or to China or Patagonia, or to the last place of all, which has no forwarding address. I remember a whole sheaf of them for a man named Kimbrough, and finally one with this appeal on the envelope:

"Will any of his friends tell his wife what is known of him?"

And a grim old-timer sent it back with this notation:

"Murdered at Xochinango, in 1913, and not a durned thing done about it yet."

And this was 1915. Oh, well, likely it never reached her, anyway. Such messages going out of the country had a way of getting lost.

Maybe the State Department knew how many Americans had gone that way; but if so it didn't seem to care; wrote a note about it and called it square.

One day, after more drinks than either of us needed, Petersen took me into the deserted card room at the club for a talk. Petersen was an old-timer; had married an upper-class native, I believe, and seemed to stand well with the government. His business made money when everybody else was just hanging on. He was the local manager for an American lumber company with sawmills in Texas and Mexico; a lantern-jawed, narrow-eyed Swede; not handsome, now that I come to describe him. But he seemed to like me and I wasn't critical at the time. He began like a native, some distance from the point.

"Look here, Pressley, what's a foot-loose young man hanging around this God-forsaken place for? Why don't you go where there's something doing?"

Lighting my pipe, I said, "Oh, I don't know."

I did know; but a man doesn't come right out and talk about formless dreams. I thought he meant go back to the States; and I wasn't ready to do that.

"How'd you like to run down to Guatemala, with the chance of making a fortune?"

That was different. I cocked attentive ears. He brought an atlas and showed me Guatemala, the district of Peten lying northward between British Honduras and Lower Mexico.

"Mahogany. A thousand square miles of it, practically untouched."

"Why?"

"Takes energy to go after it. Wilderness; population less than two per square mile; hot as the seven brass hinges of hell—a fever hole for men who don't know how to take care of themselves."

I wasn't afraid of fever, never having had it; the wilder he made it the better it fitted that formless discontent of mine.

"All right," I said. "What do I do with this thousand miles of mahogany? Buy some of it for you?"

"Get a concession to cut timber from certain tracts. I've got the figures over at the office; I'll step over and get 'em if you're interested."

"I'll go with you," I offered, rising.

"No, no; keep your seat. Back in ten minutes."

Now that was odd, wasn't it? Preferring to talk business in the club rather than in his office. But I knew who he was, and never gave it a thought.

He brought back quite a bulk of documents; maps, plats of two tracts as big as several counties, even a detailed cruise of the standing timber. He had gone into it thoroughly, it seemed.

"Looks like a big thing," I told him. "I should think it would be worth while to go yourself."

"I wish I could," said Petersen. "But I'm responsible for our plants here, and the way things are I daren't turn my back. Of course, I don't know that you can swing it ——"

"Make your proposition," I said, "and I'll just gamble with you; my time and expenses against what you're willing to pay—if you make it worth going after."

I didn't notice, but I'll bet the narrowness of his eyes relaxed a little then. He had me hooked.

"Good boy!" he said approvingly. "I've been sizing you up, and I think you can swing it if anybody can. Your Spanish is good, and you know how to get on with people. What were you in the States—traveling salesman?"

"Real estate."

"Better!" laughed Petersen.

His proposition sounded good. A percentage to me on every log they cut; a percentage I could offer the government; and half of anything I could save from the government's share would be added to mine. A fortune to win and nothing much to lose.

Yes, it sounded good. Too good! I can see it now. We signed a very formal and legal contract, calling in a notary to witness it. And I set out as happy as if I'd had good sense. At Manzanillo, learning that I'd have to wait ten days for a Pacific Mail boat, I took deck passage on a rusty Mexican freighter. The only other passengers were a band of gypsies camped on the forward deck.

At Acapulco, farther down the coast, a small, very handsome man with a huge servant came aboard.

III

IT ALL slides into one impression now: the hot ship smell of tar and bilge water, the gay dirty colors of that band of gypsies below us on the forward deck, the misty hills of Central America crawling by on the horizon and the sun soaking up what air there was—day after day; Palomar and I playing chess in the narrow shade of the captain's cabin, and that other one, the huge and silent Gabriel Zalas, stupidly looking on.

Soft womanish brown eyes had this Anselmo Palomar, and a short mustache that he stroked when he was thoughtful—hiding his mouth with his hand. I rarely did more than make him think; I could rarely beat him.

"You—how shall I say?—you detain your hand, Señor Pressley," he used to say. "Your rook and bishop attack was brilliant for offense, but weak when you tried to withdraw after winning the pawn. Like your Mr. Wilson at Vera Cruz; eh, Gabriel?"

"It is so, Don Anselmo," the giant Zalas would gravely agree—not really getting a word of it.

All Latin America was still laughing at us over that thing at Vera Cruz—dashing in and backing out again, accomplishing nothing but the downfall of one dictator who had insulted the American flag and the succession of another who thumbed his nose at it every day. Oh, I was bitter about that; we all were, down there. Before the Latins we had to pretend there was something behind it: something that didn't meet the eye; but among ourselves we were bitter, I won't deny.

"You could have had Mexico," said Palomar; "all military men admit it."

"We don't want Mexico," I argued—wondering what, officially, we did want. Nobody at Washington seemed to have the faintest notion how the Latin mind worked.

"Then why take Vera Cruz? A pawn is worth nothing in itself. You Americans," Palomar used to say—"you Americans are not yet men. You are big strong boys with many ideas, much energy, but no serious resolution. You lose a game and you laugh; you lose an election and you laugh."

"To win next time."

"Perhaps!"

"At least we have peace and prosperity meanwhile."

"To play your game of business! Love, war, business, it is all a game to you! The day will come," said Palomar, "when a serious race shall govern you; under firm rule you will achieve strong destiny."

He was quite earnest about it; I grinned. In the foreign clubs in Mexico I had heard Germans drink openly to The Day. It always tickled me. Palomar did not smile.

"We, the Latins, are men; we do not play at things. When we fight we fight, and we die fighting rather than endure defeat."

And his eyes, too soft and liquid for a man, would begin to glow with exaltation at his own boasting. It was no use arguing with him.

One of the gypsies died the night before we made San José de Guatemala. It wasn't yellow fever he died of, but that made no difference to the port doctor. Blandly he condemned us to swelter in quarantine—hanging there at anchor, wallowing on those long slow swells, with thatched roofs in plain sight half a mile away; yonder the blessed

I'll Bet the Narrowness of His Eyes Relaxed a Little Then. He Had Me Hooked

coolness of the hills, so near and yet so far! The great twin peaks of the volcanoes Fire and Water rising stark from the green lowlands, blue, silver-headed, painted on the sky; the terraced highlands, and the far misty line of the plateau that hid the capital and the northward slope into the vast, mysterious, hot forests of Peten—fortune waiting just beyond my finger tips! In English and Spanish and Romany we cursed our luck; even Gabriel Zalas, that patient whale of a man, grumbled deep in his throat.

Under a tarpaulin stretched across a derrick boom the dead gypsy lay sewed in canvas ready to feed the sharks, his woman sitting on her heels beside him, rocking, rocking in her bright dirty dress, chanting her song of mourning:

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Four notes like that, a weird half melody of grief; and words in Romany and English: "Good-a-by, my John, my man! Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Over and over, never stopping. Sun beating down on that dirty, weaving deck, naked children tumbling about like puppies, the elders of the tribe stolidly watching her, this woman grieving for her man; Palomar and I wearily beginning our hundredth game of chess.

Came the chief of the gypsies to exhort the captain, chattering in four languages to make himself understood. The captain knew only Spanish; I had to bring my English to his assistance.

The dead man was a son of kings. It was not fitting that his body should be thrown like garbage into the sea.

A son of kings! The old chieftain himself looked like the tail end of hard times: a withered, tattered mummy of a man; yet there was a hawk-nosed, hot-eyed dignity about him. It didn't seem funny to me. The captain, though, only snorted.

"When a man is dead he is dead. What matter whether he feeds the sharks at sea or the worms on land?"

Gabriel Zalas, his eyes on the distant beach, uttered a monosyllable. Even now a boat was putting off. I remembered afterward that Palomar stared very intently, hiding his mouth with his hand. Then his soft eyes returned to the captain and the gypsy.

"But, captain," he put in, "no doubt these *bichos*"—creatures, dumb brutes, so he called the gypsies—"have feelings like people. Eh, *capitán*? Perhaps it could be arranged if ——"

He rubbed thumb on finger, meaning gold.

"Well, if ——" said the captain, open to conviction.

With a gesture of resignation, that tattered old scarecrow produced a leather bag, amazingly fat and heavy.

"Eh, well, it is not legal, old one," said the captain; "but because I like you I will see what can be done."

I turned to remind Palomar that it was his move. He had made it, as you shall see. His chair was empty.

I didn't mind; I was very tired of chess. The boat came slowly, balancing on the rounded crest of a swell, sliding down and vanishing as if it had dived to the green bottom of the Pacific; heaving up and coming slowly on. It was no easy trick to catch the landing stage, now submerged, now hanging high, the small boat rushing up and down like an elevator under the rusty wall of the ship's side; but one by one they made it and came aboard, a dozen barefooted fellows with rifles and one very fierce officer, gold braid all over him and white ropes looped grandly across his chest.

He addressed the captain in a stern, or military, manner; but his eyes were anxious and his hand never left the butt of his revolver.

"Summon all passengers!"

The gypsies, the crooning woman among them, were driven up like cattle from the forward deck. Afterward came Gabriel Zalas, very humble; but Palomar did not come.

"No others?"

"No others, my general. Only"—the captain waved a casual hand at that canvas bundle on the forward deck— "only a poor *gitano* who has died. Very greatly his people wish to give him burial on ——"

"No others? Careful! I have seen the doctor."

"Eh—but wait!" The captain counted us most carefully. "My general, you are right. There was another. He sat here a moment ago!"

"Ah!" The general put his back against the rail, trying to look in all directions at once. "Summon the crew! Summon every soul!"

The crew came, looking guilty, every soul, doubtless with reason; but Palomar did not come.

"Now! Now, my brave ones! To the search! Hesitate not! Shoot anything that moves!"

"Your grace seeks some evildoer?" I ventured politely.

"But a great one—that Mexican dog!"

Diplomatic relations with Mexico seemed a trifle strained; but the captain and Gabriel Zalas, both Mexicans, gave no sign of resentment, watching four or five black fins that cruised on the seaward side.

"This Don Palomar!" said the general, trying to look in all directions at once. It is a very great insult to use the title *don* with a surname alone—implying, you know, that it is really a given name; that the owner was born without any. He breathed more fiercely when he had done it and nothing happened.

Afterward I understood how important he felt, this mere infantry officer hunting Anselmo Palomar.

"The Butcher he calls himself. But let me see him and I will show you how butchering is done! I am El Tiburón," said the general, twirling his mustache as the search proceeded and no sound of combat came; "The Shark, men call me. Your grace has heard of me?"

He did look something like a shark, at that, having a sharp nose and no chin to speak of; an apprehensive shark, if you can imagine such a thing. He was hunting Palomar; but gosh, how he dreaded to find him!

One of the soldiers, passing under the awning stretched on the forward deck, gave that canvas bundle a perfunctory jab with his bayonet. The gypsy woman moaned; the bundle did not move.

I admit that my sympathies were all with Palomar at the time. I had heard of the Mexican revolutionary called The Butcher, but I suppose I couldn't fit those hair-raising yarns to the undersized, gentlemanly, soft-eyed Palomar who played chess with me and argued politely about the United States. No doubt I had pictured an iron-faced monster about the size of Gabriel Zalas.

Well, he had courage, which was more than could be said for the man who hunted him. The bayonet that poked that canvas bundle was no joke.

The rifle squad returned.

"Nothing, my general. There is no other soul on board."

"Eh?" said the general. "You are sure?"

Casting an eye about for a swimming head, he saw the cruising fins. One of them rolled as he looked; a white belly flashed and for an instant a man's shoe broke the water.

"Ah!" said the general, expanding. "He thought to escape me! My little brothers have him now!"

"Eh, well," sighed the captain, crossing himself, "when a man is dead he is dead. A little drink for the heat, my general?"

They entered the cabin. Glasses clinked, oh, several times; gold no doubt clinked too. It was a mellowed military man who came out roaring to his squad, ordering them to bring that stiff canvas bundle and lower it into the boat. The woman stretched her arms after it, crooning, crooning.

"Good-a-by, my John, my man! Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Hour after hour, never stopping. Sun beating down, the heavy wash of long swells running under us, idle and helpless after the weariness of days; this woman crooning, stretching her arms to land, while sharks cruised on the seaward side. You've no idea how a thing like that gets on your nerves.

Eh, well, when a man is dead he is dead! Our term of quarantine dragged by. When at last we reached the customhouse the lock of my trunk had somehow got broken, but nothing was missing that I could see. I had no trouble getting through. The customs officials, hardly noticing me, searched the huge and humble Zalas from head to foot.

IV

THERE were plenty of Americans in the capital; but none of them looked me up at the Hotel Central to offer me a card to the American Club. The American minister was in Washington; his secretary, a languid Bostonian, considered the diplomatic service a sort of social career; it bored him even to speak of such crude things as lumber. The American consul gave me one audience and turned me over to a high-collared assistant who spoke his Spanish out of the book and knew less about the tropics than I did. I met transient Americans and an elderly windbag named Ben Murchison, who lived at the hotel, would sit with me in the dim stone-flagged barroom and talk as long as I would buy.

Plainly he had spotted me for a tenderfoot, but the entertainment was cheap at the price.

"I come out here peaceable as anybody," he said, "twenty-eight—no, twenty-nine years ago. Come out to run an engine on the first railroad ever built in Costa Rica, haulin' bananas. But a bunch of revolutionists captured my train and made me haul their army with a bayonet in the small of my back. And the gover'ment army laid for us, and the way them bullets whistled around was a caution.

"I was a peaceable feller in them days; but I got awful tired of bein' shot at, so I grabs me a rifle and a cartridge belt off a dead man and start snipin' from my cab. They waste lots of lead, all them fellers do. Pretty soon the gover'ment army notices that their men is droppin' too regular, and they edge off into the brush. I grabs me a couple more cartridge belts and we go after 'em, and they get backed up against a swamp and start throwin' down their guns.

"And the general of our army, he comes up and says I can be a captain. And he tries to kiss me. I wasn't used to that way of doin' in them days, so I slams him in the jaw, and he gets up and says I can be a colonel. Pretty soon after that we win the revolution and I get to be a general myself."

You see? Plainly he had been reading O. Henry or Richard Harding Davis. Many a weary evening he beguiled for me; and he rarely repeated, I'll say that for him. To hear him tell it, he remembered personally twenty or thirty wars.

"Yeah," he said, "I got a general's commission in pretty near every one of these durned republics. Time I got tired fightin' in one place, there was always a job waitin' somewheres else."

"Ever wounded?" I asked with a straight face.

"All over," said this shabby, thirsty Ben Murchison, who wasn't even lame. "Arms, legs, back, front, all over. The natives think I got a charmed life, the way I been shot and knifed and never killed."

But he didn't offer to show me.

"Yeah, they think I got some sort of magic. One night down in Nicaragua they shot up my house, which was stuck out on piles at the edge of a lake. Shot it up and set fire to it; and a bullet took me through the arm, so I tore up a piece of the floor and dropped into the lake and swum off under water, and they never seen me. And next day I walked in on this feller that done it, and he was so surprised I reckon he was half dead anyway before I shot him. But that time I almost died of malaria," said Ben Murchison, looking thirstily for the waiter, "bein' in the water so long with a hole in my arm. That lake was just rotten with malaria."

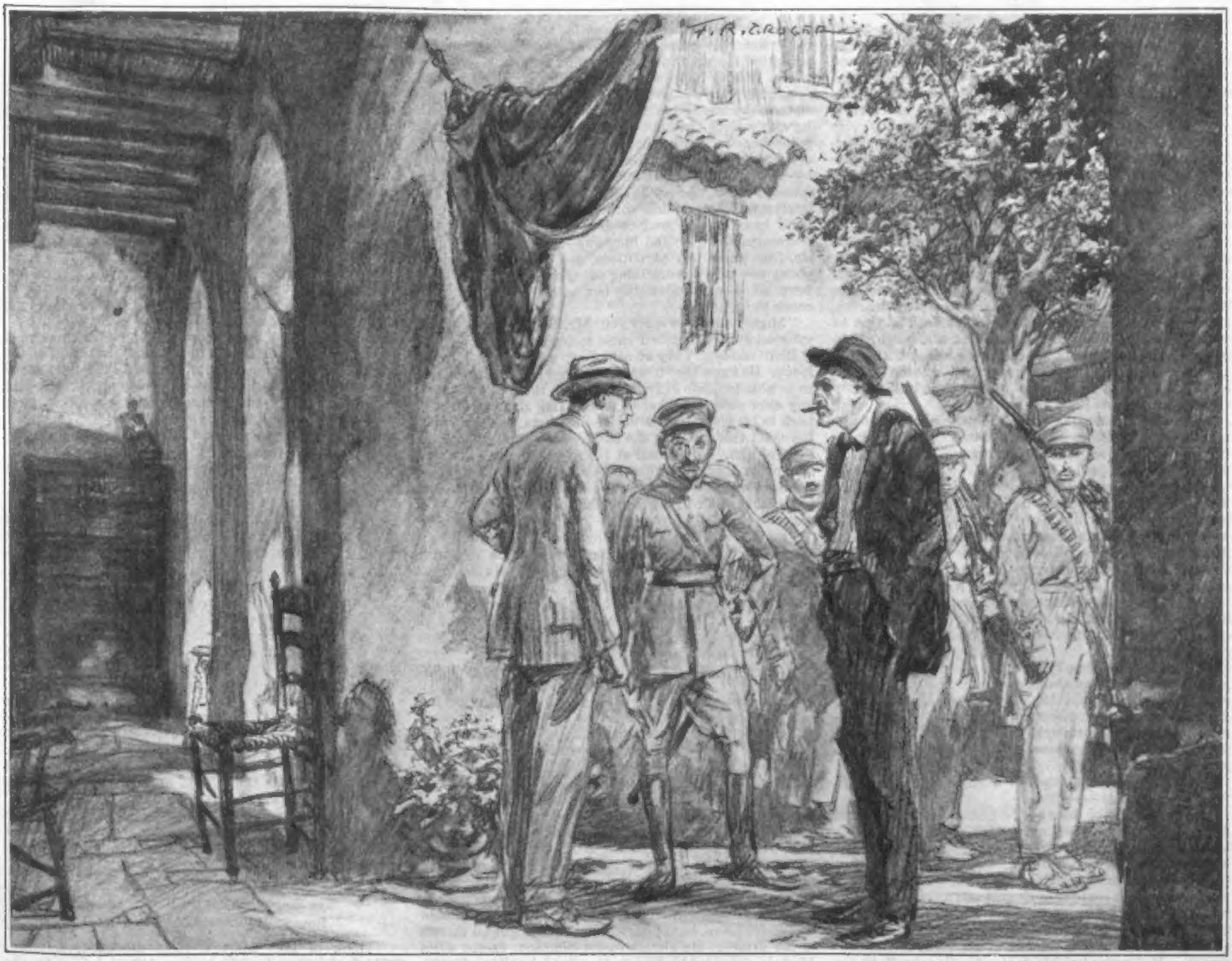
"Mosquitoes," I said, to show I knew.

He snorted.

"Yeah, I know; bunch of American doctors that come down here every year, that's what they claim. But you can't tell me! One of 'em that was stationed here, he died just last week from the water he was foolin' with."

I knew about that—this American doctor dying of an intestinal infection he had been studying; this quiet soldier in the tremendous battle to tame the tropics. I had seen the funeral procession, block after block of the carriages of local dignitaries, to say nothing of the whole American colony; oh, yes, they did him honor when he was dead. I remember the curious emotion that took me by the throat; and for a little while I had been proud to be an American.

(Continued on Page 96)



"Well, Good-by, Buck. You Take My Advice and Don't You Know a Durned Thing About This"

UNSEALED

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"There's More Real Artists to the Square Inch in Good Old Hollywood Than to the Square Mile Anywheres Else"

KEENLY as Jeffrey Blaik resented the irregular quickening of pulse and breath that responded to the sight of Marta Calverly, he was more distressed and humbled by the discovery that he enjoyed those base mechanical reactions. To his enlightened spirit it was sufficiently degrading to be still in slavery to his creature reflexes without the added shame of that artless joy. He managed, nevertheless, to greet Marta carelessly. Practice had schooled him to a decently casual manner in the teeth of his disgraceful impulses. He helped himself to a cigarette from the lacquered box and collapsed, with careful indolence, in the deep chair by the window, where a man could divert his glance by the harmless spectacle of the park, instead of affronting his intellect with mental comparisons of eyes to skies and cheeks to peach bloom.

The figures of speech suggested a happily satiric line for his review of that sappy novel. He polished it bitterly as he looked down on the green island and its asphalt beaches, resisting the urge that tried to twist his head so that he would look, instead, at Marta. Marta would laugh, if she guessed; that was part of her charm for Jeffrey Blaik, that pitiless enlightenment that penetrated all the ancient shams as shrewdly as Jeffrey's own sardonic brilliance.

"Well, what's on your mind, Marta?"

He liked the tone, the banality of the phrase. It was exactly the way Jeffrey Blaik ought to speak to a woman, he told himself, and the thought gave him confidence enough to look at her.

"Stars!" He could hear an inner voice whispering the word. "Big, warm, blue stars!"

"I wanted your opinion, Jeffrey." Marta's voice was touched with an unfamiliar uncertainty. "I think—I'm almost sure that I've discovered something—something fine and splendid. But it seems—oh, I can't explain. You'll see for yourself, if there's really anything to see."

Blaik's brows rose. Marta was always discovering somebody; there was nothing new in that. But it wasn't like her to be uncertain, to reserve her decision even for his judgment.

"What is it this time?"

He crushed down an absurd fancy that her hair was like a fine-meshed net in which a school of baby sunbeams flashed and glittered. She spread her hands—remarkably expressive hands, Marta's, he admitted; hands that made one realize that gesture was an older, more eloquent language than speech.

"I don't know. I—it's just a blind impression that there's something ——"

He scowled at the door as the buzzer hummed. Even Jeffrey Blaik sent up his name from the telephone desk and gave Marta a chance to exclude him; this caller, whoever it was, lacked delicacy. The frown tightened at the phenomenon of Marta's behavior. Normally she would have been content to sit still and answer that buzz with a faintly interrogative yes, instead of springing eagerly to open the door to her visitor.

He got reluctantly to his feet at the sight of the newcomer. He could feel his face adjusting itself to the expression it habitually assumed for strangers—that correctly weary smile, that impressive look of inattention. He permitted his hand to be clasped and shaken.

Mr. Roland Simpson at first glance classified himself accurately. He was nicely dressed in ready-made business clothes; he was exceedingly washed and shaved; his hair lay flatly sleek, without even a scar to show where the patently new straw hat had touched it. He displayed a lot of very white teeth, which seemed brighter than they were by virtue of the contrasting brown sunburn that surrounded them. Jeffrey Blaik's eye noted, correlated and interpreted these indicia without effort. Before his limp hand had been allowed to drop he knew all that was necessary about Roland Simpson—a machine-made article, from shoes to superstitions, one of the thousands of young men who do something unimportant in some downtown office, who follow the box scores and grin at the comic strips and ——

"Mighty proud to meet you, Mr. Blaik. Been reading your column ever since I came to town."

Blaik nodded. They all said that; some of them meant it too. He knew that it was considered smart, these days, to be able to quote Jeffrey Blaik, even though you hadn't any clear notion of what he was talking about. He went back to his chair, wondering where Marta Calverly could have met this cub, why she had let herself in for a second sight of him. He glanced at her questioningly. She was looking at Simpson with an intensity that startled Blaik; her lips were parted; there was a strange glow in her color; he became suddenly aware of the wave in her hair, of a costume unusually becoming.

Troubled and annoyed, he transferred his attention to Simpson, who sat upright, the new straw hat on his knees, his exasperatingly perfect teeth on display. From a clumsy, nervous remark addressed to Marta, Jeffrey Blaik understood that this encounter had been prearranged; Simpson had been brought here to meet him. And Marta had mentioned a discovery—he ridiculed the notion. There wasn't anything about Simpson that needed discovery. He carried his whole stock in his show window, with the price mark in plain figures on every item.

There was a long pause, which Jeffrey Blaik resented sullenly. He had earned his right to silence. It was his prerogative as a person of unchallenged brilliancy to hold his tongue in any company, and he was offended now by Simpson's beaming infringement of that privilege, by Marta's glowing, expectant look—as if they both expected Jeffrey Blaik to do their talking for them. The pressure of their speechlessness, however, moved him unwillingly to words. Ignoring Simpson, he resumed an old debate with Marta over the poetic values of Krishberg's free verse, observing, from the corner of his eye, that although Simpson's delighted smile suffered no abatement, the brows above it arched higher in hopeless effort to comprehend.

Marta accepted the challenge gladly. He found himself on the defensive, hard pressed to parry the shrewd thrusts of her attack. He almost forgot Simpson, except when Marta's glance led his back to that fixed, bewildered smile. On these occasions he became aware, however, of a puzzling quality in Simpson's expression. The fellow looked at Marta as if—as if—— Something pathetic in his aspect tugged at Jeffrey Blaik's unwilling sympathy. He thought, inconsequently, of an old setter of his father's. Somehow Roland Simpson reminded him of the way the dog had looked when forbidden to follow the surrey. In the back of his mind Blaik tried to analyze the association. It distracted him so that Marta presently drove him into an absurd self-contradiction about Krishberg. Young Simpson saved him from rout by shuffling his beautifully polished shoes and extracting a neat watch.

"Guess I've got to be on my way," he announced. As he stood up Blaik noticed that he performed a slight maneuver with each knee so that his trousers straightened to creased verticality. "Like to see you again, Mr. Blaik." A practiced gesture produced a card from the pocket of the flat vest. "Tell you, any time you're downtown around noon, drop in at the office. G'wout to lunch."

Blaik grinned at the effrontery of it, at the thought of Jeffrey Blaik lunching with this animal, instead of at the big table at the Irondequoit, where awed Philistines gaped and whispered at the spectacle of genius at its food. But the grin faded as Simpson turned to Marta and that queer doglike pathos came into his eyes.

"Sorry I can't stick around, Marta. Got to g'wout to dinner with a customer. Call you up afterwards."

Marta closed the door after him and set her back against it, her face expectant, questioning, faintly defiant.

"Well?"

Blaik shrugged his shoulders. There was no need of words, surely, to tell her what he thought of Simpson. He saw her face change, detected in her look a blend of disappointment and pleasure.

"You didn't see it, then? I was afraid you wouldn't. You're not so clever about people as you are about print."

"What is there to see?"

Blaik sobered. Now and then Marta had seen embryonic genius where he had denied it. He hated to be in the wrong. She moved her hands vaguely and again he commented inwardly on their eloquence.

"That's it. I don't know yet. I only know there's something there—something tremendous, explosive, dynamic—and dumb. I thought you'd feel that, at least—the tragedy of that muteness, those sealed lips. Couldn't you, Jeffrey? Doesn't he make you want to weep at the pity of it—the unutterable things that are locked in him? He makes me think of blinded painters, of singers born dumb."

Blaik shook his head uneasily. That queer expression that had reminded him of the old setter, of the soul that struggled helplessly for expression through the dog's eyes—he glanced at the card in his fingers:

ACME

The House that Put the Best in Asbestos

ROLAND H. SIMPSON, Asst. Sales Mgr.

"Think of it!" Marta's voice deepened, softened. "Think of—why, it might be you, Jeffrey, except for the

chance that made you vocal! Think of yourself, with no escape, no outlet except such work as that! It hurts suffocates, just to imagine it!"

"I see what you mean." Blaik crumpled the card. "But what makes you so sure that—that there's anything to express, beyond a talent for selling —— What do they make of asbestos?"

"Oh, ever so many things! You'd be amazed at the importance of it, Jeffrey. We could hardly live without it. It's in almost everything, it seems shingles and brake linings and pipe insulation and "

Blaik stared blankly. Marta Calverly, discoursing on brake linings to Jeffrey Blaik! She stopped abruptly; for some reason a little heat wave of color rose and died in her cheeks.

"That doesn't matter, of course. It's only a—an expedient. If you hadn't found your means of self-expression you might have blunted the ache by whatever work came in your way too. If you don't see what I see in—in Roland, I can't make you understand; but it's there. I know that, Jeffrey, just as I'd know it about you if you'd never written a line."

Blaik shook his head. She was wrong, of course; she must be wrong. The memory of Simpson lifted a clear image in his brain to confirm his verdict. But when Marta believed anything she took a lot of disillusionment. And she believed in this fantastic notion with a kind of passion that dismayed and challenged him at once. A good-looking moron who was concerned for the crease in his trousers, who—what was that barbarous slogan?—who put the best in asbestos! A starved and unwashed waif out of the ghetto, a hairy Russian—he could have admitted the possibility of sealed treasure in such as these; but in a man named Simpson, whose finger nails were newly manicured, who cheerfully sold pipe insulation—an American, and probably, by his speech, from the Middle West!

"How long have you known him?"

She flushed again.

"What does it matter? I saw it instantly, the moment I met those tragic eyes. It isn't like you, Jeffrey, to argue by the calendar, as if ——"

He started. She was right; he'd spoken in the very tone of one who puts faith in books of etiquette; Roland Simpson himself might have asked that question.

"I just wondered whether you'd had time to find out much about him. Can he do anything besides selling shingles, or are you only guessing ——"

"It isn't fair to take that tone. I told you from the very first that the tragedy of him was precisely there. He hasn't any of the common outlets—no. He can't even dance; he's tone-deaf and color-blind, or near it. And you've seen him—heard him talk. He's mute—sealed—locked, Jeffrey! And I thought—I hoped ——"

"What?"

He spoke gently, his irritation smoothed by the trouble in her eyes.

"I hoped that you might help. I counted on you. There must be some code, some way of unlocking ——"

"Maybe." He lied to her, as a man lies kindly to a suffering child. Never, in all his pleasant, stimulating friendship with Marta, had he felt so strongly drawn to her. She made him think of a little girl whose doll mysteriously refused to squeak when squeezed. "If he's got anything in him there's bound to be some way of letting it out. We'll try."

She patted her hands soundlessly together.

"I knew you'd help. You'll have to be careful. He he's sensitive and —and timid. You must have seen that. And he's tremendously in awe of you, of course. If you'd lunch with him, as he asked you "

Blaik meant to refuse. Even Marta couldn't expect him to pursue this protégé of hers into that asbestos office, waste the three luncheon hours probing him for hidden treasure. But he heard himself promising to do exactly this, tomorrow. Afterward, as he walked through the park, he justified himself. Opposition would only have stiffened Marta's absurd conviction about this—this drummer boy. He liked the phrase; it put him at once in good humor with himself and with her.

The quickest way to open her eyes about Simpson was to agree with her; she'd laugh at herself, presently, if nobody argued against her delusion. And there'd be a reaction, of course. There always was. Perhaps this time it might carry Marta away from her advanced ideas of marriage. He contemplated the possibility at some length. If Marta ever should revert to Victorian principles, a man as secure in his position as Jeffrey Blaik could afford to stultify himself by marrying. Curious, the persistency of that thought about stars—big, blue, soft, warm stars, and a silken net of hair in which a million baby sunbeams flashed and glittered.

II

AGAIN, in spite of assurance made patiently sure, Jeffrey Blaik had a moment of doubt. Across the table the transparent countenance of Roland Simpson was clouded and obscured by that baffling look on which Marta Calverly based her unshaken beliefs. The wistfulness, suddenly poignant in the robin's-egg eyes, reminded Blaik again of the old setter, renewed the suspicion of a mute and yearning soul imprisoned under the trade-marked clothes, sealed in that body which owed its standardized dimensions, Blaik had learned, to copyrighted exercises timed and guided by a phonograph. For the hundredth time he wavered in his conviction that Roland Simpson's æsthetic longings were amply satiated by the process of putting the best into asbestos.

He had explored Simpson far more minutely than that indulgent promise to Marta had contemplated. And always, just as he arrived again at the certainty of Simpson's utter emptiness, that unfathomable look would reappear. He saw it often when they were both in Marta's presence, nearly always when her name was spoken.

"I never even thought about—about art, you know, till I met her." Simpson moved his hands vaguely. "I'd 've laughed if anybody'd told me I was cut out for it. But since I've known her ——" The yearning deepened in his eyes. "I didn't take any stock in it at first. I thought maybe she was kidding me along. But now—I tell you, Mr. Blaik, I'd just about give an arm if I could show her she's right."

Blaik shook his head sympathetically, concealing a reviving irritation.

The man's absolute incapacity for self-expression lay at the bottom of Marta's fantastic delusion. If he could have opened any peephole into himself she would swiftly have seen his inner vacuum. If he could strum crudely at a piano, if he could even whistle, he would have given himself away long before this; if, in Marta's presence, he could even talk, she must have taken his measure surely by his choice of word and topic.

It was because Simpson could not reveal himself that she clung so stubbornly to her convictions. Blaik told himself tolerantly that Marta, after all, was a woman, with a woman's ineradicable inversions of logic. A locked chamber could not possibly be empty, or why lock it? A sealed cover must hold something more than blank paper, or who would waste wax on it? Still waters must run very deep. Blaik smiled bitterly. More than once, since the discovery of Simpson, they had come to the lip of a quarrel over this. He had given up hope of arguing away her fancy. It must be rebutted, he knew, by evidence beyond all controverting. Marta's theories died hard, always.

And meanwhile, in the natural perversity of circumstance, his own attitude toward her had undergone a progressive change. Always, until that afternoon when she had confronted him with Simpson, he had been cannily on guard against the appeal of her, had been at shrewd pains to keep their friendship at its safely tepid temperature. Now, when Marta would talk of nothing but Roland, Blaik was aware of a tormenting desire to discuss himself. Now, when he was even willing to question the stupid ignominy of marriage, Marta had lost interest in the topic. Simpson's intrusion had distracted her. Until she knew beyond hazard what was within that locked chamber of his soul, she would not be content with explorations of other souls far better furnished, even the soul of Jeffrey Blaik himself.

"Sometimes I figure she's kidding herself about me,

Continued on Page 42

The Concentrated Passion He Brought to Such Exercises as Problems in Advanced Plot-Building

From a Clumsy, Nervous Remark Addressed to Marta, Jeffrey Blaik Understood That This Encounter Had Been Prearranged

HOME-BREW

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

George Jean Purcell Shot a Keen Glance at the Woman Who Stood Clutching the Back of a Chair, Trying to Keep Defiance in Her Eyes

OF COURSE, they're all dears, my family," said Alyse; "but as fiction material there is nothing to them; no drama, you know; no color; just nice, ordinary, unimaginative dears. They're utterly unstimulating. That's why I can't live at home, and create. They don't understand it, poor dears; but what could I possibly find to write about at home?"

She crushed down upon her hair, with its Russian bob, a sad-colored hat of hand-woven stuff, and locked the door of a somewhat crumby room over the Rossetti Hand-Loom Shop, where she worked half time for a half living. A secondhand typewriter accounted for the other half; or, to be quite truthful, for a fraction of the other half. For her father, plain George Todd, helped out when the typewriter failed to provide.

She then betook herself on somewhat reluctant feet to the nearest Subway. For this was her evening at home with her unstimulating family; and though she was fond of them all, her predominating feeling for them was a mixture of amusement, tender tolerance and boredom. Moreover, they lived in Harlem, which was a deplorable wilderness, utterly lacking in atmosphere and a long, long way from the neighborhood of the hand-loom shop.

In the Subway, miraculously impelled through the bowels of the earth, Alyse—or Alice, as she had been christened—refrained from looking at the faces opposite her. The Subway does something curious to faces. It seems to drain all life out of them; it strips from them their defensive masks and exposes the deep and expressive scars of existence. A secret and hidden soul comes out in each Subway face. But Alyse averted her eyes.

"Dear me," she sighed, "how dull they are! Isn't there any beauty left in the world?"

Her father and his chum, Wally, were just ahead of her as she came up from the Subway depths. They were wending their way to their respective homes, having come up from downtown together, as was their invariable custom. Alyse gazed at their middle-aged backs without seeing anything unusual about them. Just two plodding men, getting tubby about the waist, with evening papers under their arms, walking along, not saying much. But when they reached George Todd's door they would look at each other, and the passer-by might well have stopped and taken off his hat, as before something rare and soul-satisfying. For here was perfect peace in friendship.

But all they said was: "S'long. See you tonight, ol' hoss." Or, "See you t'morrow mornin', Georgie."

Alyse had heard the tale of her father's miraculous reunion with Wally so many times that it meant nothing to her. It seemed that as boys they had lived within two doors of each other in a small New England town, and they had been inseparable. First thing in the morning and last thing at night they were whistling outside each other's windows; they owned a dog in common; and when George had scarlet fever, Wally nearly died from anxiety. Then, at sixteen, life had borne them in different directions. Wally drifted finally to Alaska and George got a job in New York. For a time they corresponded, but after a while letters began to come back to George marked Not Found, and then in a roundabout way he heard of Wally's death.

Although George Todd was happily married, with a growing family, he admitted that the world would never seem quite the same to him with Wally out of it. Then came the happening that convinced him there are mysterious and unexplainable things in the world, say what you like. He was coming home from work one night, walking from the Subway rather more slowly than usual and enjoying the spring twilight, when in some strange way his heart stirred. He remembered how on evenings such as this he and Wally used to play a game in which one tossed a ball over the house to the other and gave a peculiar call. The middle-aged George declared that all of a sudden he could hear this call, and wanting to fix it in his memory, he endeavored to imitate it by whistling its rather melancholy intervals.

And at his whistle a man walking in front of him suddenly whirled and stared at him. It was Wally—Wally, with a newspaper in his pocket and a bundle of shirts from the laundry under his arm. He had been living within half a block of George for two years.

When her father told this story to Alyse he always at this point gave her an affectionate poke.

"Now there's a story for you, Allie. You write up about Wally being washed out to sea and given up for dead and working his way around the world, and finally settling down in Harlem right next door to his old chum. And that about the whistle. What was it made me think of that old call?"

Alyse would explain that it was coincidence, and coincidence was the lowest form of literary life. She was patient about it, but there was nothing stimulating to her creative imagination in Wally and that come-and-find-me voice he had listened to half his life. Still less was she stimulated by her father, George Todd, owner of a feed and grain business of the most eccentric instability. He was a dear, and she loved him; but she hoped as they all sat down to supper that he wouldn't begin to joke her about her work or offer her the plot for a story.

It was a spring evening and the dining-room windows were open to the two lilac bushes which Alyse's mother had nursed for years in the narrow, sooty back yard. The room was filled with an unreal light, as if the air was full of golden pollen dust. And something else, invisible and palpitant, was in the air of the homely room, something not to be seen but only sensed. Some intense preoccupation a sympathetic eye could have noted in three of the faces around the table.

"Well, well, we're all dressed up tonight," said George Todd, unfolding his napkin. "Look at Miggsy, Allie. Won't she knock somebody's eye out tonight?"

Alyse looked at her young sister, Mildred, aged sixteen. Mildred blushed, fidgeted, pouted entreatingly at her father. She was a thin little beauty, with a soft cloud of corn-silk hair about her face. In her red mouth desire and wistfulness mingled. Tonight her eyes were stretched and brilliant. She twitched at the table silver and appeared to have no appetite.

"Eat your spinach, dearie." Her mother's eyes brooded over her tenderly. "I thought you liked it creamed."

"I do, but —— Goodness, mother, is that clock right? I must fly!"

"But there's chocolate pudding for dessert, dear."

"Now, Miggs, finish your dinner. Why be so fidgety?"

Mildred looked in desperation from her father to her mother.

"But I don't want any dinner, please! I—I have to be there early. Please let me go now, mother."

She danced from one foot to the other, the secret excitement in her eyes threatening to change to anger. She had spent most of the time since she came home from school that afternoon in front of her mirror, and she was now exquisitely polished, powdered and perfumed. From under the fluff of hair over each ear an earring of blue to match her eyes dangled.

Alyse disapproved of the earrings and of the general effect of Milly tonight. She made a mental note to speak to her mother about letting the child go out so many evenings. But beyond the earrings and the general overstrung and overdressed effect she did not penetrate. She made no attempt to interpret the secret excitement in her young sister's eyes. The affairs of a girl of sixteen were too inane and foolish to be taken seriously.

At the table when Milly had gone flying up the stairs there remained Alyse, her father and mother, Eddie, twenty-one, and Aunt Jude. Alyse glanced around the table and suppressed a sigh. The monotony of the lives of her family sometimes oppressed her. Take her mother, for instance. She seldom went outside the house except to church or to an occasional motion picture with Wally and George. All day she did housework or looked after Grandma Todd when Aunt Jude was at work. She did not have a cook because of a queer passion for feeding her family herself. But when she had them all there in front of her, ranged around the long table, and she had put onto their plates the well-cooked, savory dishes they liked, she would sit, eating little herself, looking from one to the other with

her slightly anxious, tender glances, while gradually an expression of peace and satisfaction stole into her face; and Alyse wondered what her mother was getting out of life.

Take Eddie, also. No one, except perhaps his mother in odd moments, ever got a peep-in at Eddie's thoughts. Alyse was of the opinion that he didn't have any. There had been a time when she had tried to bring Eddie out by coaxing him down to her rooms over the hand-loom shop and introducing him to some of the girls she knew. But those clever and voluble maidens had abashed Eddie unspeakably, and Alyse had let him lapse back into his own plodding life. He apparently had no imagination. Soon after he left high school he had gone to work for a seed house downtown—George Todd badly needing help that year with the family expenses—and there he still was. Alyse hadn't the slightest idea what were his amusements. Saturday and Sunday afternoons he generally disappeared, and when asked what he had been doing, he had been to a ball game or just taking a stroll around. He subscribed to a marine journal, which seemed strange reading for a packer in a seed house.

And there was Aunt Jude. Really, when you considered everything, what had Aunt Jude to live for?

Judith Todd was at that moment preparing a tray for Grandma Todd, who was having one of her faint spells and declined to come down to supper. With her long, slender fingers moving deftly, Judith made the tray inviting with the china she had bought especially for it. She had hurried her own supper so as to have plenty of time for the tray, and she moved from the table to the sideboard with the air of detached and ironic competence she sometimes wore when she was, as Alyse said, spoiling Grandma Todd. She was George Todd's younger sister, thirty-eight, a spinster with the reputation of having been in her youth very high-spirited, adventure-loving, and moreover with a streak of queerness about her. As, for instance, her ambition to be a sculptor. In those days and in the Todds' native village a girl might as becomingly have wanted to be a circus rider. It was said there had been some stormy scenes over days wasted in the attic with messy clay. But finally life itself had put a bit between her teeth—life and her mother's well-timed heart attacks. Her father had failed in business and died, George had married early, and the brunt of taking care of her mother had fallen to Judith.

After a while she had brought her mother to George's house, which helped George out with expenses and enabled Judith to make a living for herself. It was the nature of her job that convinced Alyse there couldn't be anything in that old story about Aunt Jude's having wanted to be an artist. It was such an absurd job. She worked for one of those concerns that produce novelties—favors, table decorations, boudoir dolls designing many of these silly fripperies, often making them with her own hands. She had remarkable hands.

If she had an ounce of talent, Alyse decided, how could Aunt Jude go on, year after year, squandering herself on these silly and often grotesque objects? Alyse felt that it would have killed her to have so degraded her talent.

But Judith actually appeared to get a certain amount of fun out of the dreadful things. She would bring home samples of her handicraft and bedeck the supper table with tiny fat dolls in wedding veils, droll birds and beasts in colored wax, and so on. And in one of her high moods she could set the family to laughing with a single tweak at one of these grotesqueries. On these occasions a gay and malicious sparkle would come into her dark eyes, and her laugh would be high and reckless, rather like a person who has taken a stiff drink to ease up an ancient misery.

"Look Here, It's Providence Sent You Down Here Just Now"

Two evenings a week she went out, no one knew where. Alyse had seen her once at the opera, leaning far out from the highest gallery, a frown between her brows, seeming to watch rather than to listen, with a wild brightness in her dark eyes. The general impression of the family was that these regular evenings away from home had something to do with her work. On these particular evenings there was always a breathless air about her. She would hasten in from the street, and as she climbed the stairs to her mother's room her face would stiffen as if for conflict. For Grandma Todd resented these evenings.

"Traipsin' off," she called it. "Lord knows where. Something will happen to you, coming home alone after ten o'clock. I don't think you'd better go out tonight, Judith. My heart has been fluttering this afternoon. If I have to lie here worrying all evening I shall probably have a bad spell."

And then into her daughter's face would come the expression of a person swimming painfully against the tide. Love and pity had overcome her at every turn of her life, until at last she had almost nothing of herself left, except her freedom for these two evenings. As if the call of them was more imperative even than her long habit of abnegation, she fought for them with a sort of desperation.

Tonight as she arranged her mother's tray her fine hands trembled a little; she looked more than ever as if she were straining at a leash. There was an unusual color in her face, a sort of flame, which for an instant attracted Alyse's attention. Aunt Jude, she reflected, must have been almost beautiful when she was younger, before the expression of half-defiant endurance came into her face. Her dark hair was still lovely, with its blue-black shadows. Over her brow was a white lock, which she took *no* pains to conceal. She wore it rather like a defiant banner, and it went well with a certain gallant air she sometimes had.

As soon as supper was finished the family began to melt away. Wally called for George Todd and they went out. They admitted, grinning, that they were going to an express-company auction of unclaimed packages. It was one of their pet forms of entertainment, and they frequently brought home queer bundles, which they opened with shouts of amusement. Alyse thought they were dears, but rather foolish. She could not guess that when they started out of an evening arm in arm they became boys again, and forgot that life had been a somewhat niggardly affair for them.

A moment later Miggs made a dash for the door, pulling on her long gloves. Her face was flushed and exquisite under her modish hat.

"I'll have Eddie come around to Jane's for you, Milly," her mother called to her.

A shadow of fright and annoyance came over Miggs' face.

"No, please don't, mamma. Jane, or somebody, will come home with me. Besides, we—we may go to a movie. Don't fuss over me, mamma. I'm not a baby."

Then she darted back into the room, caught her mother's head in her slim arms, snuggled her little powdered nose into her neck.

"Oh, mamma, I'm all right. I'm just so full of pep tonight I'm—I'm snappy. Don't you worry, darling."

And licking her scarlet lips, glancing once more into the mirror of the old-fashioned sideboard, she was off—a humming bird caught in a mysterious gale.

Then appeared Aunt Jude, her jacket over her arm, the tray in her hands. Her dark eyes were feverishly bright, but her face looked pale and strained. Would they mind just cocking an ear now and then toward mother's room? She would probably drop off to sleep soon, though she had made up her mind she wouldn't.

"But I must go tonight," she said; "just tonight. Perhaps after this I—won't be going out Tuesday and Thursday evenings."

She stood still, staring down at the tray she had put on the kitchen table. Then she threw up her head with the familiar defiant movement, made a sound as if of scorn at her own weakness, and shrugging herself into her old blue serge jacket, she, too, darted out into the evening.

Eddie stood by the window. He stooped to look up at the dark blue of the night sky—a gesture habitual with him—fiddled wistfully for a long moment with the shade,

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Milly Hung Back. "I—I Ought to Go Home. It's Getting Late"

The Confessions of a Race Driver

As Told to William J. Sturm

RACING, like all other businesses, changes with the times. Eight or ten years ago, when automobile racing was done altogether with factory-owned cars, a driver was usually a nervy boy who worked in the experimental department or as a road tester. Stock-car racing was the thing then. The game is different now. It is highly commercialized. The young driver of today comes up to the big speedways either from the ranks of the hundreds of dirt-track racers who perform at county fairs, from former motorcycle racers, or from garage workers who have the speed bug and who begin by working on race cars, graduate to the mechanician's seat, and if they are fitted for the job finally become drivers. With the single-seater in vogue, as at present, these would-be drivers are going to find it hard to get any riding experience.

I got into the racing game through regular channels, you might say. I was working in a garage in California in 1916. My envelope on Saturday had twenty-five dollars in it. Out of that money I managed to buy a motorcycle, which I rode to and from work. I was handy mechanically, and I kept the two-wheeler running as near like a railroad watch as I could. My favorite amusement during the lunch hour was listening to a former racing man recount his experiences in the early road races of the West. Rules were different in those days. The drivers could take short cuts across ranches, over dry lake beds or do anything else to save distance if they were smart enough. Only the green driver or the Eastern driver making the coast races for the first time went to the pains to follow the regular road between the start and the finish of a road race.

I used to hear a lot about the old Los Angeles-to-Phœnix desert races, which were run in two or three relays, the drivers checking in at all-night stops at the end of each day. These races were run at a season of the year when rain on all or part of the course was not unusual. It took brains, a powerful car and a heavy foot to negotiate that muddy course.

A Hard Man to Beat

BILL was my hero in the Phœnix struggle. He wasn't licked unless his motor fell out of the chassis or something else just as bad happened. In one of these races Bill was running pretty well up in front on the third day. He was sitting pretty, in spite of having wallowed through mud for two days. But bad luck got him. He broke his steering arm—I mean on the car. That would have been the curtain for most drivers. But old Bill and his mechanician took two fence rails and wired one to the axle on the inside of each front wheel. Then they got into the car, each one holding to the rail on his side of the car. They guided that car into the fair grounds at Phœnix by pressing the rails against the front tires when they wanted to turn. That is, when they wanted to go to the right, the man on the right side of the car would pull in on his fence rail and the end of it would then press on that part of the right front tire ahead of the front axle. At the same time the man on the left would so manipulate his fence rail as to press on the left front wheel behind the front axle, and thus both front wheels would be turned in the right direction. The tires were cut to pieces on the sides, but the car finished in third place—and that was the important thing.

The Corona road-race date came around while I was still acting as a human grease ball in the garage. Two weeks before the race a young man drove a dirty-looking race car into the place and asked the proprietor for room enough to work on his car. The day after the car came into the garage I had forgotten all about my regular repair work on every-day passenger cars, and without an invitation I was fooling around, doing little odd jobs on the race car. I didn't sleep much those nights. I was just like any high-school boy would be if he were in my shoes.

One evening I was riding home on my motorcycle with my hands on the handle bars and my mind back on the race car. The next thing I knew someone was pouring cold water on my head and asking me if I was hurt much. I had been crossing a wet street-car track and my cycle had slipped out from under me. I rode it home, put it in the shed and swore I would never ride it again.

I went to work the next morning with a big idea. I would ask O'Day if I could ride with him as a mechanician.

One of the One-Man Race Cars That Were First Used at Indianapolis May 30th Last. Note How Free the Chassis is of Any Unnecessary Incidentals. Above—Getting the Checkered Flag at Indianapolis

But every time I tried to ask the question my mouth got so dry and my tongue felt so big I couldn't talk. Finally I walked over to the faucet, got a drink of water and blurted out, "Got a man to ride with you in the race?"

O'Day said no, and that was all he did say. When we finally got the car ready for practice, O'Day filled it up with gas and oil, got into his seat, and turning to me said, "If you're gonna ride with me, better get a pair of goggles and jump in."

Did I jump in? I'll say I did!

In Fast Company

O'DAY won that race. But don't get the idea that he was a new driver or that his car was an old can. O'Day had been driving for years, and his car, while far from spick-and-span looking, had the guts—if you'll excuse me. It was in this Corona race that Bob Burman, one of the pioneer racing men of America, was killed.

From then on I was as valuable as a plain everyday repair man in the garage as a hippopotamus would be as a cherry picker. I was now a racing mechanician, and I made up my mind I would stick to the job and become a driver. The opportunity came sooner than I expected. A smooth-talking individual came to me the day after the race and asked me if I would like to drive a race car for him in dirt-track races. Would I? You bet I would! He offered me a straight salary of fifty dollars a week, win, lose or not race at all, if I would join his crew of eight drivers. He explained that he contracted with state-fair managements to put on a series of races, either the last day of the fair or as the wind-up of every day of horse racing. He agreed to assume complete charge of the automobile-racing program, from getting out the entry blanks to paying the prize money. Presumably he sent out the blanks, and was always assured of the eight entries of his own cars. He didn't refuse to permit local amateurs to enter the races, because they didn't have a chance to beat his experienced drivers.

The promoter made up a slate the night before each race and gave his drivers orders who was to win. But he also gave orders that the races were all to be fast. There was a lot of jealousy among his team because he did not pay all of them the same wages. He had two stars, and they were always carded to win the big races of the week. This had the effect of making the second-string drivers drive hard in an endeavor to show the promoter that they were entitled to be advertised as stars and therefore get more money. And if the man who was supposed to win should have some trouble that would slow him up, the rest of the drivers knew that the race was anybody's who could step out and win it. That made things interesting too. I learned all this later.

The boss explained that he wanted me because as mechanician of the winning driver at Corona I would be good for lots of advertising. I was anxious to join the outfit, because the boss promised that I would be started in the short races first and that the competition would be so arranged that I would have my reputation built up. By the end of the season, if I played the game right, I would be advertised as the young man who was not satisfied to be the mechanician of a big driver, but had given all that up in order to start at the bottom and become a great driver myself.

What tickled me was that I was to be paid fifty dollars a week for getting all that experience.

I told my good luck to another mechanician, much older in the game and wise as a serpent.

Rigid Rules Prevent More Than Two Pitmen Working on a Car While it Stops for Tire Changes or Supplies. Gas and Oil Have Been Taken on, the Tire Change is Completed and the Car Starts the Minute it is Shoved Off the Jack

The Board Tracks Have a White Safety Line Above Which a Contestant May Not Ride Unless it is Necessary to Do So Temporarily in Order to Pass a Competitor. The Picture Shows the Uniontown, Pa., 1⅛ Mile Board Speedway

"You lay off that guy," he told me. "He's an outlaw. If you race with his outfit you'll have a hard time getting back into the Three-A, and that's the only place you can make real money. The Three-A wouldn't mind taking you from the outlaws and giving you a Three-A mech's card if you had never had one before. But you've got yours now, and it's too late to think about that. You'd learn a lot; but forget it!"

I did; not because I understood all my pal's reasoning in the matter, but because I knew he knew more about the game than I did. I'll explain more about the Three-A later.

O'Day left the coast, and as he couldn't pay my expenses, I couldn't go with him, for I didn't have the money. I was soon working as a mechanician on another racing car. After acting as mechanician for two or three drivers, with not much success, I joined a racing team to ride with one of the oldest drivers in the business. He had reached the advanced age of thirty-five! After driving in several races, we reached the Uniontown speedway. By this time I had learned considerable about driving a race car. I often took the car out on the track to try some change in the carburetor, a new gear or something of the kind, so that I was pretty much at home behind the wheel.

All speedways require that a car be driven a required number of laps to demonstrate that it is fast enough. The day before the race my driver got sick and the team manager asked me to qualify his car.

I knew that meant if the driver did not feel all right the day of the race I would get to drive the car. I wondered then if everyone around the track could see my heart trying to jump out of my chest at the honor.

A Spill

I WAS nervous and the track—a mile and one-eighth board oval—was not an easy one to drive. Resolved to make a high qualifying average, I warmed the car up at moderate speed for a couple of laps, signaled that I was ready for my trial on the next lap and stepped on it as hard as I could. Down the front stretch I went, and into the first turn. When I got into the back stretch I was beginning to feel like I had the world by the tail. I could drive at any old speed. I went through the second turn slick, and was straightening out for the home stretch, when ——

The next thing I knew I was sliding along a splintery wooden track about eighty miles an hour, and my car was rolling down the incline to the lower edge of the track, a wreck. I had attempted to take the turn at too much speed, had skidded, and lacked the necessary knowledge to handle the car in a pinch. Today I would be able to control my car on the same track at ten miles an hour greater speed. That's what experience—and nothing but experience—will do for a driver.

Needless to say, nobody drove the car in the race. The owner didn't jump all over me for ruining a good race car. He was pretty wise, and he must have been pretty sure that the smash would make me a better driver, because I had the conceit taken out of me right at the first, which is a good time to have it taken out. I drove for him for two years and we both made money. His cars were not the fastest or the prettiest lookers, but they had the stuff. Some money can be made by finishing second, third or fourth—if you finish mostly second.

The racing game so far had made me more money than I had ever dreamed of making; I had learned a whole lot too. So I decided to go into business for myself. I bought a motor from a famous Los Angeles builder who specializes in racing motors. I felt pretty good after trying it out. It seemed to me to be about the fastest thing on four wheels

My experience in racing had convinced me that though a mechanician does not get much of the limelight, he is one of the biggest factors in a driver's success. I knew a young mechanician who had been going big ever since I had been in the game, and I asked him if he wanted a job riding with me. Without any particular desire to boast, I can say that I had demonstrated that I was more than an average driver by this time, so that any mechanician was pretty sure of making money riding on my right. I was as glad to have him accept as he was to accept. I have never been sorry for the bargain I made with him, and I've never heard him say he was. Even today, when the single-seated racing car is practically the only one being used and the mechanician no longer rides with the driver, his work is just as important in getting a car ready as it was when we rode double.

Good Drivers, Poor Talkers

RACE drivers do not, as a rule, volunteer information as to their past exploits or what they intend to do in the future. Their business does not require that they be their own publicity agents. A prize fighter must be popular to get on a card; and once on a card, he is sure to be either first or second, with a fair share of prize money. With a race driver, entry to the biggest race in the world is the result, not of popularity, but simply of ability to fill out an entry blank. That may explain why we do not talk about ourselves a great deal. I have yet to read a bona-fide statement from a driver before a race that he will undoubtedly win the event—that the other drivers are good, but he is convinced that he is considerably better. If any expression at all is made, it is that there are many good drivers and good cars entered, and that one of them will, of course, be the winner; but there are so many factors entering into automobile racing that no driver can feel that he has the race cinched. Further than that, he may ride the whole distance and not even get a place in the prize money.

There is an exception to the driver's desire to talk. After a big race it is common for several of the contestants to congregate in a room or in a hotel lobby and drive it all over again. They compare notes, ask whether everybody noticed how wild Bjones, a green driver, was on the turns, what great acceleration the foreigners had coming out of the corners, and so on. They pan this

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An Airplane View of Autos Parked in the Infield at Indianapolis and of the Twenty-Four Cars Leaving the Tape

CHAMPIONS ALL

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

It Slipped Away From Him Even as a Cake of Soap Eludes an Inebriated Gentleman in a Turkish Bath

THAT curious phenomenon, Cabot Cabot IV, first appeared on my horizon one brisk fall day. I had gone down to the football field to watch the candidates for the university team practice. There were Team A—superior, chesty giants; Team B, a little less superior, a little less chesty; and so on down the ladder of superiority and chestiness to Team K, the scrubbiest of the scrubs. Team K was practicing falling on the ball. The coach would send the elusive pigskin twisting and quirking, like a bloated brown eel, across the grass, and each ambitious scrub in turn would plunge after it. Like tipsy skyrockets their bodies shot along the turf in hot pursuit of the ball. They overtook it; they convulsively clutched it to their jerseyed abdomens; their padded limbs wrapped round it, inclosing it as a bun does a currant; only a major operation could remove it now from that passionate embrace.

Then it came the turn of the downy-headed fellow at the end of the line. I had noticed him while the others were falling on the ball; he provoked curiosity. He was about as wide as four matches and not very tall, and his small birdlike head was covered with a pale fuzz that made one instantly think of a recently hatched canary. Including shoes and padding he could not have weighed more than one hundred and twenty pounds. But it was his expression that held my eye; he was so desperately in earnest. He watched with brow-wrinkling concentration each movement of each man as he retrieved the ball, poking his odd head forward on his stalk of neck in a manner which suggested that he was slightly nearsighted.

As his turn approached he grew even more tense. He spit upon his hands three distinct times. With his cleated shoes he pawed a hole in the turf, partly from nervousness and partly to give him a purchase so that he could make a successful flying swoop after the ball. The coach glanced at the downy-headed one, then snapped the ball along the ground; it bobbed and spun and writhed. He of the fuzzy head launched his flying swoop. But, unhappily, his cleats caught in the hole he had made, and he nose-dived flat on his ingrown chest.

"Follow that ball, Cabot!" roared the coach.

The downy-headed one tried his best to do so. He rolled frantically after it. He was on it. He was wrapping his spidery limbs about it; I saw a gleam of triumph in his pale blue eye. And then the ball popped out of his arms like a moist watermelon seed pressed by thumb and forefinger. He blinked and tried to grin.

"Follow that ball, Cabot!" bellowed the coach.

Wildly Cabot rolled after it again. He had it. But no; it slipped away from him even as a cake of soap eludes an inebriated gentleman in a Turkish bath. The coach groaned.

The downy-headed one grinned dolefully and squirmed after the ball. This time he got his hands on it, juggled it a bit, and at last subdued it and nestled it to his bosom. The coach made a wry face.

"The whole Yale team would have fallen on that ball by the time you did," he observed dryly.

Cabot, shame and chagrin written on his face, trotted back to his place.

I turned to Breckenridge, who was with me.

"Who is that fellow," I asked, "and why isn't he in his room taking a piccolo lesson, instead of out here playing with the big rough boys?"

"Him? Why, don't you know who that is?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Why, that's Cabot Cabot IV," Breckenridge answered.

"Not a real Cabot?"

"Yes; one of the original and only genuine, gilt-edged, seagoing, bottled-in-bond Cabots."

"That gosling? Impossible!"

"But true," declared Breckenridge.

"Son of Cabot Cabot III?"

"Yes."

"Grandson of Cabot Cabot II?"

"Yes."

"Great-grandson of Cabot Cabot I?"

"Yes."

"Brother of Saltonstall Cabot?"

"Yes."

"And of Hallowell Cabot, and Sigourney Cabot, and Thayer Cabot and Lowell Cabot?"

"Even so."

"And of Priscilla Cabot?"

"Yes; he is the youngest of the Cabots."

"Then what's the matter with him?" I asked.

"I just told you," Breckenridge replied. "He's a Cabot."

"Being a Cabot isn't such a tough fate," I remarked.

"It is for him, poor chap," said Breckenridge. "If he were a Jones or a Smith he'd be a lot happier."

"I don't see that. The Cabots are a great family."

"Of course they are," agreed Breckenridge; "that's precisely why that poor fuzzy-domed duffer out there did you see him just muff that forward pass?—has such a hard time of it. He has to live up to his family."

"Tradition is a good thing," I remarked, "if it's a good tradition."

"But don't you see," exclaimed Breckenridge, "Cabot Cabot IV is a victim of tradition. The word 'dub' was invented to fit him, and he can't be a dub. He simply can't; he's a Cabot, and the Cabots are a family of champions. Look at his old man; in college he was captain of the track team, and threw the sixteen-pound hammer a couple of miles—or something like that. At any rate, nobody has tossed it so far since. Saltonstall Cabot, the oldest brother, was captain of the crew and now holds the amateur sculling championship. Hallowell Cabot—he was All-American quarterback, you'll remember—is the best squash player in the country. Sigourney Cabot is a crack tennis player, on the Davis Cup team, and all that sort of thing. Brother Thayer is rated the best halfback in American polo today. Lowell Cabot can knock a golf ball from Boston to Philadelphia in four wallops, and he'll win the amateur cup as sure as niblicks are niblicks, unless he decides instead to defend the amateur middleweight boxing championship which he holds. I see that Priscilla Cabot just won the fancy diving contest at Vassar. You see? Champions, every one of them—except Cabbie. He's the one thirty-inch chest in a family of forty-fours. It's a shame too. I know him, and he's a distinctly decent egg."

I turned to watch how the youngest of the Cabots was faring in the scrimmage. He was playing end on Team K, which was scrimmaging with some other lowly scrub team, and his dubbishness was appalling to witness. It wasn't that he lacked nerve; indeed that appeared to be the only thing that he did not lack. He flung himself into the fray pugnaciously, only to get his feet tangled in each other, and to miss his man ignominiously. Once he almost intercepted a forward pass, but it bounced off his snub nose. He grinned, but it was a hopeless sort of grin. He appeared to be the sort of person who has a million dollars' worth of willingness to every penny's worth of aptitude. In every play he did his best, and his best was terrible; he had all the earmarks of a natural-born dub.

I met him afterwards, with Breckenridge, as he trudged home from the football field.

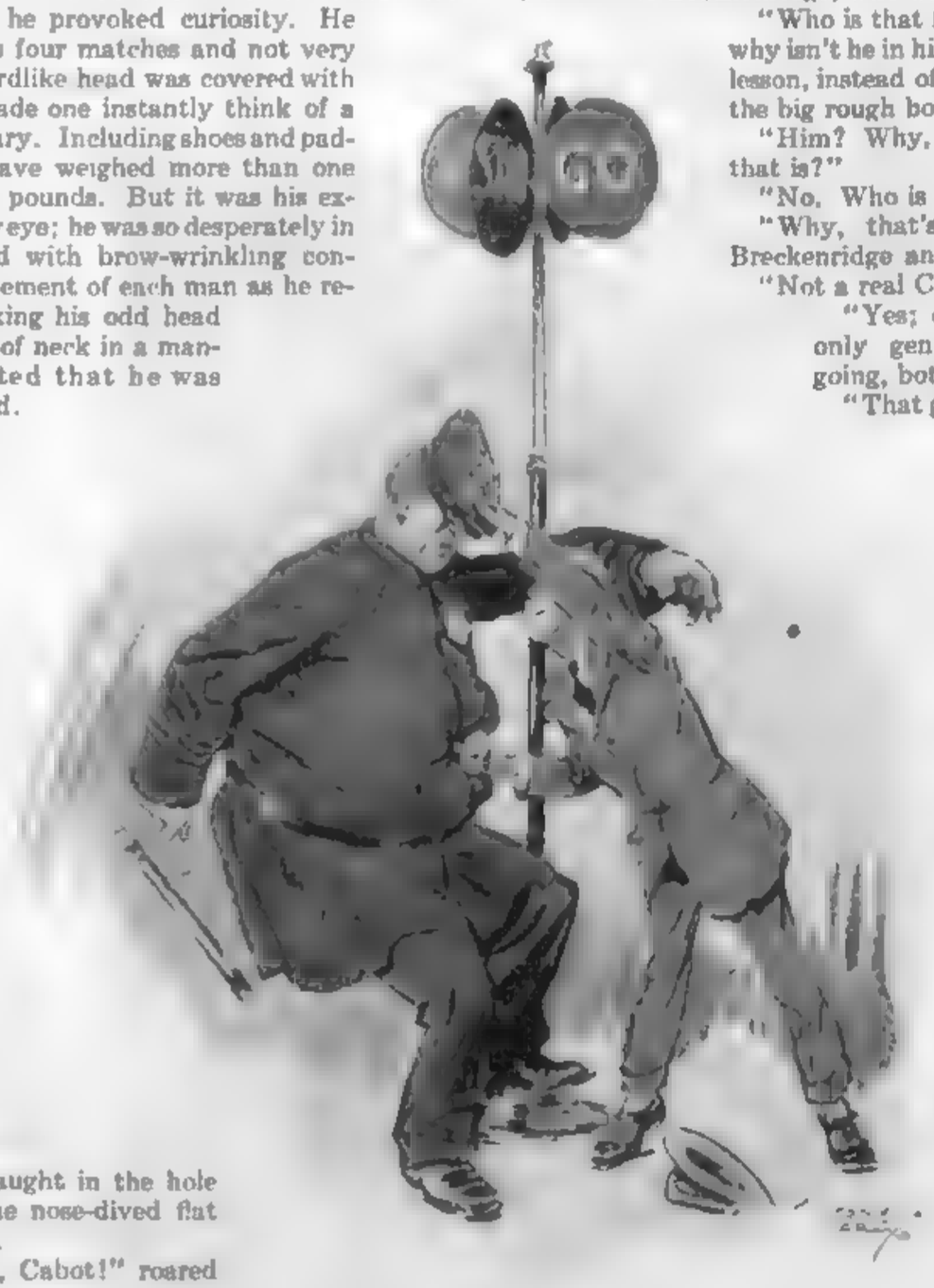
"Well," he said quite cheerfully, "it seems I'm not destined to be a football star this year. The coach has just presented me with a handsome steel engraving of a bowl of raspberries; in short, he gave me the egress."

"Tough luck," said Breckenridge.

"Oh, he let me down easy," Cabot Cabot IV said. "Told me I wasn't heavy enough; and to think I spent the entire summer guzzling potatoes and butter, which I hate, to try to put on some beef."

"Didn't you?"

"A pound and three-quarters," he replied. "Well, Dickens says 'There are two kinds of boys—beefies and mealies.' I suppose I must be a mealy. Just the same, I wish the coach had given me a chance to get into the Yale game. Perhaps I could have shown him that beef isn't the only thing that counts."



The Night Before He Had Hurled a Challenge to Fight to a Particularly Hefty Traffic Cop

"You're a great believer in inspiration, aren't you, Cabbie?" laughed Breckenridge. "Mind over matter, and all that?"

"I think that in a crisis a man can rise to unexpected heights, if that's what you mean," answered Cabot Cabot IV. "I once jumped a five-foot fence when a bull was chasing me. Never jumped so high before or since. In a pinch a man can do what he has to do, I think."

"What are you going in for now?" asked Breckenridge.

"I'm going to try for the wrestling team," Cabot Cabot IV announced. "I hear they need hundred-and-twenty-pounders."

They may have needed hundred-and-twenty-pounders, but they did not need Cabot Cabot IV, it developed. I met him about a week later.

"How goes the wrestling?" I asked.

"It doesn't go," he said. "Just when I thought I could tie Zbyszko into a pretzel they had the tryouts to see who would wrestle against Yale. Along came a tough little devil, and he tied me into a pretzel. He'd had a lot more experience, you see. I'll just bet I could throw him in time, but ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Thinking you can be a champion doesn't make you one, does it?" he finished wistfully.

"It helps a lot," I said. "The will to win is half the battle."

"Do you think so?" he said, turning to me eagerly. "You know I've always thought so too."

As I came to know Cabot Cabot IV better, I liked him more and more. He had a childlike belief that he could and would win athletic glory; he believed in his destiny, and yet there was a lurking despair in all his high-hearted confidence. I understood better his obsession in regard to being a champion after spending a week-end at his father's house. There I met the members of the Cabot clan who did not happen at the moment to be away somewhere playing in various championship tournaments. It hardly seemed possible that little, downy-headed, spindly Cabot Cabot IV was one of them. They were a race of sunbronzed, broad-backed, beautifully muscled giants. The big house was filled with the trophies they had won—battalions of statues and clocks, regiments of loving cups, brigades of medals. The day I arrived Cabbie's mother had won the first bridge prize at the country club.

I could not but notice how they treated Cabot Cabot IV. There was a faintly patronizing tone in their voices when they spoke to him, and when he was absent, and they spoke of him, there was more than a hint of apology in their manner.

"All my boys are so keen on games," said his mother to me. "Except poor Cabbie."

"Oh, he's keen enough," I answered.

"Oh, I know. He does try his hand at everything and he does everything a little. But I'm afraid poor Cabbie will never do anything really well."

It was always "poor Cabbie" when they spoke of him.

On the way back from his father's house Cabot Cabot IV turned to me suddenly.

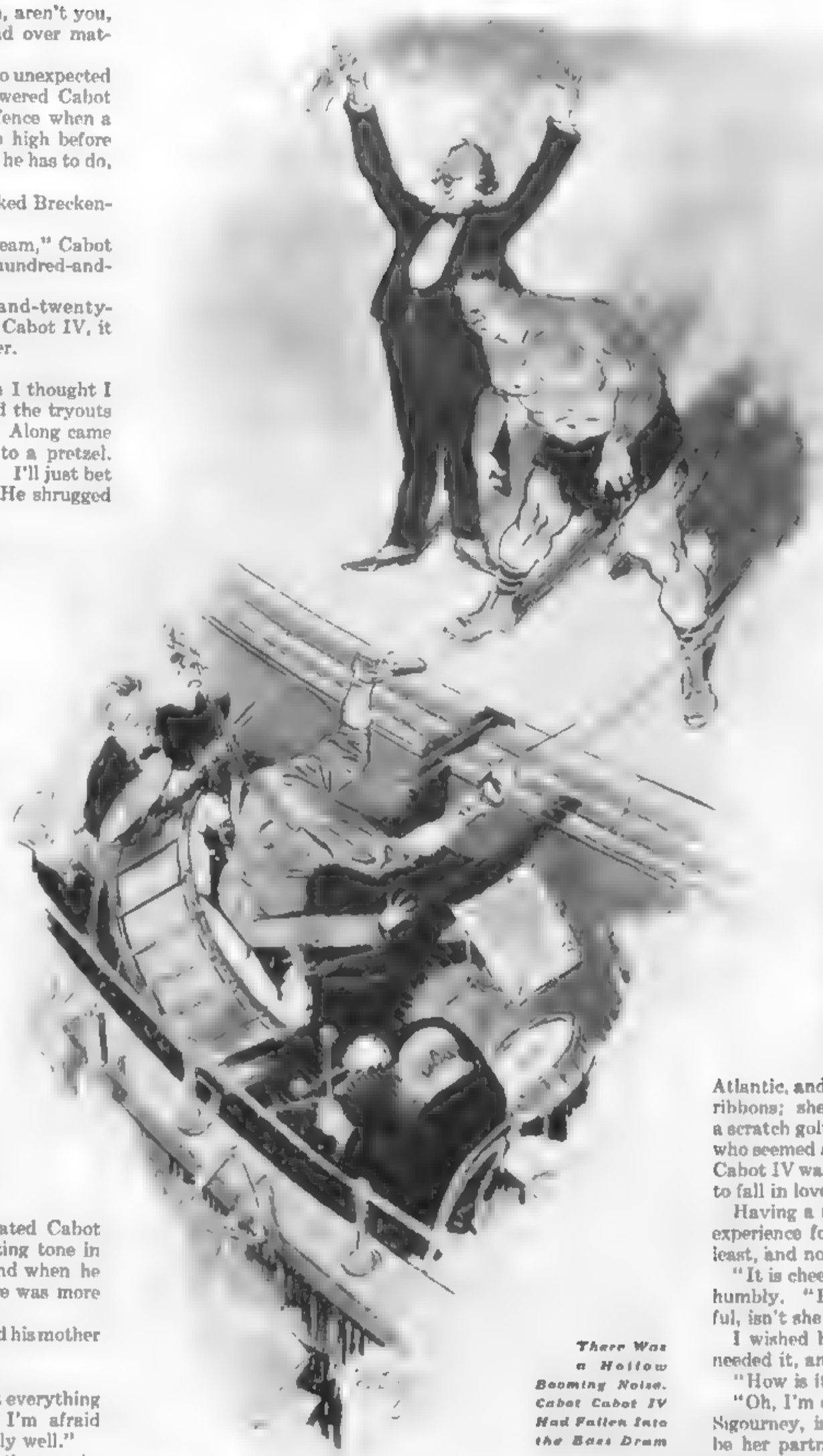
"Now do you see why I've got to be a champion of something?" he said.

"I think I do," I replied.

"Well," he said almost fiercely, "I can be, and I'm going to be!"

The belief that championship ability of some sort lurked in his small frame and that determination would force it to the surface became a fixed idea with Cabot Cabot. One delusion that he cherished was that he was a fighter of parts. This was, unfortunately, pure fancy on his part. He wasn't strong and he wasn't quick, and his fists were hardly bigger than powder puffs, and his hardest punch, which he in his vinous moments described as "my cemetery right," wouldn't have dented a cup custard. Still he persisted in the notion that he was an irresistible fistic warrior.

When slightly elevated by the fermented juice of the grape, as Cabot Cabot IV sometimes was, this delusion of his demanded expression. It was his conviction, on these occasions, that by some mysterious alchemy he became another person entirely—a certain Buggsy McNutt, a fire-eating bravado, invincible in hand-to-hand conflict. When possessed by the spirit of Buggsy McNutt, an inevitable consequence of even slight communion with unhallowed beverages, the youngest scion of the Cabots would select the most public place available, beat on his chest in imitation of a gorilla on the warpath, and call forth in his high-pitched voice.



There Was a Hollow Booming Noise. Cabot Cabot IV Had Fallen Into the Bass Drum

"Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! I'm Buggsy McNutt, the Human Thunderbolt; that's who I am. I'm a rough egg. I can lick anybody in the world. I can lick my weight in snarling hyenas. I can lick my weight in red-hot polar bears. Come on, you lily-livered pups! Who'll fight Buggsy McNutt, the man who eats raw wolves for breakfast? Who'll fight Buggsy McNutt for the championship of the world, and a million-dollar side bet? Come on, you skulking titmice. I dare you to come on. Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r!"

He would strike a fighting pose and glare bellicosely about, repeating his challenge to the world. Sometimes he was accommodated. For months at a time I never saw Cabot Cabot IV without a recently acquired black eye. In the case of Buggsy McNutt, no less than in the case of Cabot Cabot IV, the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.

Cabot Cabot left college without winning a championship, a letter, a loving cup or a medal. Successively he tried for athletic honors in baseball, lacrosse, fencing, golf, pole vaulting, water polo, tennis, hockey, gymnastics, boxing and swimming. He desisted only when compelled to do so by an irate coach in each of those sports. And, somehow, he could never quite understand it.

Some months after graduation I met him in New York. He had been imbued with the spirit of Buggsy McNutt the night before and had hurled a challenge to fight to a particularly hefty traffic cop. The cop had taken Cabot across his knee and chastised him with his night stick. Yet this did not appear to be what was troubling him that day. Something was troubling Cabot; I could tell that by his pensive air; usually he was buoyed up by an almost jaunty hopefulness.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Have you been eliminated from the billiard tournament?" I had heard he was seeking to win laurels with the cue.

"Oh, yes; of course. First round," he replied. "But that isn't it."

"What is it, then?"

He looked about him, lowered his voice and said, "I'm in love."

"Congratulations," I said.

He shook his downy head mournfully.

"Not congratulations," he said. "Commiserations. I haven't a chance."

"Why not?"

"You'll know when I tell you her name."

"Well? Who is she?"

"It's Diana Thorndike," answered Cabot Cabot IV, almost shyly. "Oh, go ahead and say it."

"Say what?"

"What you're thinking—that I'm a fool."

"On the contrary, I think falling in love with a fine girl like Diana is a very wise thing," I told him.

But I didn't really mean it. I knew Diana Thorndike, and I knew that there were heartaches ahead for him. For she was a champion, a magnificent girl, tall, stately, with the carriage of a princess and the face of a Botticelli Madonna. She was a splendid sportswoman; she had no equal as a rider on our side of the Atlantic, and had captured no one knows how many blue ribbons; she was in the first flight of tennis players and a scratch golfer; indeed she was an athletic marvel, a girl who seemed as incapable of doing anything badly as Cabot Cabot IV was of doing anything well. It was just like him to fall in love with such a girl.

Having a man in love with her was not exactly a novel experience for Diana Thorndike. Always she had six at least, and not infrequently a dozen.

"It is cheeky of me, I suppose," Cabot Cabot remarked humbly. "Perhaps I'm out of my class. She is wonderful, isn't she? But I'm going to try, just the same."

I wished him all the luck in the world, for I knew he needed it, and tried to cheer him up.

"How is it going?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm outclassed," he replied, "so far. My brother, Sigourney, is leading the field just now. He is going to be her partner in the mixed doubles at Forest Hills this year. Then there is a big handsome brute of a Yale fullback named Goodhue, who is trying to rush her off her feet. Then there's a weevil named Charlie Sears—a pretty Princeton shotputter with movie-hero eyebrows; he's trying to charm her. Oh, she has a lot of men on her string—and every one of them is hot stuff—except me."

"Oh, there's more than one girl in the world," I said.

"Not for me," returned Cabot Cabot. "For me there's only Diana. I want her frightfully." He rubbed his upturned nose morosely. "If I only were hot stuff," he said. "Then she might listen to me."

"How do you know she won't?" I demanded.

"Oh, I asked her last night," he said. "You know, I believe in trying anything. So I asked her. Well, that's why I went out afterward and tried to lick a traffic cop."

Cabot Cabot IV vanished from my ken for many months; when I did encounter him again it was under surprising circumstances.

I was in London, so I had gone down to Wimbledon to see the tennis tournament. The brightest tennis luminaries of all the nations were playing there, for to win the singles at Wimbledon then meant to win the title of champion tennis player of the world. There was a brilliant field—for only a few of the very best players in each country were permitted to enter. It was indeed a battle of champions. Australia had sent its heavy artillery—Patterson, Anderson and Wood; Japan had entered Shimidzu and Kumagae; Spain was represented by the dashing Alonso

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An Open-Door Policy at Home

By WILL PAYNE

On the Steps of the Department of Commerce Building, Washington. In the Front Row are Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and Major General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer of the Army. The Occasion Was a Conference Concerning Commercial Radio

THE other day I interviewed a member of the President's Cabinet. Time was when that honor fell to my lot more frequently; and in coming away from this present interview I recalled another occasion, long ago, when I had sat down to talk with the chief of a great executive department in his own office.

The secretary of that long-ago interview was as agreeable a man as I have ever met, and a fluent conversationalist. He told me at considerable length that the United States was a grand country and the current Administration was a grand Administration. But when it came to the specific information about the department which I craved, he genially turned me over to a private secretary, who led me down a long corridor to a rather small and bare room which had an oddly musty and tomblike air. There sat a stout man in a shabby alpaca jacket, with a green shade over his eye and a grizzled mustache. For a long while—possibly since Jackson's time—that man had been compiling the annual reports of the secretaries of the department. He had the specific departmental information that I wanted. In due time the secretary would, perhaps, read it in his published report.

Not that I wish to disparage that long-ago secretary. It was the system—and still is, for that matter. He was chief of the department, not because he knew anything in particular about it, or cared anything in particular about it, or was supposed to have any special aptitude for conducting it, but because of his political importance. Politically, he was, I believe, a very valuable member of the President's official family. No inconsiderable part of his value consisted precisely in his ability to tell people persuasively that the United States was a grand country and that Administration was a grand Administration.

In recalling that long-ago interview, it was the contrast that struck me. The cabinet member with whom I talked the other day was the Secretary of Commerce. I went into his office, not to ask specific questions, but only to get his ideas about the functions and possibilities of his department. That obviously would have given him the fairest chance in the world to tell me that the United States is a grand country, preordained to achieve its fullest measure of grandeur under a Republican President hailing from Marion, Ohio. But instead of that, Secretary Hoover almost at once began talking about hotel crockery. He talked about it with a crisp and incisive verbal economy—like a carpenter driving a nail in a board rather than like a man making graceful gestures of general import. And having driven that nail, he turned to door hinges.

Fear of the Sherman Act

THE reasons for crockery and door hinges will appear later. The point now is that Mr. Hoover is evidently able to think of his department in concrete, practical details—specific nails to be driven into specific boards. There is a great difference. Broadly speaking, everybody has good intentions; everybody realizes that certain results are most desirable; everybody would like to see those results achieved. But the useful man is the one who sees the details and knows the concrete practical steps to be taken.

Some time ago a man who has been unusually successful in finding his way about this confusing world—and who, by the way, had his experience of Washington too—stated it to me this way:

"Anybody can give you specifications for an ideal state of society in A.D. 2000; anybody can tell you what to do next year; anybody can tell you how to make your second $100,000. But the only man worth listening to is the one who can tell you specifically what to do right now, in the next twenty-four hours; and that man's a rare bird."

The outstanding impression I got from the Secretary of Commerce is that he is one of the rare next-twenty-four-hours men.

No doubt his training had something to do with it. Impressionism may be useful in art but not in engineering. To get ore out of the earth it is necessary to know exactly what to do next. After talking with Mr. Hoover an hour, there is no difficulty in understanding the successes in Belgium and elsewhere that made him famous; one can see him pointing out just where the next nail was to be driven and what kind of nail.

But there is no need of my telling you that Herbert Hoover is an extraordinary administrator. Every literate person in the world knows that already. And in the future, as in the past, secretaries will come and secretaries will go. By any probable reading of the political horoscope, this Secretary of Commerce will go in a few years. With that idea in mind, Mr. Hoover enjoined: "Don't make it personal. The only thing worth talking about is the organization and method; that's all that lasts."

But before talking about organization and method, here is something of a general nature: Excepting some police rules of the road, business was left pretty much to itself by the Federal Government up to a generation ago. Business' main idea then was to get as high a price as possible. Its usual attitude toward a competitor was about that of a Sioux toward a strange Indian—there might be no real harm in the chap, but the prudent course was to stick a knife in him and make sure. One result of this state of things was our first extensive crop of trusts. They were formed by depositing the capital stock of the several concerns with a common trustee, which elected the same board of directors for all the plants and managed them as a unit. Hence the name "trust," which has stuck to industrial combinations to this day.

There were some legitimate advantages in unified management, but the chief object was to stop competition, control the market, hold up the price and kill off free-lance competition. Naturally, the trusts became very unpopular, and Congress intervened with the famous Sherman Antitrust Law, which forbade any and every combination in restraint of trade—or, practically, in restraint of competition. At any rate, that is what the law is commonly taken as meaning, although to determine exactly what it does mean in particular cases has kept the Supreme Court busy for a quarter of a century, and in some particular cases nobody except the Supreme Court can say what it means now.

However, it is a strictly negative law. It sets up before business a large and imperative *verboten* sign. Some subsequent laws were intended to strengthen its inhibitions. The Federal Government thus intervened in business as a policeman with a long club. To illustrate what that implied, I remember attending a convention of farmers in Southern Michigan a dozen or more years ago. They were chiefly engaged in growing Concord grapes for table use, and had already formed three separate cooperative marketing associations. The associations were weak because they competed with one another, and some growers were always deserting one association for another, while many growers shipped independently. The associations could exercise little discipline over their unruly members in the way of securing uniform grading and packing and keeping up the quality and reputation of the product. After a great deal of effort, this convention was held with the object of combining those three associations in one. But they were interstate shippers, and many farmers, on advice of counsel, were afraid to go into a combination of these three purely cooperative marketing associations lest the Federal Government pounce down on them and stick them in prison under the Sherman Act.

A Visit to the Scullery

THE same disagreeable uncertainty attended a thousand and one projects for cooperation in business—projects not only harmless on any sane view of the matter but often very useful in the long run to consumer as well as to producer. Intervention in business by the Federal Government simply in the way of inhibition, repression and obstruction is not enough. Through the Department of Commerce it now intervenes on the constructive side, as an engineer, not as a policeman; to boost, not to knock. That department operates with a life belt, not with a club. In its contact with business it relies upon persuasion rather than upon coercion.

For example, if you had walked past a certain door in the Department of Commerce Building at Washington one day last June and the door happened to be open, you would have seen a table piled full of chinaware, which might have excited your curiosity as it did mine. It appears that in order to make a dinner plate or a cup or saucer you must make a mold, and the cost of making the mold is an important part of the cost of making the plate. If you make plates of twenty different sizes, your mold cost will be twice as great as though you made the same number of plates of only ten different sizes. Moreover, if you run a hotel and use a great many plates, saucers, tureens, platters, and so on, some are always getting chipped and broken.

If your stock contains a great many different sizes, replacing the breakage will put you to more trouble and cost than if there were fewer sizes. And if you are a wholesaler or retailer dealing in such crockery, many different sizes of plates of the same quality and for the same purpose will cumber your storeroom with a large, slow-moving stock, whereas with fewer sizes you can meet the demands of your customers out of a smaller stock of goods, with correspondingly faster turnover.

These humble and dishwatery facts were brought to the attention of the Department of Commerce, whereupon the department figuratively put on a gingham apron and descended into the scullery to see what might be done

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The Accountings of a Real-Estate Man: It's a Disease!—By Felix Isman

IN ALL this broad land, where would you look for the greatest growth in real-estate values—perhaps the greatest in the world? Immediately you will think of cities like New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Seattle, and possibly Gary, Indiana. If you are cosmopolitan, perhaps of Berlin, which, between 1870 and the outbreak of the war, was an American boom town set down in the heart of astounded Europe. With the consolidation of the German states under a Prussian emperor, and the development of German industry and commerce, Berlin in those forty-odd years grew from a town of 750,000 people, with a customs wall around it, to a city of more than 3,000,000.

Review all the cities that have grown through man's work. Investigate the rise in values where he congregates for trade, banking and industry. Then know that the greatest advances are found not where man toils but where he loafs and plays.

Coney Island leads them all, the home of the Frankfurter and the tintype. Twenty-five years ago property there could have been bought at your own figure.

About twenty years ago the pleasure-park property known as Dreamland was bought for about the same amount that the City of New York ten years later paid for a small portion of it which was taken for city-park purposes. The remainder was sold some two years ago for about $400,000. Today it would bring possibly double that amount.

It is at the seaside resorts like Coney Island, Atlantic City, Asbury Park and other beaches that man is willing to double and treble the price of desirable property; not pay more per square foot than in the business districts of our cities, you understand, but more in proportion.

On the Beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Above—A View of the Bowery, Coney Island, New York

Seashore

THE modern beach resort is distinctly a creation of the real-estate promoter. He takes the bare beach, practically worthless for any of the ordinary uses to which land is put, valued at a few dollars an acre, and by his peculiar art transforms it into a city with boardwalks, million-dollar piers, ecsmopolitan hotels and bungalow sites selling for almost anything up—that is, if he is a capable real-estate man who understands human nature and the trend of the times, and he steps in at the proper moment. But for every promoter who has developed a successful beach resort, many others have failed. They were too soon. They didn't understand the human psychology that makes beach resorts. They set up obstacles with one hand that blocked the development work they were doing with the other.

Seashore property as a whole is greatly misunderstood by most of us. It is so comparatively new in the making of large cities that the masses have as yet failed to realize its great importance. That which made Coney Island, Atlantic City and Asbury Park, and is making various other seashore projects, including almost the entire coast line of Florida, is illustrated by the growth of Atlantic City.

Absecon Island, about seven and a half miles long by, roughly, a mile in depth, was laid out by a land company about 1850, and became commonly known as Atlantic City, although even at that time Chelsea, Ventnor, South Atlantic and Longport were not unknown, being part of the island. Since that time Margate, Venice Park and probably other divisions have been created. Very little had been done with it until about 1855, when there was a wholesale distribution of lots. As soon as it commenced to show promise, the Pennsylvania Railroad, always a pioneer, ran a trolley line the full length of the island. The island struggled along until about 1884, when probably the last thing anyone could have predicted caused it to take rank as the foremost seashore resort of the United States if not of the entire world—namely, prohibition. Prohibition, however, in this sense: The Brooks high-license law, which prohibited the sale of liquor on Sunday, had just been passed in the state of Pennsylvania, and crowds of people, owing to the fact that the excursion rates were decidedly low at that time, went to Atlantic City nominally for what they termed freedom. Many railroads ran into Atlantic City—the West Jersey, the Camden and Atlantic, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Camden and Amboy, the Pennsylvania—and there was keen competition for the business, even though the entire place was but a playground.

People went there for amusement, but came away bitten by what was then a very strange insect—seashore. Seashore is a disease; so is tobacco; so is chewing gum; so are motion pictures. There are many diseases, but the most virulent of them all is seashore. Once permit your lungs to become accustomed to sea air, and Nature demands and insistently demands more. The public went down for beer, and received health—health with a capital H, capital E, capital A, capital L, capital T and capital H, and it's been going ever since. It can't stop.

Values

THE tremendous increase of the seashore disease is due to the change in economic conditions throughout the United States which practically started about 1885. Prior to that time the living wage of the masses was pitched at the minimum price a person could exist upon, living upon the barest necessities of life. It was just about that time that it became universally recognized that even a street-car driver driving a pair of horses should be permitted to use a stool to sit upon.

With all the success, however, that Atlantic City was achieving, the path of its pioneers was far from easy. It was impossible to obtain one dollar for improvements. Financial institutions were afraid, and stated so openly, that the ocean might at any time take away the property, and they were unwilling to go before their stockholders with any investment of that character, despite the fact that it was easy to prove that Absecon Island had been there at least when Columbus had landed in America. So the Atlantic Cityites invented their own currency. They carried around with them first, second and all kinds of mortgages which passed as legal tender with them; and be it said to the credit of the Youngs, Kuehnles, Cathcarts, Riddles, Whites, McClellans and many others, not one of the mortgages of that time was ever subject to the least litigation or dispute.

The tremendous growth in realty values on the island may be best evidenced by the following: One morning a man walked into the office of a prominent real-estate firm in Philadelphia and stated that his name was William Riddle; that he had just purchased some property from a man named Evans, who owned the Seaside Hotel, for $80,000; that he had given his word he would take the property, and he didn't have a dollar; that in his opinion the property was worth much more than $80,000—and would that office help him to obtain the necessary money? After careful investigation the money was loaned to Mr. Riddle—he afterwards became mayor of Atlantic City—and that property today is bringing in not less than $150,000 per year rental with but minor improvements upon it.

A great feature in the making of Atlantic City in successive steps was the growth of additional beach. At some points fully one-third of a mile was wrested from the ocean by the creation of jetties, breakwaters, and so on, but the most common method, because of its slight cost, was the utilization of packing boxes filled with rock and brush. There is but one record of any disaster; there was a small island in the ocean about opposite the inlet which belonged to Shaffer Gardens, and this the ocean took away. It was never a part of Atlantic City proper. The riparian rights were easily bought from the state and the increment reverted to the owners of ocean-front property.

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ALL CHANGE

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

The Dressing Bag Slipped With a Crash to the Floor and the Boy's Eyes Opened Wide

THEY came to the arrangement on the small paddle boat that plies the ferry trade across the strip of blue water which separates Gibraltar from Algeciras. The idea came from Dennis. It had been pickling in his youthful mind for forty-eight hours, but he waited until the last moment before proposing it. Independence being a first symptom of character, his father, after the mildest protest, gave his consent. "I only thought," the boy had said, "that there'd be more to it if I were on my own. You see, originally I was going to do the whole journey from England alone and meet you at Seville. It's just the fluke of having broken up a week sooner than I expected that made us travel together at all."

"Do I understand," John Stayton replied, with an effort to impart irony into a voice thrilling with pride—"do I understand you found my company on the P. and O. irksome?"

"I say, shut up! You know I was keen as blazes to have you."

"And yet," said John with infinite sadness, "you now propose to conduct a night journey across half the south of Spain entirely alone. You sever all relations and even refuse to occupy the berth which I have bought for you at great expense in a wagon lit."

"It's the experience," said the boy; "besides, I told some of the fellows I was going out alone and it will look pretty moldy if I have to confess I was piloted all the way. You see that, don't you?"

His father nodded.

"I suppose I shall have to see it, but I can't pretend to see why you were such an ass as to let me waste my substance buying a sleeping berth that you don't intend to use."

"Oh, well, you can afford it, dad," was the encouraging reply. "Besides, I fancied you were a bit down this morning and might not fall for the idea if I launched it unexpectedly."

"Was I a bit down?"

"Seemed so."

Stayton looked at his sixteen-year-old son and nodded.

"True enough," he admitted. "I was. It was an—an association of ideas, old fellow." He stopped and bit his thumb-nail reflectively, and his eyes, which had a far-away look, strayed across the narrowing strip of water to the gardens of the Reina Christina Hotel. "An association of ideas, that's all."

He shook himself out of his reverie.

"Then we part on the landing stage, eh?"

"And meet again at Seville."

"You'll let me look after the luggage?"

"Your own. I shall stick to my grip, of course."

Stayton humped his shoulders.

"You can't speak a word of Spanish," he said. "If you make a hash of things, pull the alarm cord or shout or something. I shall sleep with an ear open."

"Shut up!" said Dennis.

And in the best of good humor his father replied, "Shut up yourself!"

Dennis Stayton made the most of his five feet three inches as he marched down the landing stage. He was British to the core and he meant those Dago porters to know it; further, he meant them to understand he was not a fellow to be jollied by any means. He used some language considerably ahead of his years and even offered violence to a youth who laughed at him. Great it was to enter the customhouse, if so mean a shack may pass under so influential a title, and have one's luggage searched for tobacco. Dennis adopted an air of nonchalance throughout this episode, as though he were the leader of a band of smugglers who, under the noses of the authorities, was flooding the south of Spain with contraband cigars. He experienced one or two extra heart beats as to what should befall him if the tin of fifty Virginian cigarettes which he had secretly purchased in Gibraltar and concealed in one of his shoes should be disclosed. Also, he prayed very hard that none of the customs officers would go through his pockets, since such a proceeding would result in the inevitable discovery of a small Belgian-made pistol—acquired by barter at school and packed low over his right hip. However, the ordeal passed off without disaster, and, with an hour to spare before the train was due to start, carrying his bag for safety's sake, Dennis Stayton sallied forth to explore the town of Algeciras.

And John Stayton, discreetly hidden behind a pyramid of cork bales, proudly watched the retreating figure of his son and decided in his own mind that he would do, and wondered in his own mind what the boy's mother would have thought of him if she hadn't taken it into her adorably pretty head to run away with another man when Dennis was only five years old.

John Stayton spent the hour of waiting in the gardens of the Reina Christina. He sat on a bench under an avenue of orange and eucalyptus trees, and the nightingales which, in the south of Spain, sing by day as well as by night, sang to him—even as they had used to sing seventeen years before, when on their honeymoon he and Phyllida had sat side by side on that same old bench. And memories came crowding back to him, and every memory was kind. Pain and resentment were dead. He remembered how pretty she was, how gentle, how soft. He remembered the whiteness of her hands and the angry lower lip of hers; the flash of waywardness in her eyes and the little frown that appeared at the slightest failure on his part to appreciate instantly the shades of sweetness, the changes of clothing or mood which, for his delight, she never tired of affecting. "A little kaleidoscope of a woman" might have described her, save that the bits of colored glass were first-water jewels. She lived in a spirit of change, ever appearing and reappearing in a succession of exquisite differences. She would change her frock half a dozen times a day, the manner of dressing her hair, the loving names she invented to call him. She could no more stand still than a reflection of light upon water. A dancing nature and all for him. A girl with a thousand facets cut for his delight.

Men get callous, careless. Matrimony does that for a man—blunts the edge of his appreciation, stales it with familiarity, drives him to put his feet up when he should be holding out his arms. So as she changed her frock she changed her man. Inevitable sequence, since she could not grow wise as he grew calm. Wisdom is an unpunctual visitor, who ever arrives a year too late and appears on the doorstep in a misfit cloak, borrowed from conscience. Sweet Phyllida! Only twenty-four when she ran—a mother at nineteen. They married too soon, that was all—his fault as much as hers—wicked to blame her, or revile. Dear Phyllida! Judge not!

The short dusk quickened into a starry night. John Stayton glanced at his watch, rose smartly, broke off a sprig of orange blossom and strode away to the station. And since he was sometimes rather better than his word, he entered his section of the wagon lit and drew down the window blinds without even a peep among the passengers to assure himself that his son was on the train.

As a matter of fact, Dennis was already safely ensconced in a corner seat, rejoicing at having the carriage to himself. To present an air of congestion, he employed the device of putting his bag in one corner, his stick in another and his hat in the one remaining. He might have saved himself the trouble, for there is no great competition among Spaniards to travel first class. They prefer to spend their pesetas in the unpleasant practice of attending bull fights. The light which came from a pair of greasy oil lamps in the roof was poor and made reading difficult. Save for a visit from a tip-seeking customs officer, who popped a head through the open window and pointed at his bag, no one bothered him. Dennis banished the fellow with a ready coin and settled down to a thorough enjoyment of his seclusion, coupled with pleasant reflections on the degree of insularity conveyed by his bearing during his walk in Algeciras.

A moment before the train was due to start the door was opened, and a porter, carrying the hand luggage of a lady in black, made an unwelcome appearance. The lady glanced in, and observing that the corner seats were taken, turned away and with a shake of the head said something in Spanish to the porter.

Now Dennis was nothing if not chivalrous. His ruse was intended to discourage the entrance of garrulous and garlic-smelling foreigners. The lady in black came under neither of these headings. She was petite, very smart, and even in the indifferent light he could see how pretty she was. There was something a little tragic, too, in the whiteness of her face and the blackness of her perfectly cut traveling dress. He could not speak Spanish, so he tried his hand at French.

"*Ici*," he said; "*une place, ici!*" whipping his hat off the seat as he spoke.

The lady gave him a smile, came in and nodded to the porter to put her dressing bag in the rack.

Someone with heavy feet, which clumped on the roof above, dropped in another lamp, which increased the light by half. Came three shrill blasts from the engine and the train began to move. Then Dennis looked across at the lady in black and she looked at him, and both of them were pleased with the result of the inspection and both of them a trifle puzzled. Since it is obviously discourteous to stare for an indefinite period at attractive foreign ladies to whom one has not been introduced, Dennis lowered his eyes, and for occupation's sake busied himself undoing his brand-new Gladstone bag and taking from within sundry things he had no immediate use for, including a safety razor, the tin of cigarettes and a recently acquired first-fifteen cap, which he laid prominently on the seat for all the world to see. He could not tell why he acted in this curiously vainglorious manner, save that there stirred within him an unreasonable desire to produce upon his *vis-à-vis* the impression that he was a bit of a success in his humble way. That first-fifteen cap was a crown of victory, if she had the sense to recognize the fact—which, of course, she wouldn't. Ignorant beasts, foreigners. After a moment he was rather ashamed of himself and stuck it back in the bag again. Who was this woman, anyhow, but a mere stranger, with a sweet face which in some extraordinary way seemed familiar to him? That, of course, was sheer nonsense, for where would they have met before? Without daring to glance again, he tried to memorize her features and puzzle out of whom they reminded him. There was a mirror opposite in which he could see his own face and, absurdly enough, the reflection both helped and hindered him. Awfully odd and disconcerting it was, but the impression grew that in some impossible way he knew her. He turned his head sharply and found her eyes steadily resting upon him. The same fine shade of perplexity which ruckled his brow, ruckled hers. A slightly protruding lower lip was common to both of them. Their deep-blue eyes, of the same shade, met and, as it were, fastened each to each. Then she spoke.

Her voice was low, musical, intimate. There was not a vestige of foreign accent.

"You're English, aren't you?"

It was a tremendous surprise.

"Yes, rather. I should hope so."

"I thought you must be."

"I thought you were a Spaniard when I heard you talking to that porter chap."

"I've lived here a good many years," she said. "Ten or twelve years I've lived out here."

Her lower lip seemed to him to shrug its little red shoulders.

"Have you, though?" said Dennis compassionately. "Pretty moldy, I should think. It's all right for a spell, but ten or twelve years!"

"Yes, I know," she nodded.

"Still, I dare say you spend a goodish bit of time at home."

She shook her head.

"No, I haven't been home."

He was going to say more, but she interrupted him with a question—diffidently put, as though the words were unfamiliar.

"Are you—on your hols?"

"Hols?" he repeated.

"Holidays, then. I thought they called them hols."

"The kids still do, I believe," he said, "but it's a word no fellow in the lower sixth would dream of using. We speak of it as the Easter vac, or coming down for the holidays."

She looked a shade hurt.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I ought to have known that. It was stupid of me—very stupid. It's just, I suppose, not having had the chance to—to get to know."

"Good heavens, that's all right," said Dennis. "Words are only a matter of the school one's at. I'm telling you what we say at Kineton. I dare say at places like Eton they do call 'em hols. Sort of thing they would do."

"Are you at Kineton?"

"I should hope so."

"It's good to be there?"

"Finest place in England, that's all," came the modest assurance, after which Dennis lit a cigarette and relapsed into an impressive silence.

"Talk some more to me," pleaded the lady in black. "I love to hear you talk; please say some more." Her sincerity was obvious; he never for a moment doubted it.

"What shall I talk about?"

"Oh, anything—just go on. Tell me about that cap you took from your bag just now—the one with the gold tassel. It was a nice-looking cap; I'd like to see you put it on."

He put it on, glad of the chance, and she nodded approvingly.

"You look awfully nice in it—awfully. Do all the boys—fellows, I mean—at Kineton wear that cap?"

Dennis gasped.

"Good Lord! It's a first-fifteen! Surely you knew that!"

"I didn't," she stammered quickly. "I didn't. I ought to have known. First-fifteen; that's football. Oh, it was beastly of me not to have known." And two absurd tears sprang to her eyes and toppled over the lower lids.

"I say," exclaimed the boy, "you're crying."

"Yes, I'm crying; but never mind. Make a joke or something, then I'll laugh. I'd laugh easily if you made a joke. I don't want to cry; it makes my nose red."

"You've got the most ripping nose," said Dennis with unexpected candor.

"I'm glad you approve," she said with a sniff, and dabbed it with a small square of georgette.

"I think you're ripping altogether," he added, "and I'm frightfully sorry I said anything to upset you."

She smiled forgiveness at him. The smile popped out and rippled at the corners of her eyes and mouth as though it had been in captivity for ages and was joying in a newfound freedom.

"It wasn't your fault," she said; "it was mine, because if—if I hadn't been so utterly selfish and senseless I should have known all those lovely things by now." She became thoughtful, then after a moment went on: "It's queer why people won't trust the future, isn't it?"

Dennis was out of his depth. He wanted to be sympathetic, but was uncertain of the soundings.

"I thought perhaps, you being in mourning, you were crying because you were a widow."

"I am a widow, but I wasn't crying for that," she said. "Besides, I've been in mourning for two years. Spanish women stay in black pretty well forever."

"But you're not a Spanish woman."

"All one," she said with a shrug. "Black's as good as anything else, and I don't care what I put on."

"Well, I don't know," said Dennis doubtfully; "don't pretend to be a judge, but I will say that dress of yours strikes me as being a nailer."

It was good to see how she warmed before his clumsy appreciation. It brought color to her cheeks.

"It isn't bad, really, though it looks best when I'm standing up."

"I can't bear women who don't look nice," said the boy. "I mean, of course, they've got to look kind too."

Somehow he hurt her with that

"I don't think I am kind," she said slowly, "or perhaps not in the right way."

"Oh, rot!" he replied cordially. "A fellow always knows by instinct who's kind."

"Does he?"

"Yes, rather."

"Tell me," she asked after a small interval, "do you say pretty things like that to your own mother?"

He flushed and, turning awkwardly, looked down into the black gorge through which the train was threading its way. Far below a gray river was creaming over rocks.

"Haven't the chance," he said.

He never intended to say so much, for in the ordinary way he could stick to an exchange of commonplaces with anyone. There was, however, something about this lady in black that drew confidence from him to an extent he had never experienced before. He felt a profound conviction that he could share with her the deepest secrets of

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They Seemed to be Sitting Unnecessarily Far Apart

THE GERMAN BUSINESS MAN

By FREDERICK SIMPICH

A Carpenter of Hannover in Holiday Garb

TODAY in Germany business is above everything — above art, science, even religion. The old soul-pampering paradise of poets, fiddlers and philosophers is vanished, gone forever, *spurlos versenkt!* Stinnes is greater than Schiller, Goethe or Schopenhauer. Kultur has a bad black eye.

Once I sauntered through the silent sand-strewn streets of ruined Babylon, and saw German excavators digging where the Hand wrote on the wall; again; in the empty halls of Sans Souci, at Potsdam, I saw more Germans pottering gloomily amid falling plaster. Oddly, in that instant it seemed to me the Kaiser and his court had been dead and gone even as long as Nebuchadnezzar and his crinkly whiskered, alcoholic crew—just as dead, at least, in what was once the German Empire.

In place of the military caste and the landed aristocracy there towers now the giant figure of the new industrialist—stronger even than the government. The business man is Kaiser now. Bankers wield more power than generals.

Certainly in roaring, pounding, sweating, cursing Germany of today there is no room for royalty—nor the idle rich. As for poets, they can starve, or chuck their lutes and go to work. Dreamers have no chance at all amid the big hammers and shrieking sirens. Whole regions of the very land itself, once green and tranquil sections where trees bloomed and cows were fat—along the Rhine, in Hannover and Saxony—are loud and ugly now with mills, shops and noisy building crews. Far out on the open northern moors bleak factory towns are sprung up, thrusting up their gaunt smokestacks like the black trunks of trees scorched in fire. Low over these unpainted, half-finished mill towns of muddy streets hang cold wet fogs and foul smoke clouds, reeking of coke and chemical gas.

Germany Learning to Hustle

"IT'S all *umgekehrt*—turned around now," a retired colonel of cavalry told me. "Before the war we officers used to get together—sometimes with our English cousins—and criticize you Americans. You always interested us, with your hustle, mass production and pretty girls. You lacked culture, we used to say, and were crude and noisy—but well-meaning, keen in getting money. But that is all changed now—*umgekehrt*. Europe is after the money—nothing else. America is the culture land of the future. The center of civilization has crossed the Atlantic. *Ja, ja,* only *das Geld* talks in Germany now. Look at me—twenty years a cavalry officer, and now I peddle coal! Business is our *Herr Gott*. We'd tear down the churches, if we had to, to find a site for a bank or a new *Fabrik*."

He's a curious study in business psychology, this new type of German industrial leader developed since the war. As a competitor, it might be well that we take his measure—thumb-print him, so to speak—who's-who him—character-estimate and dossier him, as one government's secret service is wont to dossier the political and military leaders in other governments.

In many ways the German business man's habits differ vastly from those of his Yankee colleague. When the American is just turning over for another morning nap—say around 6:30—the German is already up, and has had his rolls and coffee. By 7:30 he's usually at his desk.

To see just how office work is done in Germany, I arranged to accompany one typical new industrialist for a day. We left his house together, in a limousine furnished him free by his company. Many use their own cars, of course; but few ever drive—they see no pleasure in it, only work.

"If a German can afford a motor, he can also afford a driver," my host explained. We reached the main office of his great plant ahead of its army of workers. "I always get here first," he said. "It's a good example."

A head porter in gold braid bowed us in, greeting my host as Herr Director General. Lesser menials bowed and scraped, or leaped forward to take our hats and coats. On the director's big flat desk I saw a small switchboard, with plugs tying up to many factory departments. Soon he was in action. Buzzing first one factory branch, then another, he got quick short reports on the progress of various jobs, snapped out orders and made appointments—on a ruled sheet that lay before him—for those subordinates who should report in person.

A Typical Office Day

THEN two stenographers entered, one for German and one for English letters; French and Spanish he could also use, when necessary. I observed him dictating—quick, jerky, but accurate; not a single "No, change that!" For an hour he worked, dictating, opening and answering telegrams; twice he used the long-distance wire, giving orders to field men in other towns. Often he swore, invoking the gods of Donner and Blitzen, or mentioning the wild asses of the desert; for German telephones and the Fräuleins who juggle the plugs are even as yours and mine.

Now and then came discreet raps on the padded door of this overelaborate office—padded it was, thick and stuffy, so no eavesdropper outside might overhear a word. "*Herein!*" the director would shout, and in would tiptoe a timid clerk, silent and respectful, bringing a folder of correspondence. Every important letter, telegram or contract drafted in all the vast network of shop departments, all first O. K.'d by subordinates, came finally to him for signature. This huge hunger for details, this insistence on doing so many of the minor things that we leave to subordinates, is characteristic of the German.

An American customer was announced. He had just ordered a big lot of goods and was ready to pay. He grumbled some when it was hinted he should make payment in Copenhagen.

"You see," explained the director, "we prefer dollar payments in Copenhagen. After the war a number of us—larger firms—organized a syndicate in Denmark. We keep a surplus in foreign money outside of Germany. Not to escape taxes," he added hurriedly, "nor because we fear labor troubles, or revolution—just for convenience."

From his pocket then he drew a sandwich and ate as he talked. He offered us none, nor explained; he just wolfed it, with that audible gastronomic gusto peculiar to Northern Europe. They all do it—on trains, in their private offices, in the stores and shops. Promptly at 10:30 all Germany attacks its *zweites Frühstück*. And at night, between the acts at the opera, you will see hundreds of men and women strolling along the promenades behind the boxes—munching lunch.

"Now we shall walk through the shops," he announced.

It was like a city, this vast plant. All about it a high brick wall; its great offices built beside the main gateway, where uniformed guards had to be passed—guards who checked every bill of goods that left and searched the trucks to see that nothing was taken out that wasn't on the bill.

Women sweeping the paved streets that cut through the vast works, stayed their brush brooms, stood stiffly erect as we passed, and croaked the formula, "*Guten Tag, Herr Director.*" In and out of foundries, pattern rooms and machine shops we marched, and always men turned from the lathes, quit their filing or their pounding—groups of greasy workmen, pulling at their caps, standing stiff and erect till we passed, mumbling the everlasting phrase of respect and obedience. Solemn young technicians, in gray mantles and thick glasses, lifted their hats—and repeated, one after another, the *Guten Tag* prayer of the workers.

On we marched, up to a second floor, where hundreds of boys are trained free—trained to run lathes, draw pictures of wheels and gears and to make machines at the schoolroom bench. Apprenticed machinists they are, under a splendid discipline that we wot not of in this land of the free. From this school the factory recruits. Five, ten, twenty years from now most of these boys—true to German system—will still be found in this great walled city, busy somewhere amid its pounding hammers and rattling wheels, stopping only during the customary morning pause to eat a sandwich or to grumble *Guten Tag* to a passing director.

The Tired Business Man's Evenings

IT WAS two P.M. when my host left me to go home to his lunch. Home, not to café or restaurant; no German business man who has a home ever lunches in town if he can avoid it. He jealously guards that midday hour to eat with his wife and children—to catch a cat nap—so he can make the office again at three or 3:30 and carry on maybe till six or seven in the evening.

In Germany you find no idle class that makes leisure and sport a profession. Up on the North Sea are a few bathing resorts, where wealthier men send their wives and children in summer. Some go, for a few days only, to the Harz or Bavarian mountains in the winter. But such havens of rest as our Palm Beach, Newport or Pasadena are unknown. The richer a German is—or the poorer, usually—the harder he works.

Popular as hockey, tennis and football are among the youth of Germany, you never meet a middle-aged business man who plays golf, rides or goes in for any outdoor activity. The real leaders of industry seldom take even an evening off to play a friendly game of cards. When—to keep peace with their wives—they reluctantly yield an evening for social relaxation, it is usually to give a dinner to which business colleagues are invited, or to go to the theater. And it's more a cultural habit, this German theatergoing, than a mere amusement. Shakspere is more popular in Germany than here.

Substantial business men go to see plays like William Tell or Hamlet, or to hear the opera; and when the old Wagner favorites are being sung, even standing room is hard to get, because every clerk, stenographer and waiter in town will be there. There are Tivolis and variety shows in every big industrial city, but to such places the prominent German merchant or manufacturer practically never goes, unless he happens to be showing the town to some foreign visitor there to buy goods.

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An Old Wood Carver of the Black Forest

UNCLE SAM'S INCOME

An Interview With Martin B. Madden

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

HIGH taxes are the necessary result of high government cost," said Chairman Martin B. Madden, of the House Committee on Appropriations. "'Taxes are the sinews of the nation,' was the way Cicero put it two thousand years ago, and it is just as true in the United States today as it was in Rome then. The Federal, state and municipal governments have no incomes of their own. They take their revenues out of the pockets of the people by taxation. And yet a large part of the people, some of them good business men who pay heavy taxes, continue to think and act as we used to sing—'Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.' Well, Uncle Sam once had land to give away, but much of the public domain is not now tillable. The Federal Treasury receives about $600,000 a year from the sale of public lands, and that goes into the Reclamation Fund, as do $9,000,000 from oil leases. Outside of these revenues, the Government receives about $60,000,000 from profits on coinage and the Federal Reserve Banks, sale of timber and leases of grazing land in the National Forest Reserves, from fines and fees and the head tax on immigrants. We shall also have $550,000,000 from customs taxes, which were formerly our chief source of revenue. This total of $600,000,000 of government revenue will run the Federal Government for about two months at the present rate of expenditure. For the other ten months of the year Uncle Sam must dip down into the pockets of the people by direct taxes.

"I suppose someone will call my attention to an item of $222,000,000 from interest on loans to foreign governments, carried in the budget as anticipated revenue, but so far there has been little promise of realizing that anticipation. The Treasury has carried that item for four years, and so far there has been only one gesture toward funding the foreign debt and paying interest. That gesture came from Great Britain, but it has not been completed. Meanwhile this Government is paying the interest on those loans."

Local Taxes Doubled

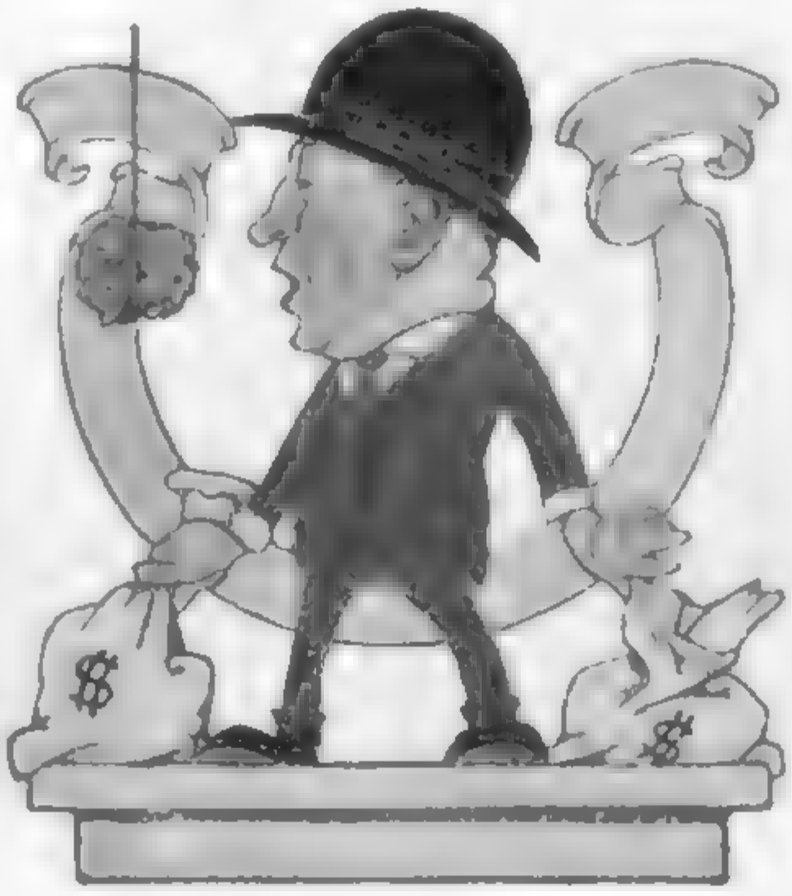
"THIS is a government of the people, for the people, by the people, but a good many of us take little account of the last phrase, 'by the people.' That is the necessity for paying the cost of government. Before the World War the cost of the Federal Government amounted to about $1,000,000,000 a year, during the war the cost was as high as $35,000,000,000, and since the war we have cut the cost to less than $4,000,000,000, have adopted the budget system and will continue to reduce government cost. But the state and city governments have been continually increasing their government cost. Many of them have doubled and trebled their per capita cost in ten years. In the state of Michigan the per capita cost of government increased from $5.66 in 1914 to $24.07 in 1922; in Wyoming the per capita cost of government was $7.40 in 1914 and $24.27 in 1922. These are samples of increased costs in the state governments. As illustrations of the increased costs of city governments in ten years, Springfield, Illinois, had a per capita cost of $21.20 in 1914 and $52.15 in 1922; Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a per capita cost of $15.90 in 1914 and $44.34 in 1922; Birmingham, Alabama, a per capita cost of $14.99 in 1914 and $29.95 in 1922; Sacramento, California, a per capita cost of $40.08 in 1914 and $96.68 in 1922; Fall River, Massachusetts, a per capita cost of $23.81 in 1914 and $53.57 in 1922; Lansing, Michigan, a per capita cost of $20.72 in 1915 and $76.12 in 1922; Hoboken, New Jersey, a per capita cost of $25.94 in 1914 and $71.03 in 1922; Winston-Salem, North Carolina, a per capita cost of $24.61 in 1917 and $45.68 in 1922. The increased governmental cost in states and cities was confined to no section, as will be seen from these figures.

"At one and the same time the people are complaining of high taxes and demanding more government expenditures. In the cities they want better water supplies, improved street lighting, more streets paved, more and better schools, more parks and playgrounds; and in the country they demand better roads and schools. . . ."

"These are all splendid aspirations, in keeping with American ideals for better living conditions, but they increase government cost and call for more and more taxes, or the issuance of bonds, which are only debts charged up against the taxpayers, to be paid by them or their children at some future time, plus interest, until the principal is paid. We can't eat our cake and have it.

We shall have to adopt in taxation the old motto, 'Whatsoever you want, pay the price and take it.'

"One remedy would be a more equitable method of taxation—more taxpayers. Only 6 per cent of the population pay any Federal income taxes, and it is estimated that only one-third of the people pay any taxes at all, Federal, state or municipal. That not only puts the cost of government on a small minority but it offers inducements to the large majority, the nontaxpayers, to vote recklessly for every proposition that will increase government cost. This situation was illustrated by a jocular remark of Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, when the income-tax amendment to the Constitution was before Congress. Mr. Williams said in the cloakroom, 'I'm for it because it won't bear very heavily on my constituents. With such an amendment we can make New York pay one-half the expenses of the Government, and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois the other half.' Though that was said in jest it is marching toward a reality. Last year the four states of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois paid more than one-half of the income and profits tax and one-half of the total internal revenue collected by the Federal Government. The forty-four other states paid the other half. That was not accidental. It was the spirit of the agitation for the income-tax amendment and the legislation that followed. The great majority who do not pay income taxes insist on soaking the rich, not realizing that the more direct taxes placed on business enterprise, the more indirect taxes will be placed on the masses by the increased cost of living. The industrial centers paid the income taxes. In 1921, Chicago had 420,631 of the 611,558 income-tax payers in Illinois. The agricultural parts of the state paid small income taxes and made comparatively few returns. The tax therefore fell on industry, the same as did the increased state taxes, and helped to increase the cost of production and therefore the cost of living."



Mr. Madden was asked if he would make the income tax apply to all, regardless of their incomes. "Why not? It would be less of a burden to the poor man to pay a dollar or two income tax than to pay double the amount in increased cost of living. It is a fallacy that any part of the people can escape sharing in the cost of government. They all pay in one way or another, and I think it would be better for every citizen to pay directly a part of the cost of government. It would bring him to realize that the cost must be met by taxation either direct or indirect. It would also help him to recognize himself as in part responsible for the administration of the government by informing himself as to how his money is spent. If we could get that idea into all our heads we might pay less attention to the voice of the demagogue and the charge that the interests own and control the government. I think that the suspicion of the interests is largely psychological, the development of a natural human suspicion that those who make the laws pay more attention to those who pay the cost of government than to those who do not pay anything. A man who owns no railroad stock would not presume to have any direct voice in the management of the railroad; and government not being an eleemosynary institution, the man who pays no taxes lets his mind work in the same way and believes what the demagogue tells him about the interests that do pay heavy taxes, controlling the government supported by taxation."

The World's Heaviest Taxpayers

"WE MIGHT even kill off some of the demagogues by making every citizen a paying stockholder in the government, for the man who pays taxes is more inclined to want to know the whys and wherefores of appropriations of public money. He would most likely want to know whether it was appropriated to pay for some necessity or merely for some scheme that some other fellow thought desirable.

"From my observation and investigation, we are the heaviest taxpayers in the world. In Great Britain substantially all the taxes are assessed by Parliament and the citizen pays one set of taxes. Of course there are the local poor rates, but they do not figure in the taxes for government cost. In this country we have Federal taxes, state taxes, city taxes, highway taxes, school taxes, park taxes, drainage taxes, different organizations of government assessing these taxes, and when all are combined they aggregate a higher rate of taxation than they have in Great Britain.

"I figured up my taxes last winter just before I made out my income-tax return and found that I had paid 32 per cent of my income in local and state taxes. My case is not an unusual one. The same applied to practically all business men, and when we compare our Federal taxes with those of Great Britain we ignore the principal governmental cost in this country. The heaviest governmental cost and taxation here are in the states and cities and on the farms. Secretary Wallace, in his last report, says that an investigation and answers to a questionnaire from the Department of Agriculture indicated that the farmer's taxes in Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin trebled between 1913 and 1921, and whereas the tax in 1913 represented 10 per cent of the farmer's income, in 1921 the tax represented one-third of his income. These taxes were local, for expense within the county, and within the control of the majority of the people in the county. They were principally for schools

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OH, DOCTOR!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

His Face Had Changed, His Listless Manner Had Become Charged With Mysterious High-Power Currents. He No Longer Looked Like a Contented Collector of Stamps

XVII

HE AWOKE from one of those phantasies in which the dreamer is constantly foiled. He had been trying to play a giant prehistoric saxophone that from golden metal would become limp rubber tubing each time he blew into it. He glanced about him in blinking relief from this recurrent madness. He yawned whole-heartedly. He had slept profitably in spite of his late start.

He did not at first identify an effect of fresh life that seemed to throb within him, as if a new engine had been set up in some remote compartment. Then full memories of the evening before flooded in on him, colorful in the morning light. He was back there again, dancing foolishly, foolishly glad. And glad about what? He hadn't sought or directed the adventure. He had been driven by something beyond him. What was it, and to what end would he be driven? And it would be no use trying to evade it. He lacked the will to. His amazing wish was to rush on, to welcome it halfway. Curious, this being no longer at the helm of himself

On a sudden he reached for the volume of Schopenhauer, dimly recalling a sentence that had been meaningless when he read it. Rapidly he turned the leaves, scanned pages, till he found it: "Everything that is really fundamental in a man, and therefore genuine, works unconsciously; in this respect like the power of Nature." He pondered this in the light of that strange new lamp whose wick had flamed up the night before.

His meditative eyes now came unconsciously to rest on something he had also idly noted the day before—an oak twig to which a gray cocoon was attached by silken threads. The nurse had brought it in with yesterday's flowers and left it on his table. It had meant as little then as the words of the philosopher. Now he read both words and cocoon with riper understanding. He took up the twig. Here was unconscious life under his touch, pulsing to an end it could not guess, driven by that something beyond—that something beyond the probing of a laboratory expert, who must have matter as well as motion to prove it a mechanism. Without matter he was as ignorant, for all his cunning, as any jungle fetishist making a deity of the sun.

Very well! Life folded into the cocoon was unconsciously pulsing to an end that could be pretty accurately delineated. But what of the fundamental and therefore genuine in the unopened cocoon known as Rufus Billop? Would it advance always unconsciously, or would he —— Another memory stirred of other words lately read, and he reached for a second volume, scanning pages till he found the place: "Among these cerebral processes is that known psychologically as a desire for some external object or event, the visualization of an end to be attained. This desire may act upon efferent nerves and give rise to the activities known as purposive."

So that was it! Driven by the unconscious force, he would find himself wishing for some external object or event. He would visualize this, and his vision would inspire activities we know as purposive. In other words—and he was glad to remember he was having the assurance from a convinced materialist—he had but to picture what he desired.

The efferent nerves would do the rest. Aunt Sena, he recalled, had babbled something like this, but in terms so grossly sentimental, so devoid of scientific exactitude, that he had never seriously listened. Queer that she and this bloodless analyst with correct terminology should now blend in his mind.

He must take care of the picture—visualize. This he found was not easy. His picture was vague of outline, and its center was so preposterous that he dared not regard it except with oblique and timid glances. And the efferent nerves must have a sharp picture, or how would they know what activities—what purposive activities—to instigate? But the fundamental, the genuine, in him would unconsciously move to sharpen the now vague details of the picture. He must wait for that.

Meantime enough purposive activities for the day at hand were indicated with sufficient clearness. That very evening, for one—and despite a certain haunting Oriental suggestion of hideous disrelish to the Caucasian palate—he would eat of flesh food even as a strong man of the open spaces. He listened, perceiving that no one in the house was yet astir, then clambered from his bed with a look not unworthy of Hell's-Fury Brackett at critical junctures. Presently he was shaving a face whose eyes studied him oddly; the watchful, almost suspicious eyes of an intrigued stranger.

At half past seven his door opened to admit Miss Hicks, again, as Mr. McIntosh had put it, "in the chaste habiliments of her calling." Her casual air vanished when she had glanced at the empty bed and through the doorway of the empty dressing room beyond. She paused in stupefaction, then advanced to the table. Open on it lay what she had come to call that old suicide book, for thus she willfully narrowed the philosopher's scope of comment.

She pushed it aside with a little impatient gesture and again fruitlessly searched the rooms for their late occupant, already knowing he was not to be found there. She came back to the table, standing with blank gaze in a sudden panic of surmise. She flicked the book again and her eyes caught arresting words on the open page: "Hypochondria shows itself in a perpetual hunting after things that vex and annoy, and then brooding over them. The cause of it is an inward morbid discontent often coexisting with a naturally restless temperament. In their extreme form, this discontent and unrest lead to suicide."

"Lead to suicide!" It did not say "may lead," "may possibly lead," or even "often lead." It simply said "lead." She flung the book down, suddenly weak. She caught herself wanting to say in quick resentment, "That was just like him!" She shuddered at this. How horrible of her! Suicide! Then she heard a light stirring just outside the door and turned sharply, feeling her breath rush in for a scream—but this she suppressed.

Outside in the chaise longue, fully dressed, bathed in slanting sun rays, a cap brim protecting his eyes while he read, reclined her missing charge. He calmly turned a leaf as she looked, glancing above the book, then back. He had not heard her. She stood quite still, shortening her breaths, regaining the poise so lately shattered.

She not only regained this but found with it a lively anger that he should thus have terrified her. Just like him, indeed! She moved noiselessly back from where she had stood and waited a silent moment by the door of the living room. Then she drew herself up, carefully arranged on her face the look of professional aloofness, opened and shut the door with calculated noise, and, humming the care-free memory of an overnight fox trot, went to the door that half opened on the court.

The humming gained in tempo, in volume. The vocalist stepped casually outside the door, idly regarded the figure in the long chair, interestedly surveyed the dull prospect of garages and rear windows belonging to houses on another street, and allowed her song to languish.

"You're up quite early, aren't you?"

This came with an icy, almost irritated reserve that shocked her charge, perhaps as unpleasantly as it was meant to. He raised his head and she was entirely pleased with her effect. He was looking hurt.

So that was all! He was up quite early!. The thrilling circumstance that he was up at all didn't astound her as he had meant it to. Her mind must be on other things, probably back on those festivities she had enjoyed through fraudulent maneuvers of the most brazen character. He assumed an elaborate air of bored well-being.

"Oh, yes; it was so pleasant out here."

His eyes went again to his book. Now there was plain malice in the gaze she kept on him—scaring her that way! The impulse swept her to shake him—thoroughly.

"Are you ready for your breakfast?"

The malice contrived somehow to color these innocent words. He forced himself to notice her again.

"Breakfast? Oh, yes. No hurry. I thought perhaps I'd breakfast with Aunt Beulah this morning, in the dining room."

This would surely astound her—so radical, so reckless, a departure from the routine of correct invalidism. He was reading again, apparently. That shot must have told. She was being speechless with astonishment and would presently break out with exclamatory protests. But the woman seemed marble even to this shock.

"Your aunt's still asleep," she was saying calmly. "She'll probably sleep late. You can have your breakfast in the dining room, though, if you want it."

She not only said it calmly but with a chill irritation. Perhaps she was annoyed that she, too, couldn't sleep late after one of those orgic revels that marked America's decaying civilization.

"Very well." He spoke this time without raising his eyes from the book. "Then you might tell the boy to bring my tray out here—anything will do. He can fetch that stool over beside me and put it on that."

He gestured toward the stool, his eyes still engaged. She glowered at him.

"Very well, I'll tell him."

There could be no doubt—this was said snappishly. It was all of that. She glowered a moment longer at the top of his cap, then turned and left him with a swishing, indignant effect. He did not look up. He had done his utmost, but the woman was hard. Instead of being found weak in bed, looking at his tongue, fretting about the exact components of his breakfast, here he was, dressed as a man, daringly out of doors, demanding breakfast there and calmly reading a book as if nothing stupendous had happened, quite as if he were himself one of those strong, silent men of the open like Stanley Howard; though he reflected bitterly that Howard probably wouldn't be reading. Perhaps he had never learned to read. He was emphatically not cerebral—and the girl had taken all these tremendous things as a matter of course. Even his loose specification for breakfast, "Anything will do," hadn't fazed her; whereas she should have found it incredible.

She'd been snappish too. Probably she didn't want to see him up and dressed and behaving like a strong man of the open. It would naturally annoy her. She'd have to find a new place. She must have looked cheated, the way Miss Schultz had. Expected him to linger awhile and then fade out. He wished now that he had glanced up at her that last time when she sounded snappish. When he looked at first her expression, secretive though it was, had hinted of some disturbance. But it must have been merely the annoyance she had later permitted to master her. After all, a man could understand women if he put his mind to it. And some of them were worth a man's best efforts, undoubtedly; rich in laboratory details.

He heard the Chinaman's scuffing step at the far end of the court. The tray was arriving. In sudden alarm he stood up. He had no wish to incur at this moment any further advice about his diet from one who would doubtless be in the firm clutch of a fixed idea. Already he could detect a gleam of helpful intention in the dark eyes that drew near. He fled to sanctuary, and from far within his bedroom called and gestured directions for the tray's bestowal, venturing out only when the scuffing died along the brick-paved court. Nor would he be found there when this solicitous servitor came back for the tray. He looked now to learn the result of his careless order.

He had suspected—supposed, indeed—that a nurse with any proper sense of his needs would not take literally that preposterous "Anything will do." A good nurse would have known that "anything" would not do. She would have commanded the menu rigidly prescribed for him—orange juice, hot milk, two narrow strips of toast from bread purely hygienic. But Miss Hicks had vindictively, he was sure, done no such thing. She must have relayed his careless phrase with cold precision.

Here was orange juice and hot milk and sanitary toast; but here was also a pot of coffee, a plate burdened with two eggs—viciously fried—and an utterly dangerous slice of ham; fried also, doubtless. Could he be a man of the open even under these strong pressures?

He went back to his bedroom for the yesterday's newspaper Miss Hicks had left there. He brought this to his chair, seated himself, humming inaccurately the fox trot that had remained with Miss Hicks, placed the tray across his lap and was presently giving a quite adequate imitation of a gentleman enjoying a hearty breakfast. He filled the cup with coffee, munched toast and attacked one of the eggs, eating it with a bold effect of relish. He cut the ham, looking fondly at it. Then he lightly scanned the frenzy of headlines on the first page of his paper.

From this he began to shoot keen, quick glances at the walls of the house. No windows overlooked him; the curtained doors of the dining room were closed. He read again, but his right hand reached for the coffee, inverted the cup above the roots of a low-growing shrub close beside him, and replaced it. The keenest of analytical detectives would have deduced that the coffee had been disposed of conventionally. He glanced again at the house and back into his bedroom. The door of the living room was safely closed.

From underneath his newspaper he slipped a loose section illustrated in color, allowing it to lie across one end of the tray. The ham went onto this, followed by the untouched egg. The broken yolk of this ran across the portrait of a ripely mature woman in evening dress whose name headed a confession—What the Modern Girl Demands of Love. He folded the paper swiftly across this blot, folded it again and slipped it into a side pocket of his coat. He resumed his headlines, trifling ostentatiously with the remaining egg, smearing it about in a manner to compel belief that most of it had been eaten.

(Continued on Page 80)

Now, in Sleep, She Had Lost This Power to Cow Him. In Sleep She Seemed Oddly Defenseless

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 18, 1923

Is Our Balance of Trade Adverse?

THE preliminary figures indicate that during the first half of the calendar year 1923 the value of imports of commodities exceeded the value of the exports. Owing to great difficulties in making the valuations of imports under the new tariff, the exact figures will not be made available for some little time. But enough is known to make it reasonably clear that the balance of merchandise trade has turned against us. During January and February the excess of exports was small. Since then the excess of imports has been considerable. It is generally believed that during the autumnal months the trade will again swing in the direction of an excess of exports. It is improbable that for the year 1923 the imports will exceed the exports in value, but it is possible. If such a state of affairs were to hold for the year, as it does hold for the first half of the year, what is to be the interpretation?

A creditor country naturally has an excess of imports of goods over exports. In the excess of imports of goods the creditor country receives the interest on foreign investments. Such was the case with Great Britain, France, Germany and Holland, the chief creditor countries, before the war. Other items exist, of course—emigrant remittances and tourist expenditures, as well as payments for services in shipping, and so on. Each of these European countries before the war had such receivables. But we have no such receivables -few tourists come to us, no emigrants from here send back money, our shipping serves few foreigners. Shipments of gold and returns on foreign investments are for us the only large items available to cover an excess of imports over exports of commodities.

Is the present situation an illustration of the general case of a creditor country or is it the result of peculiar circumstances? Many facts speak in favor of the second rather than the first view. In the first place, our foreign debtors are for the most part not paying interest, in terms of goods or in any other way. In the second place, the conditions of prices and trade activities at home and abroad offer a different explanation.

We are in the swing of prosperity. Our prices are higher than those abroad. This draws to us the exports of other countries. This accounts for a part of our large imports. A larger part is explained in another way. With prosperity and active manufacturing operations, we need large amounts of raw and semifinished materials, especially from tropical countries. Witness the rubber needs of our automobiles. This is the principal explanation of our enlarged imports. We are importing more materials, just as we are using more cotton, hauling more ton-miles, making more steel; it is a part of the up-swing of the business cycle. Strictly speaking, it has nothing to do with our international account. It may be that the goods we are now making will not be all consumed at home, and that a flood of exports will be the second stage of the process. A flood of exports will be hard to attain in the face of reduced buying power of the European countries. A flood of imports is much more easily secured. But in any event the present high flood of import of raw materials is due largely to our demand for the products of these materials.

It is too early to say that the flood of imports has occurred in spite of the new tariff, that the increased duties have been powerless to keep goods out. We must wait and see just what commodities are coming in. It may be found that the bulk of the increased imports has been in commodities against which increased duties have not been levied. A short view of the effect of a tariff may be fallacious; the long view is necessary. This is as true for the proponent as for the opponent of protection. It is sufficient at present to constate the facts. In part, the balance against us has been the result of decline in foreign demand for our staples. For this, also, it is best to defer the explanation. We ought to see more clearly six months from now.

Lessons in Manners

PHILADELPHIA, New York and other cities that take a proper pride in their beautiful park systems have lately embarked on a rather large scale upon the admirable practice of rounding up week-end merrymakers who litter the parkways with greasy papers, pasteboard boxes and all the unsightly leftovers of outdoor meals, and haling them before a magistrate.

Personally, we should not select a police court as the ideal school for good manners; and yet, according to the daily press, the courts are doing some very effective work. If a hoggish youth is fined the equivalent of a day's pay for rendering some sylvan dell a place to avoid, by an overlavish scattering of filthy papers and garbage, he may learn a lesson that will be worth to him in the future far more than it cost him.

A few weeks of extra vigilance on the part of park police, coupled with the publicity that newspapers will gladly give, will work wonders in the correction of a nuisance that every city experiences. In time it will seep into the heads of heedless picnickers that their offense is not only finable but is calculated to draw upon them the contempt of all decent people. They will gradually learn that their betters who have become experienced hunters or fishermen take a peculiar pride, even when they bivouac in the remote wilderness, in destroying unpleasant evidences of their stay and then bow to the red man's law that forbids them to leave in place the crossbar from which their kettle swung.

Thanks to the motor car, outdoor America is being used and enjoyed to an extent hitherto unparalleled. Camp as well as court has its canons of behavior, and the sooner we learn them and respect them the better off we shall be. In the meantime we must look to the police courts to help along the slower learners.

The Merger Habit

EUROPE was cut up badly enough before 1914, but consider what has been done since the war in the way of setting up new countries. Poland has been restored—the long-delayed righting of an indefensible crime. Austria-Hungary has been divided into four parts—Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. Along the Russian shore of the Baltic three fragments have been broken off and given separate sovereignty—Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania. Finland has achieved independence; and for a time, also, the Ukraine stood by itself.

Europe is still in thrall to an age long past, when travel was slow and arduous and a chain of hills or a river served as a bar to communication. Under medieval conditions small communities developed languages and customs all their own, and nations grew up within limits which would today be mere townships in this country. It is natural enough for the descendants of these numerous groups to desire control of their own affairs, but at the same time it must be recognized that to be successfully independent a nation must possess within itself certain natural potentialities of strength. A lake, a stretch of moor, a mountain and a mine do not make a nation even if a million or more people congregate thereabouts, speaking a tongue of their own and wearing a characteristic costume. Economic considerations come into play today.

There is, unfortunately, every evidence that reconstruction is being held back in Europe by the limiting of economic relationships and the multiplication of customs walls. Europe has too many governments to support.

Latvia, it is said, is not unwilling to surrender the cold comfort of independence. Esthonia is not adverse to proposals looking to the same end. Perhaps the new responsibility weighs too heavily on other recently emancipated countries. Europe might well take a leaf from the book of business and, within the limits of economic expediency, acquire the merger habit.

Tax on Marriage

INTIMATIONS have been made in the Washington correspondence appearing in the daily press that the Treasury Department will take early steps to have income-tax provisions so amended that married persons will no longer have the right to file separate returns. There can be but little doubt that this right has, in some instances, been flagrantly abused. The Government has been chivvied out of considerable sums by the shifty or the downright fraudulent jockeying of income-tax returns by married people. Men have made nominal gifts of securities to their wives in order that the yield therefrom might not go to swell their own taxes. Fictitious sales and trades of stocks, bonds and real estate between husband and wife for the purpose of concealing profits or registering losses are less rare than they should be. Comparatively few taxpayers are fully informed upon the law and upon the decisions of the Treasury Department that bear on these transactions. Ignorance is a happy excuse for deciding such moot points in one's own favor.

In spite of these considerations, we hope that the Washington correspondents are misinformed in regard to Mr. Mellon's intentions. Granting the existence of these methods of tax dodging, it appears to us that the way to correct the evil is to audit more rigidly the returns of well-to-do married folk and to make a few salutary examples of those who have been taking advantage of the married state to defraud the Government by means of fictitious transactions. A few such cases well aired would serve not only as a nation-wide warning but as a means of spreading clearer knowledge of what husband and wife may and may not do with impunity. To curtail the rights of a score of married couples because one of these social partnerships had proved a slippery tax dodger would, we believe, be a serious mistake.

It is no uncommon thing for married women to enjoy small incomes of their own which would be theirs by right even if they were single. Often they are derived from earnings or savings accumulated previous to marriage. Such incomes are frequently spent by the wife on pleasant, though not strictly essential items, such as travel, motor cars, amusements and feminine gewgaws, without forming in any sense a part of the husband's budget. Moreover, it is not uncommon for men accustomed to make allowances to their wives, not for maintenance but for personal spending money, to capitalize the periodical payments by a bona-fide gift of securities. There is no valid reason, either legal or ethical, why they should not do so. Indeed, much may be said in favor of the practice. Inasmuch as the whole tendency of our times is to give fuller and more complete recognition to the separate entity and individual citizenship of married women, it would be a backward step to curtail either their rights or their responsibilities as taxpayers. Compulsory joint returns might easily turn out to be a burdensome tax on marriage itself.

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

I NEVER have seen a politician who was not afraid of the press. I have seen those who pretended not to be afraid. I have seen, through several years of close contact with both press and politicians, a various assortment of politicians, from Presidents of the United States down, who set up fairly good imitations of men who were hail fellows with the boys, as the correspondents are called, or who said that they were willing to stand some misrepresentation of their own acts or motives or words because the truth comes out in the final wash. I have seen great men going in with smiling faces and an alert air, and light and happy words, to meet the shower of questions; but I have been in the game long enough to know that this bright exterior concealed anxieties and was a mask for a performance which is really an ordeal. I have been long enough on the inside to know that faith in truth to come out, just as one desires it laundered, is always a wabbly faith.

A Tired Man's Slip

VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS, who was sensitive to publicity, said to me once, "One does not have to be afraid of what one's political enemies say; the thing to scare a man to death is what he may say himself."

I may add that it is not only what he may say himself but also what it is said he said.

I never can quite understand why the deeds of politicians, good or bad, are so little weighed or so soon forgotten, while a hasty sentence may make or break any one of them.

To this day I shudder when I remember a certain back-platform speech of a presidential candidate on tour. Like all such victims of the barnstorming system, which party managements force upon their unfortunate candidates, he was tired out, had passed a hot, sleepless night, and began one of his stock back-platform efforts. The dozen or more press correspondents shrugged their shoulders, yawned and tried to find shady places in the sweltering station. Suddenly my ears were almost lifted off by a sentence being pronounced by the great man's tired voice. It was a sentence which stated in a categorical, unqualified, flat assertion an opinion that I knew the candidate had entertained only in the secret recesses of his unformed beliefs.

I knew he had never committed himself to this opinion; that upon further reflection he probably would reject it; but now, by mental aberration, he was telling it to the world without grace or garnishment. It was a single sentence. Five minutes after he had said it he probably would be unable to believe that it had, mechanically, fallen from his lips. It was the kind of sentence that would have leaped onto the front page of every newspaper in America and carried such offense to the prejudices of vast masses of our people that it would have been political suicide. Luck alone cheated history—the press never got that silly sentence.

Unfortunately, however, silly sentences may count more than wise deeds in political fortunes; and this is why the politician, blithe and gay as he may appear to be, meets the boys with his heart telling him that he is having about as much fun as a wild deer would have in coming into New York City to get a drink of water from a butcher.

I have seen this business from both sides, and I know full well the hunger for news there is among the correspondents. I know the irritation that comes from trying to interview a cautious man, particularly when one has wasted days trying to formulate questions and planning to tell the world a great piece of something new and startling. I know the miserable feeling of cooling one's heels on the threshold of men who take themselves more seriously than the rest of us, and I have my share of the cynicism which comes from seeing fame and power glide like gnats across the bright space between obscurity and obscurity. I know the honor standards that are commonly observed in the profession of being a good newspaperman, and the rough and generous sense of fair play which controls most of their works. But in this eternal encounter between the statesman and the flingers of questions I am on the side of the statesman.

How the System Operates

LET us see how the thing operates. Take it first from the side of the newspaper men. For example, the White House crew go to see the President, or Secretary Hughes sees the boys in the State Department. The argument for complete disclosure and frankness is based upon the advantage of giving the press an understanding of what is going on and what policies are being formulated. If the correspondents

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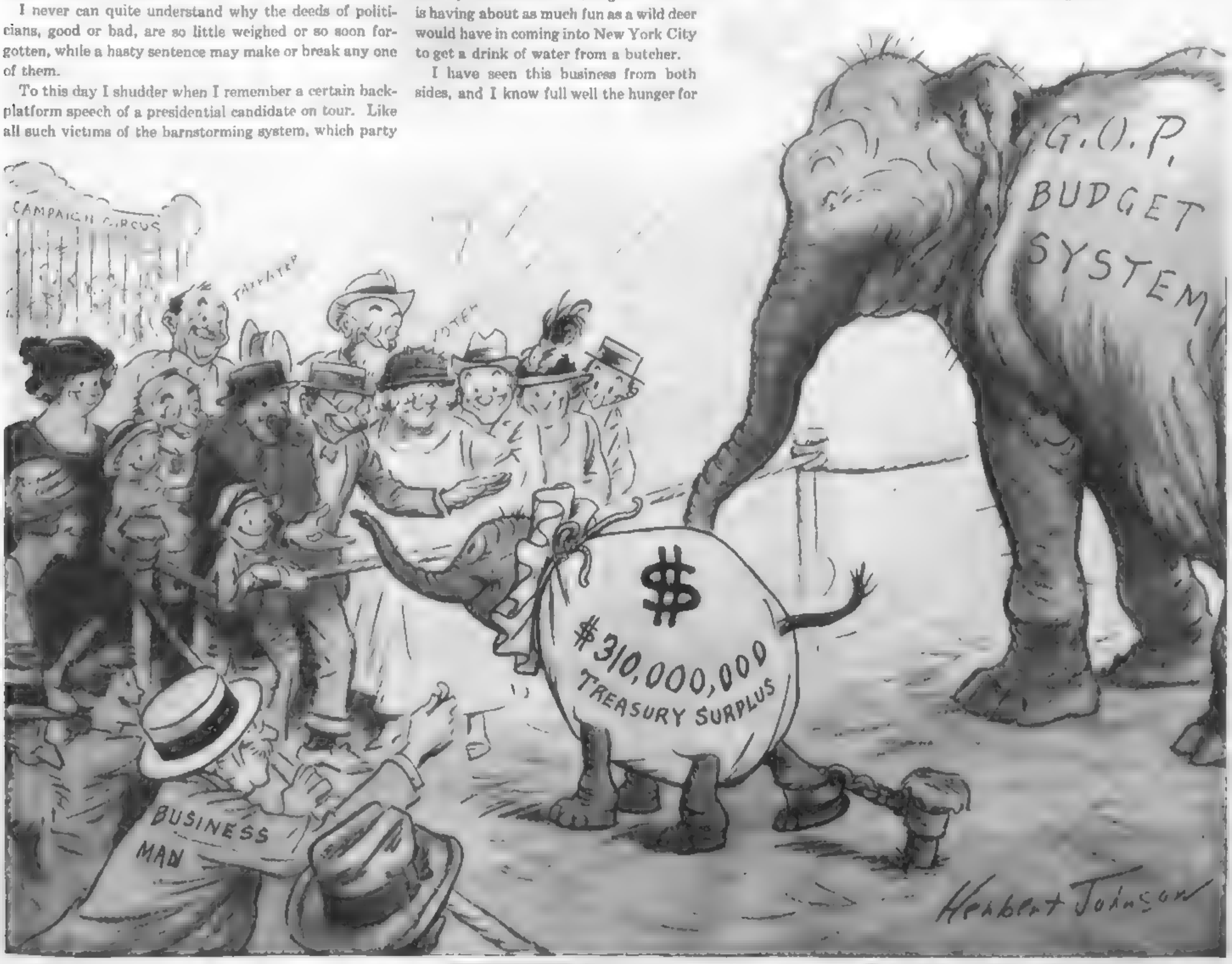
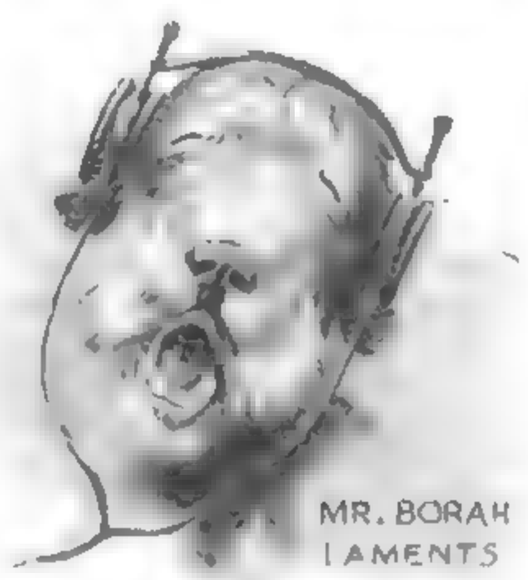


JOKE BABY!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



LADDIE BOY LISTENS IN

Roundel

COME, my lady, in the morning
To the breezy mountainside,
Flowers and ferns your hair adorning.

Spurn the grasses in your pride;
Tread the air, the low earth scorning;
Wing the blue, the lark beside.

Phidyle, the hunstman's horning
Heralds day, when hunters ride
Day is passing—heed the warning!
Be my bride. —*C. E. L'Ami.*

Handy Reference Library

No. 27

Campaign Speech of Candidate for Public Office

MY FELLOW CITIZENS: I come before you as a plain business man; one who believes the city of —— should be run on the same sound, efficient and conservative business principles that we use in the conduct of our own business.

The office of —— of this great city should be regarded as a public trust, not a means of private gain. I believe the citizens of —— should receive a full dollar's worth of value for every dollar of their money that is spent.

I believe the people of —— are entitled to clean, well-paved and well-lighted streets; a loyal and efficient police and fire department free of political control and domination; a pure and wholesome water supply adequate not only for our present needs but for the years that are to come.

Public health is a matter of vital concern to any city. There should be established without a minute's further delay a comprehensive system of public parks; places where your children and mine may play in safety, where our people may go for rest and recreation of a hot summer's evening.

I am unalterably opposed to vicious corporation domination of our public utilities. One of the first duties of your new —— should be to investigate vigorously and fearlessly the franchises under which these so-called public-service corporations operate. No city can ever hope to prosper if its people are to be ground down by unreasonable trolley fares and exorbitant charges for necessities, such as gas and electricity.

The people cannot be expected to sit by forever and see their rights bartered away.

I favor an equitable readjustment of our tax rate without political fear or favor. ——'s tax rate is one of the highest in the state, and what do we get for it? The small-home owner cannot be relieved too soon of the burden which he has been forced so long to carry.

In conclusion, fellow citizens, let me say I believe in ——. —— has a wonderful future before it. But take warning before it is too late—this future will not be realized unless we give more heed to the lessons the past has taught us. —— is at the turning point in its career. The next few years will determine whether we are to go forward to permanent prosperity or whether we shall continue in the slough in which we now find ourselves. It is for you to answer this question, fellow citizens, by your ballot on the —— day of —— next. —*George M. Bryson.*

Food for Thought

IN THESE days of The People versus The High Cost of Living, I think that someone ought to say something about the higher cost of dining. And when I say dining I mean, if I may use the term, banqueting.

Long, long ago, it was no financial hardship to subscribe to the privilege of wetting one's appetite at a public gustatory gathering, but it has since become a serious monetary problem to figure in the printed diagrams of what someone who waited for the speeches has aptly called the groaning bored. And you have to eat your meal, too, unless you know the head waiter, and the cute little column of small type in the southwest corner of the menu reads merely: Mineral Waters.

If corrective measures are not soon taken sad cases like that of my old friend Elmer Birdseed may become all too common; and don't say I didn't warn you. In his college days and nights Elmer got the banquet habit like the rest of us, and as he was an undergraduate for six years, he had an opportunity to attend lots of college dinners of one sort or another. As a matter of fact, they were mostly of one sort, if I don't make myself clear.

So after graduation good El was and still is fair prey for the return postals reading, "I will (will not) be present at the dinner," etc., etc. While his savings account lasted he could meet the constantly rising antes of his dinner committees, and even when the bank refused a third mortgage on his property he sold all his clothes except his dinner suit and got a job as waiter at a noon-time restaurant. But sooner or later some of the people he eats with at night are going to see him at his luncheon duties, and then he will starve to death.

To meet and solve a possible similar difficulty in my own family, the Little Woman and I have formed the Dine Out at Home Club, and once a week we hold an Annual Banquet. I am the sole guest, but everything is carefully worked out to give the impression of the usual large assemblage.

It is understood that dinner will be served promptly at seven, so about 7:15 I come into the dining room and pace up and down, and about eight dinner is served promptly. My Little Pal serves the courses, being careful to spill 25 per cent of at least one on my coat sleeve, and always removing each dish before I have half finished the contents thereof. The repeating attachment on the phonograph is meanwhile grinding out Rings on Her Fingers, to which I try to fit the words of He's a Jolly Good Fellow and other glees, and my Oldest jingles a collection of silver and broken china, at the same time saying "Sh-h-h!"

After coffee I toss a quarter in the saucer, read a few pages of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, and an hour later stroll into the bedroom.

(Continued on Page 112)

Inquisitive Onlooker—"Who are You Playing for, My Good Fellow?" "Wife and Six Kids"

SLOW-COOKED!

-so easily digested!

And how your appetite will relish these delicious beans and their tasty tomato sauce!

Serve hot

Serve cold

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

By Herbert H. Asquith

Former Prime Minister of Great Britain

XXX—The Kaiser
Part I

THE ex-Kaiser's recently published book—My Memoirs, 1878–1918—is not a serious contribution to history. It abounds—like his previous compilation—Comparative History, 1878–1914, published in Leipzig, December, 1921—in obvious and indeed glaring misstatements of facts, and is disfigured throughout by overweening egotism and an utterly distorted perspective. Whatever in his narrative has the semblance of novelty—as, for instance, his ascription of the real though remote origin of the war to the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement of 1897 between France, Great Britain and the United States, only illustrates the readiness of a credulous and prejudiced judgment to accept gossip for evidence and rumor for proof. The German case—such as it is—is much more plausibly presented in the flamboyant periods of Prince Bülow, and even in the unconvincing apologetics of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg.

But the book, though of no value to the historical student, and though in the main both flimsy in substance and discursive in style, has a value of its own in the light which it throws upon an interesting and complex personality.

William II, if he had been born in a private station, had natural endowments which might have carried him far. His danger, even then, would have been a restless versatility of both mind and character, and a lack of the power and the will to concentrate, which in the long run makes the difference between the amateur and the expert. If he had been forced by wise training, by self-discipline or by the rigor of circumstances to choose and to adhere to a definite channel of activity, practical or intellectual, and to throw all his powers into its pursuit, he could hardly have failed to play a useful, perhaps a brilliant part on any stage of contemporary life. But fortune, which seemed to be so lavish in its favors, denied him these restraining and constraining influences, and allowed him free play for all the indulgences of wayward ambition and an uncontrolled temperament. His very gifts, in the environment by which he was encircled—to quote a once famous line of a now-forgotten Victorian poet—came to nothing more than "A zigzag streak of lightning in the brain."

The premature and tragic death of his father, the Emperor Frederick, the most blameless and liberal-minded figure in the annals of the Hohenzollern dynasty, placed him, when he was not quite thirty, on a dazzling height of irresponsible power. His grandfather, through the agency of Bismarck and Moltke, had secured for the old Kingdom of Prussia the imperial crown of a new and united Germany. The secular enemy, France, had been crushed and mutilated, and was, for the time, at any rate, put out of action. The Hapsburg monarchy was no longer a danger; it had become, indeed, a docile if not a subservient friend. With Russia it had been, from first to last, Bismarck's persistent policy to prevent the possibility of serious quarrel. England sat remote in her seagirt isolation, almost, it seemed, as far aloof as the United States of America from the sphere of Continental politics. Never in modern times had a young ruler succeeded to so splendid and seemingly so secure an inheritance.

At first, and indeed for a long time, all appeared to go well. Even the dismissal of the great chancellor, the architect of this wonderful fabric, was accepted with acquiescence, and in the more progressive sections of German opinion, with a sigh of grateful relief. The new Kaiser, with his devotion, which never failed or flagged, to the cares and labors of his office, his many-sided interests, his insatiable curiosity, his ceaseless itineraries, his demagogic turn for rhetoric of the picturesque and Asiatic type, his unshakable faith in the divine mission of the Hohenzollerns and the future of the Fatherland, soon became the most interesting and the best advertised figure on the Continent.

This was a situation so dizzy in its altitudes, actual and potential, and so intoxicating in its atmosphere, that it might well have turned any but an exceptionally steady head. A still more giddy eminence proved too much even for Napoleon, and William II was not a Napoleon, nor even a Frederick the Great. To a man of his upbringing and temperament, the allurements were fatal; he lost, and never afterwards recovered his balance.

To what degree of spiritual inebriety he became capable of sinking, is shown by his notorious outburst at Königsberg, one of the holy places of the Hohenzollerns, in August, 1910.

President Poincaré, of France, Talking to the Color Bearers of a Battalion to Which He Once Belonged

Here my grandfather, by his own right hand, placed on his head the Royal Crown of Prussia, once more declaring that it was bestowed upon him by God's grace alone, and not by Parliaments, national assemblies, or the popular voice: so that he regarded himself as the chosen instrument of Heaven, and as such he performed his duties as ruler. Looking upon myself as the instrument of the Lord, regardless of the views and opinions of the hour I shall go my way.

This sad stuff, at once ludicrous and nauseating, came from the lips, not of a callow youth, but of a man of fifty, who had sat more than twenty years on his throne.

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi. The famous line of Horace tells only half the truth. What is to be said of the psychology of the Kaiser's subjects—not an ignorant and backward tribe, just emerging from the superstitions of barbarism or the yoke of serfdom, but in many directions among the intellectual pioneers of Europe, who, after passing through the stage of a somewhat sloppy and misty idealism, had, in face of enormous difficulties, achieved political unity, and were showing themselves every year capable of holding their own, and more than their own, in all the practical activities—industrial, maritime, financial—of the competitive modern world? How came such a people to place their fortunes, during the lifetime of a whole generation, at the mercy of the moods and whims, the gestures and phrases, of such a ruler? It might almost be said of him during the greater part of his reign, as it was of David: "Whatsoever the king did pleased all the people" (II Samuel iii, 36).

The evidence is overwhelming that he was rarely allowed to see or know the truth—either about himself or about his environment. A shrewd observer, the Austrian Count Czernin, happened to meet him at almost the only time in his reign when he was for the moment genuinely and almost universally unpopular, at any rate in Berlin. It was in the autumn of 1908, in the hubbub created by the Daily Telegraph interview, when he had been publicly humiliated in the Reichstag by his chancellor, Prince Bülow. "I felt," says Count Czernin, "that in William II I saw a man who, for the first time in his life, with horror-stricken eyes, looked upon the world as it really was. He saw brutal reality in close proximity. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he felt his position on his throne to be a little insecure. He forgot his lesson too quickly. Had the German people often treated the German Emperor as they did then it might have cured him." In another passage, speaking of the Emperor's entourage, and singling out Ludendorff as the only man among them who preserved and never compromised his independence, he goes on: "The numerous burgomasters, town councillors, professors of the Universities, deputies—in short, men of the people and men of science—had for years prostrated themselves before the Emperor William; a word from him intoxicated them." The "Byzantine atmosphere" in which he lived would "have killed the hardiest plant. . . . It enveloped him and clung to him like a creeper to a tree." And in the end, "he succumbed to the fatal lot that awaits men who feel the earth recede from under their feet and who begin to believe in their Divine Semblance."

XXXI—The Kaiser
Part II

THERE has been, as is natural, exaggeration and distortion in the current conceptions of the Kaiser. To some of the caricaturists he is nothing but a villain; to others he is little better than a vapid rhetorician. Human psychology rarely admits of such crude simplifications. His book of memoirs, thin and often trivial as it is, could not have been written by either a knave or a fool. It discloses a strange medley of both faults and faculties.

I have had occasion more than once to give instances of the writer's almost inconceivable credulity. One might almost say that if he wished to believe a thing he believed it. It ought to be true, and he has no concern with the rules of evidence which affect the judgment of common people.

In his chapter on the outbreak of the war he has compiled a catalogue of no less than twelve "important proofs" that the Entente countries had, already in the spring and summer of 1914, not only contemplated but begun to organize an attack upon Germany. It is impossible to deal seriously with such a collection of trivialities, but I will select from them two—the only two which are cited as proofs of England's complicity in this nefarious conspiracy.

The first is that as far back as April, 1914, "the accumulation of gold reserves was commenced by the England Banks. . . . Germany on the other hand was as late as July still exporting gold—to the Entente countries among others."

What are the real facts?

In regard to the English banks, there had been for some years—certainly from the time when I was chancellor of the exchequer in 1907–1908—a movement in the direction of increasing their holdings of gold. The subject was one on which there was a good deal of diversity of opinion in the City. I have asked the chairman of one of our greatest London banks, whose experience goes back for a number of years, whether anything was done in the spring of 1914 to justify the Kaiser's allegation. He has been good enough to send me the following statement, which I reproduce with immaterial omissions:

It is true that the amount of gold which the English Banks should hold in reserve had been a matter of constant discussion for some months before July. —— (an eminent bank chairman) had been urging the policy of increasing the amount, and had largely added to the holding of his own bank. My own bank did not altogether favour the policy: but there was an agreement come to that we should somewhat augment our gold holdings, and we accordingly did so. This, of course, had no relation whatever to any anticipation of War; it was merely part of discussions which were going on with regard to the whole policy of the Bank Act and the gold reserves of the country.

In reference to the alleged German export of gold, my correspondent writes:

We were told at the time of the crisis in 1911 that the Kaiser had sent for the Bankers, and asked if they were ready for War. They said that they were not. "Never let me have that answer

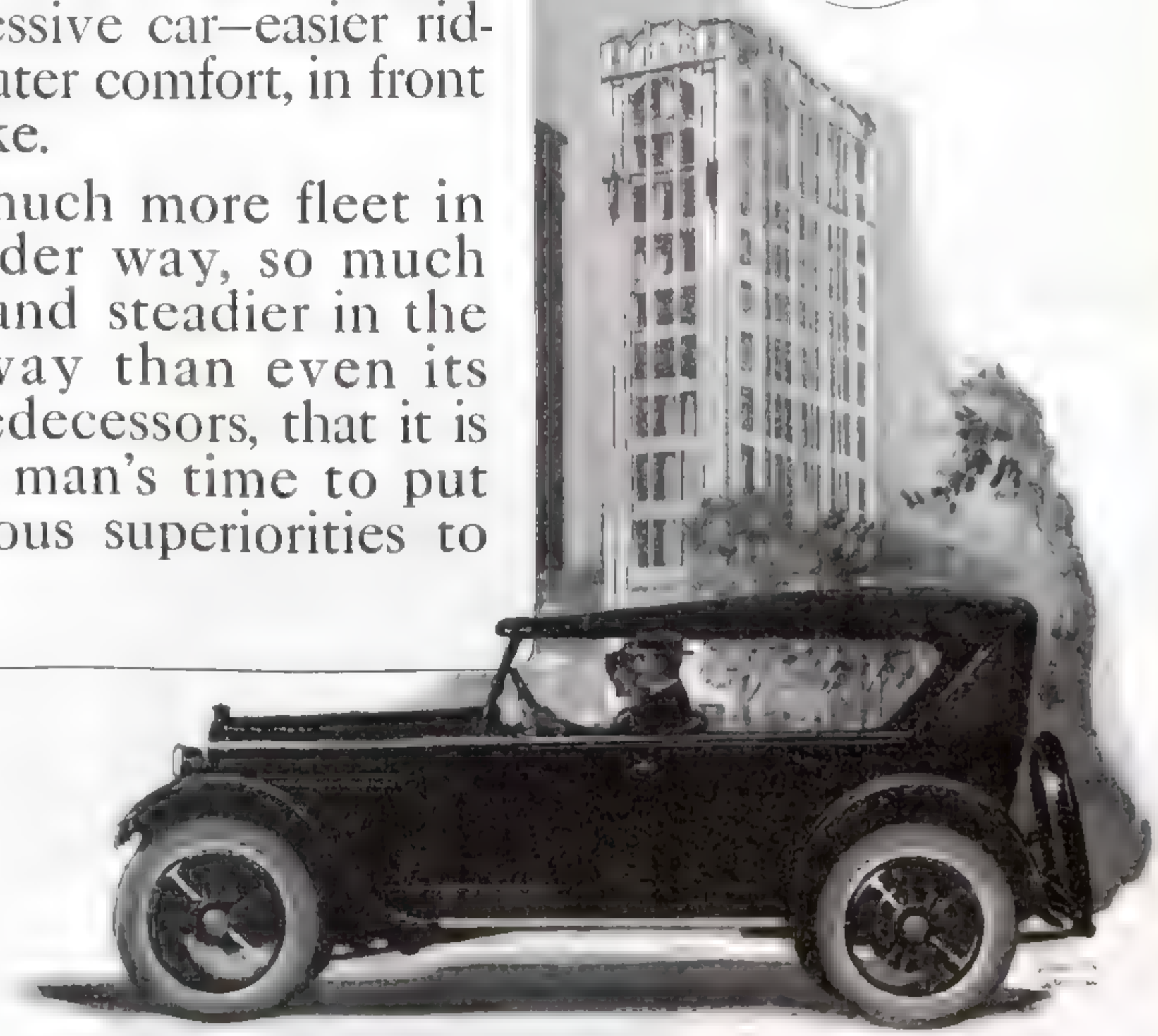
(Continued on Page 30)

PERFORMANCE in this new Hupmobile is far and away finer than the notably fine performance of all the Hupmobiles that preceded it.

New beauty of line and curve and finish, in a longer, larger, more impressive car—easier riding and greater comfort, in front and rear alike.

A car so much more fleet in getting under way, so much smoother and steadier in the straight-away than even its worthy predecessors, that it is worth any man's time to put these obvious superiorities to the test.

The New Hupmobile



New body designs, graceful curves displacing bevels and corners; higher radiator, hood and cowl, drum-type lamps and the latest style of crown fenders, a new-shape top which has no upright rear bow—all these combine to make the new Hupmobile the most attractive car we have ever built.

The wheelbase lengthened to 115 inches provides additional room and comfort; and, combined with lengthened springs and a new distribution of weight, makes easy riding a certainty.

The results which give the Hupmobile still greater distinction as a superior performer and a superior value, are achieved in characteristic Hupmobile fashion.

There is no departure from the tried and true principles on which Hupmobile success has been solidly built for 15 years.

Instead, there is a measurably higher degree of perfection wrought out of these principles.

The engine is a better engine, with its heavier, counter-weighted crankshaft and its pistons and connecting rods of light-weight alloy.

It eliminates noticeable vibration to an unprecedented degree because of its nice operating balance.

It is more powerful, and it is even livelier and quicker in the getaway and in acceleration.

A real triumph of gear-shifting is recorded by reason of the new two-plate clutch, which makes this operation vastly easier and absolutely silent at any and all speeds.

The transmission gears themselves are larger and heavier. They are high carbon alloy steel, oil treated and tempered—the best and costliest hardening and toughening process known.

Chassis staunchness is assured by a rigid frame of 6-inch depth, with five heavy cross members.

New, metal-framed curtains fit even more closely than the always close-fitting Hupmobile curtains, and are stowed flat and taut to keep the lights from chafing.

Finish on all models is a new Hupmobile blue, with a striping of lighter blue.

The new Hupmobile is supplied in seven types:—

The Touring Car; the Roadster; the Special Touring, with disc steel wheels, nickel-plated trimmings and other special equipment; the Special Roadster, a smart, rakish model entirely new; the Sedan, a gem among closed cars; the Coupe for four passengers; and the Coupe for two passengers.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 28

again," was his reply. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that from that time the Reichsbank began piling up enormous reserves of gold. By 1914 the process was complete.

The matter is one of considerable historical interest, and by the courtesy of the governor of the Bank of England I am enabled to publish the following instructive tables. (After all figures 000's are omitted.)

GERMANY

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF GOLD

GOLD MARKS CONVERTED AT 20 TO £

1913	IMPORTS MARKS			EXPORTS MARKS		
January	30,630			17,076		
February	9,514			1,985		
March	37,932			1,908		
April	21,933			2,371		
May	25,295			3,184		
June	79,210	194,526	£9,726	2,412	33,836	£1,692
July	16,716			8,283		
August	17,260			9,896		
September	75,153			2,367		
October	36,148			2,063		
November	25,967			2,163		
December	15,172	381,446	£7,697	2,254	37,096	£1,855
		576,472	£28,823		71,032	£3,552
1914						
January	18,931			1,987		
February	9,464			4,282		
March	25,478			4,311		
April	21,879			1,944		
May	10,487	78,276		4,172	16,696	
		78,276	£3,914*		16,696	£835

The above figures are taken from the monthly Trade Returns prepared by the German Imperial Statistical Office

*The British Customs House Returns show that £4,865m was exported to Germany from the United Kingdom during the period January to May, 1914. It must be presumed, therefore, that the German figures are not imports—i.e., imports less reexports.

GOLD EXPORTS FROM UNITED KINGDOM

1913	TOTAL BULLION AND COIN		OF WHICH TO GERMANY	
January	£5,120		£1,059	
February	3,633		72	
March	2,222		865	
April	2,456		716	
May	1,685		46	
June	3,961	£18,827	2,665	£5,453
July	2,240		1,152	
August	3,125		12	
September	6,329		1,494	
October	1,294		1,417	
November	3,643		257	
December	2,221	£27,838	473	£4,905
		£46,665		£10,358

GOLD EXPORTS FROM UNITED KINGDOM

1914	TOTAL	1ST HALF YEAR	OF WHICH TO GERMANY	
January		£1,958	£188	
February		5,620	877	
March		3,434	1,042	
April		4,877	1,280	
May		5,271	978	
June		2,175	488	
		£23,365	£4,853	
Total for 2nd half year		£8,242	£278 (July)	
		£30,507	£7,781	

GOLD IMPORTS: UNITED KINGDOM

1913	TOTAL		OF WHICH FROM GERMANY	
January	£4,988		£13	
February	3,020		36	
March	4,248		24	
April	5,571		54	
May	4,261		40	
June	3,948	£26,741	29	£193
July	4,777		50	
August	7,907		47	
September	4,780		20	
October	5,215		8	
November	4,741		5	
December	4,945	£54,055	13	£149
		£80,796		£342

GOLD IMPORTS: UNITED KINGDOM

1914	TOTAL		OF WHICH FROM GERMANY	
January	£4,835		£17	
February	4,391		2	
March	3,023		1	
April	4,925		15	
May	5,139		28	
June	6,053	£28,333	40	£103
July	6,755		25	
August	12,142		8	
September	790			
October	941			
November	704			
December	580	£21,712		£3
		£50,045		£136

These figures speak for themselves.

The other piece of evidence against England is equally curious. "When our"—i. e., the German—"troops advanced in 1914 they found in Northern France and along the Belgian frontier great stores of English soldiers' Great coats. According to statements by the inhabitants, they were placed there during the *last years of peace*.

"It was the same with regard to Maps. In Maubeuge great quantities of English military maps of Northern France and Belgium were found by our men. . . . These maps date from 1911 and were engraved at Southampton.

"The stores"—i. e., both of greatcoats and of maps—"were established by England with the permission of the French and Belgian Governments *before* the War, in the midst of peace."

As soon as I read this singular story I sent the substance of it to one of our most distinguished generals, who took a prominent part in both the preparations for and the actual transport of the Expeditionary Force, and asked him to favor me with his observations. I quote the material parts of his reply:

The first ship-load of military stores of any kind reached Havre on August 9th (1914) and consisted neither of great-coats nor maps. If we had been free to dump stores in North East France, I cannot conceive of any soldier giving precedence to these two articles. Ammunition and food stuffs would obviously have been of vastly greater importance. In the conversations that had taken place before the War between the two general staffs, Havre had been allotted to us as our main base, in the event of our deciding to send an expeditionary force to France. After the outbreak of War, discussions were held as late as August 12th as to our place of concentration, and almost at the last moment there was a complete change of plan, in consequence of the transfer of French troops from the Lorraine front to the North. The weather at the end of August was abnormally hot, and numbers of our men, wearied by the long day and night marches, threw away their great-coats, which were mostly new and issued on mobilization. Probably here and there they were picked up by French peasants.

No more, I think, need be said.

XXXII—The Kaiser

Part III

THE really interesting passages in the Kaiser's Memoirs are those in which he deals with his relations in science, art, scholarship and theology. His account, in the chapter headed The Pope and Peace, of the dialogue between himself and the Papal Nuncio at Kreuznach during the war, in the summer of 1917, in which he drew a sharp contrast between the ardor of the Socialist efforts for peace and the lukewarmness and lethargy of the Viceroy of Christ—whether it is accurate or not, and I understand that it is repudiated by the Vatican as a travesty of what actually took place—is at any rate excellent reading. He dwells with much complacency upon his patronage of Harnack, whom, in defiance of the opposition of the "orthodox," he installed in Berlin;* of Schiemann, in whom he found a congenial and well-instructed "champion of the Germanic idea against Slavic arrogance; 'this unshakable capacity for keeping his mouth shut justified my trust in him' *(ib.)*; and of Delitzsch, whose famous lecture, Babel and Bible, 'fell upon the ears of a public as yet too ignorant and unprepared, and led to many misrepresentations in Church circles,'" which the Kaiser, himself an enthusiast in Assyriology, "strove hard to clear up."

This description of the method to which he resorted for achieving his purpose is so characteristic that it deserves to be quoted:

I arranged that my trusted friend and brilliant theater director, Count Hulsen-Waesener, should produce the play "Assurbanifal" after long preparation under the auspices of the German Oriental Society. Assyriologists of all countries were invited to the dress rehearsal; in the boxes commingled indiscriminately were professors, Protestant and Catholic clergymen, Jews and Christians. Many expressed to me their thanks for having shown by this performance, how far research work had already progressed, and for having at the same time revealed more clearly to the general public the importance of Assyriology.

He was moved to issue in February, 1903, a rescript—*urbi et orbi*—in which he expounds at length his own views of Revelation, and concludes with a general confession of faith. Some passages from this singular document—whatever may be their intrinsic value—throw an interesting light on the Kaiser's psychology:

[God] follows the development of the human race with a father's love and interest; for the purpose of leading it forward and benefiting it he reveals himself in some great servant, or priest, or King—be they heathens, Jews or Christians. Hammurabi was one of these; likewise Moses, Abraham, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, Emperor William the Great. . . . How often did my grandfather clearly emphasize that he was but an instrument in the hand of the Lord!

My view therefore is that our good Professor should rather avoid introducing and treating of religion as such . . . but that he may continue unhindered to describe whatever brings the religion, customs, etc., of the Babylonians, etc., into relation with the Old Testament.

Such was the prescription of the Potsdam Vatican.

He carried with him into these harmless, and in some cases useful, activities, the *naïf* self-confidence which never failed him in the more perilous ventures of *Weltpolitik*.

It has been the good fortune of the Hohenzollern dynasty that from time to time its head, whether by accident or by insight, has been able to find servants of rare and conspicuous capacity.

Such were Stein and Hardenberg, who, when, after Jena, Prussia had reached her lowest depth of impotence and humiliation, may be said to have re-created her national existence, and trained and equipped her for her great future. Fifty years later King William, a prince of no exceptional natural endowments—though classed, as we have seen, by this grandson with Moses and Shakspere—found in Bismarck, Moltke and Roon men who secured for her the hegemony of a United Germany.

William II, with all his gifts, seems to have been wholly lacking in the ancestral *flair*. His grandfather was an obstinate and narrow-minded man, and at times, and in certain moods, by no means easy even for a Bismarck to handle. But he cared little or nothing for either the applause or the hisses of the gallery. The more unpopular a minister became—as was the case with Bismarck in the early '60's—the more staunchly he stuck to him. And he had his reward. But the grandson was, with rare exceptions, neither happy in his choice of men nor constant to those whom he had chosen. Now and again he allowed an independent outsider, like Ballin, to gain his fitful confidence, but the evidence is clear that, absorbed by the consciousness of his heaven-sent mission and of his own special justification for its discharge, he surrounded himself more and more, as time went on, with an impenetrable bodyguard of deceivers and flatterers.

And this continued to the end. Ballin, who saw him for the last time at Wilhelmshöhe on September 5, 1918, on the verge of the final catastrophe, writes in his diary (page 283):

I found the Kaiser very misinformed, as usual. . . . The facts have been twisted to such an extent that even the serious failure of our offensive—which at first had depressed him very much—has been described to him as a success . . . its only result has been the loss of several hundreds of thousands of valuable lives. All this, as I have said, is dished up to the poor Kaiser in such a fashion that he remains perfectly blind to its catastrophic effect.

These articles do not deal with the conduct of the war, and I therefore abstain from any comment upon the Kaiser's version of the naval and military operations. But it would not be generous or fair to bring to a close the estimate of him which I have attempted without referring to the account which he gives of his abdication and self-expatriation.

This final resolve was, he tells us, largely due to the counsels of Field Marshal von Hindenburg: "He advised me to leave the army and go to some

(Continued on Page 32)

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Von Hindenburg, as a Deacon of the Church, at Brandenburg Cathedral

*"What benefit, what knowledge, has intercourse with this fiery intellect brought to me!" (Memoirs, p. 194.)

Five-passenger six-cylinder touring
The Standard of Comparison

IN its 1924 five-passenger six-cylinder touring car Buick again provides a finer gauge of automobile value. Completely new in body lines—with a new and more powerful Buick valve-in-head motor, automatic engine lubrication, the proven Buick brakes applied to all four wheels, and many other distinctive features—this car adds measurably to Buick's achievements. New, though it is—Buick for 1924 retains all of the fundamental Buick principles that for twenty years have made Buick "The Standard of Comparison."

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

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(Continued from Page 30)

neutral country for the purpose of avoiding Civil War." There is a note of pathetic sincerity in the description which follows of the mental and emotional fluctuations through which he passed before coming to a decision.

"I went," he says, "through a fearful mental struggle. On the one hand, I as a soldier was outraged at the idea of abandoning my still faithful, brave troops. On the other hand, there was the declaration of our foes that they were unwilling to conclude with me any peace endurable to Germany, as well as the statement of my own Government, that only by my departure for foreign parts was Civil War to be prevented. . . . I consciously sacrificed myself, and my throne, in the belief that by so doing I was best serving the interests of my beloved Fatherland. The sacrifice was in vain. My departure brought us neither better armistice conditions nor better peace terms, nor did it prevent Civil War."

He discusses one after another the alternatives which were open to him, and gives his reasons for rejecting them all. What were they?

To go with some regiment to the front, hurl himself with it upon the enemy, and seek death in some last attack.

This, he points out, would have delayed and perhaps prevented the armistice, already in course of negotiation, and meant the "useless sacrifice of the lives of many soldiers"

To return home at the head of the army. "But a peaceful return was no longer possible; the rebels had already seized the Rhine bridges and other important points in the rear of the army. Certainly I could have forced my way back at the head of loyal troops, taken from the fighting front, but by so doing I should have put the finishing touch to Germany: Collapse. . . . Civil war would have ensued.

"Others say that the Emperor should have killed himself. That was made impossible by my firm Christian beliefs: and would not people have exclaimed, 'How cowardly! Now he shirks all responsibility by committing suicide!'"

So he determined to act on Hindenburg's advice.

I confess myself unable either to quarrel with his reasoning or to question his conclusion.

Appendix A

Franco-Russian Convention

THE following is the text of the Franco-Russian Convention of 1892–93. It was, M. Poincaré says, preserved at the Quai d'Orsay in an envelope on which President Félix Faure had, some time afterwards, written the following brief annotation: "The military convention is accepted by the letter of M. de Giers to M. de Montebello, giving the force of a treaty to this Convention."

1. If France is attacked by Germany, or by Italy supported by Germany, Russia will employ all her available forces for the purpose of attacking Germany.

If Russia is attacked by Germany or by Austria supported by Germany, France will employ all her available forces for the purpose of combating Germany.

2. In the event of the mobilization of the forces of the Triple Alliance, or of one of the Powers which are parties to it, France and Russia, at the first announcement of that event, and without the need of any preliminary agreement, will immediately and simultaneously mobilize the whole of their forces and advance them to the nearest possible point of their frontiers.

3. The available forces that ought to be employed against Germany are, on the part of France 1,300,000 men, on the part of Russia 700,000 to 800,000 men. These forces will be fully engaged, with all diligence, in such a manner that Germany will have to fight at the same time on the East and on the West.

4. The General Staffs of the two countries will always work in concert for the purpose of preparing and facilitating the carrying out of the measures set forth above. They will communicate to each other, in time of peace, all information relating to the armies of the Triple Alliance that shall come to their knowledge. The ways and means of correspondence in time of war will be studied and provided for in advance.

5. France and Russia shall not conclude peace separately.

6. The present Convention shall have the same duration as the Triple Alliance.

7. All the clauses enumerated above shall be kept rigorously secret.

"This Convention," M. Poincaré explains, "formed, until the month of August, 1914, the law in regard to French relations with Russia. One single clause was modified in August, 1899, by agreement between the Emperor and President Loubet, by an exchange of letters between Count Mouravieff and M. Delcassé. The two Governments feared that the Convention, having the same duration as the Triple Alliance, might lapse if the Triple Alliance were dissolved by the death of the Austrian Emperor and the dismemberment of Austria, and they deemed it prudent to arrange that it should remain in force, like the preparatory diplomatic accord passed in 1891, as long as the common interests of the two countries demanded it.

"Finally," adds M. Poincaré, "very soon after I took direction of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, I received from our ambassador at St. Petersburg, M. Georges Louis, the following telegram:

"'ST. PETERSBURG, February 6, 1912.

"'The Minister of Marine told me this evening that he was authorised to inform me officially that the Emperor would regard with satisfaction the establishment, between the General Staffs of the French Navy and the Russian Navy, of direct relations similar to those that have existed since 1892 between the General Staffs of the armies of the two countries. The Admiral made this communication to me in very warm terms. He added that M. Sazonoff would repeat them to me formally.'

"The Government over which I presided was unanimous in deciding that these overtures must not be repulsed. Although the Russian fleet had not then again become very powerful, it was evidently of interest that the two fleets should not be entirely ignorant of each other. The draft of a Naval Convention, establishing permanent and regular contact between the two navies, was signed on July 16, 1912, and when I went to St. Petersburg in the following month M. Sazonoff and I exchanged letters of ratification."

Appendix B

Anglo-French Agreements

AGREEMENTS between Great Britain and France were signed in London by the Marquess of Lansdowne and M. Paul Cambon on April 8, 1904. The Marquess of Lansdowne in a dispatch to His Majesty's Ambassador at Paris forwarding the agreements wrote:

"I have from time to time kept your Excellency fully informed of the progress of my negotiations with the French Ambassador for the complete settlement of a series of important questions in which the interests of Great Britain and France are involved. These negotiations commenced in the spring of last year, and have been continued with but slight interruptions up to the present time.

"Such a settlement was notoriously desired on both sides of the Channel, and the movement in its favour received a powerful impulse from the visit paid to France by His Majesty King Edward VII in May last and by the return visit of President Loubet to this country. Upon the latter occasion, the President was accompanied by the distinguished Statesman who has so long presided over the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is a matter for congratulation that his presence afforded to His Majesty's Government the great advantage of a full and frank exchange of ideas. It left us in no doubt that a settlement of the kind which both Governments desired, and one which would be mutually advantageous to both countries, was within our reach."

Declaration Respecting Egypt and Morocco

THE following are the terms of the declaration respecting Egypt and Morocco:

Article I

His Britannic Majesty's Government declare that they have no intention of altering the political status of Egypt.

The Government of the French Republic, for their part, declare that they will not obstruct the action of Great Britain in that country by asking that a limit of time be fixed for the British occupation or in any other manner, and that they give their assent to the draft Khedivial Decree annexed to the present Arrangement, containing the guarantees considered necessary for the protection of the interests of the Egyptian bondholders, on the condition that, after its promulgation, it cannot be modified in any way without the consent of the Powers signatory of the Convention of London of 1885.

It is agreed that the post of Director-General of Antiquities in Egypt shall continue, as in the past, to be entrusted to a French savant.

The French schools in Egypt shall continue to enjoy the same liberty as in the past.

Article II

The Government of the French Republic declare that they have no intention of altering the political status of Morocco.

His Britannic Majesty's Government, for their part, recognize that it appertains to France, more particularly as a Power whose dominions are conterminous for a great distance with those of Morocco, to preserve order in that country, and to provide assistance for the purpose of all administrative, economic, financial, and military reforms which it may require.

They declare that they will not obstruct the action taken by France for this purpose, provided that such action shall leave intact the rights which Great Britain, in virtue of Treaties, Conventions, and usage, enjoys in Morocco, including the right of coasting trade between the ports of Morocco, enjoyed by British vessels since 1901.

Article III

His Britannic Majesty's Government, for their part, will respect the rights which France, in virtue of Treaties, Conventions, and usage, enjoys in Egypt, including the right of coasting trade between Egyptian ports accorded to French vessels.

Article IV

The two Governments, being equally attached to the principle of commercial liberty both in Egypt and Morocco, declare that they will not, in those countries, countenance any inequality either in the imposition of customs duties or other taxes, or of railway transport charges.

The trade of both nations with Morocco and with Egypt shall enjoy the same treatment in transit through the French and British possessions in Africa. An Agreement between the two Governments shall settle the conditions of such transit and shall determine the points of entry.

This mutual engagement shall be binding for a period of thirty years. Unless this stipulation is expressly denounced at least one year in advance, the period shall be extended for five years at a time.

Nevertheless, the Government of the French Republic reserve to themselves in Morocco, and His Britannic Majesty's Government reserve to themselves in Egypt, the right to see that the concessions for roads, railways, ports, etc., are only granted on such conditions as will maintain intact the authority of the State over these great undertakings of public interest.

Article V

His Britannic Majesty's Government declare that they will use their influence in order that the French officials now in the Egyptian service may not be placed under conditions less advantageous than those applying to the British officials in the same service.

The Government of the French Republic, for their part, would make no objection to the application of analogous conditions to British officials now in the Moorish service.

Article VI

In order to insure the free passage of the Suez Canal, His Britannic Majesty's Government declare that they adhere to the stipulations of the Treaty of the 29th October, 1888, and that they agree to their being put in force. The free passage of the Canal being thus guaranteed, the execution of the last sentence of paragraph 1 as well as of paragraph 2 of Article VIII of that Treaty will remain in abeyance.

Article VII

In order to secure the free passage of the Straits of Gibraltar, the two Governments agree not to permit the erection of any fortification or strategic works on that portion of the coast of Morocco comprised between, but not including, Melilla and the heights which command the right bank of the River Sebou.

This condition does not, however, apply to the places at present in the occupation of Spain on the Moorish coast of the Mediterranean.

Article VIII

The two Governments, inspired by their feeling of sincere friendship for Spain, take into special consideration the interests which that country derives from her geographical position and from her territorial possessions on the Moorish coast of the Mediterranean. In regard to these interests the French Government will come to an understanding with the Spanish Government.

The agreement which may be come to on the subject between France and Spain shall be communicated to His Britannic Majesty's Government.

Article IX

The two Governments agree to afford to one another their diplomatic support, in order to obtain the execution of the clauses of the present Declaration regarding Egypt and Morocco.

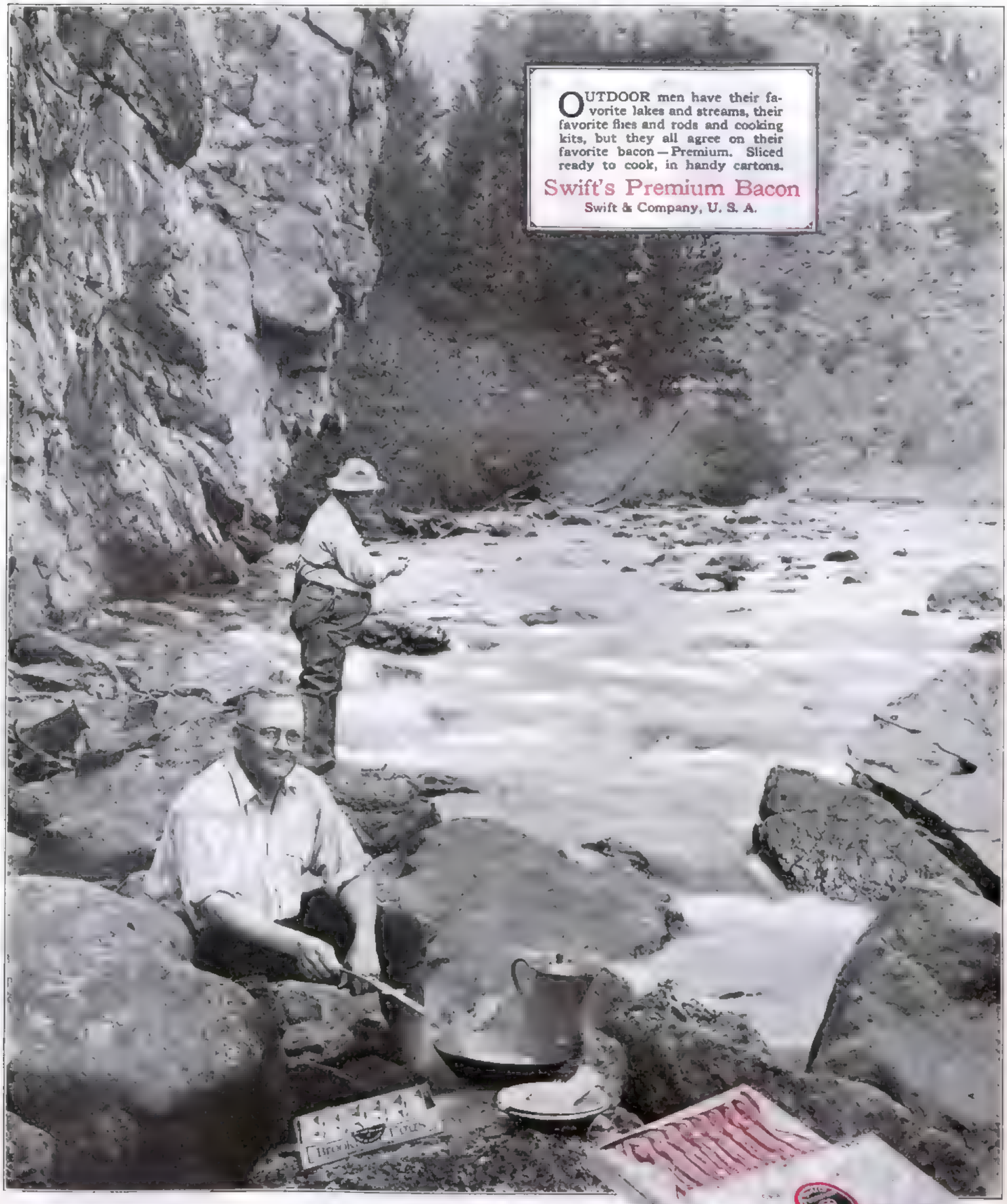
There were also a number of subsidiary deductions in regard to the boundaries and interests of the countries in and about Siam, the Gambia, Nigeria, Zanzibar, Madagascar and the New Hebrides.

After giving an account of these, Lord Lansdowne's dispatch proceeds:

"It is important to regard them not merely as a series of separate transactions, but as forming part of a comprehensive scheme for the improvement of the international relations of two great countries."

From this point of view their cumulative effect can scarcely fail to be advantageous in a very high degree. They remove the sources of long-standing differences, the existence of which has been a chronic addition to our diplomatic embarrassments and a standing menace to an

(Continued on Page 35)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9 feet x 12 feet $18.00	

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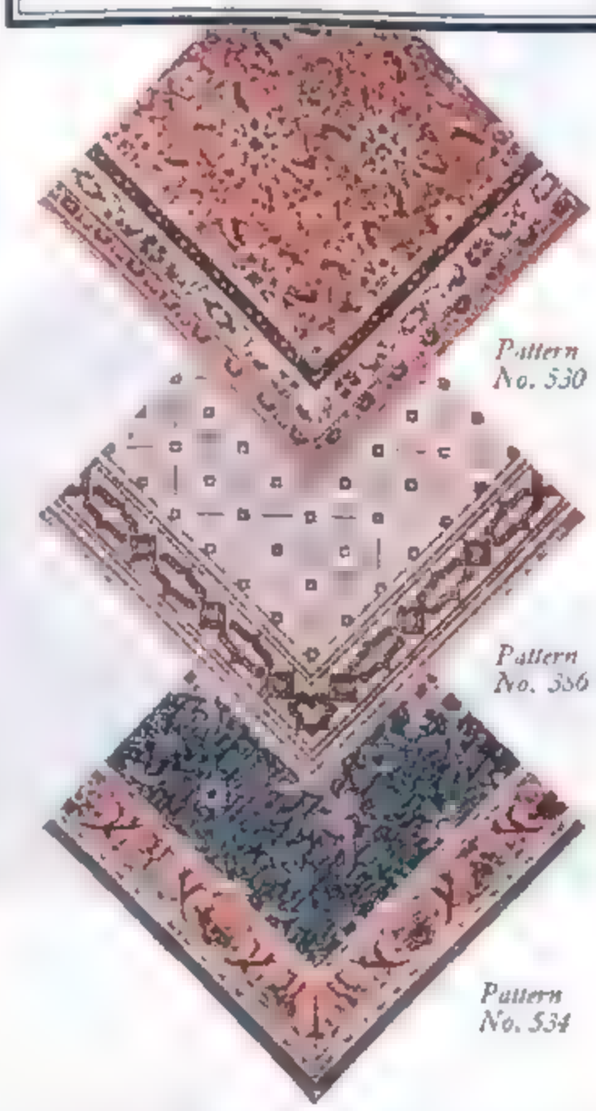

Pattern No. 530

Pattern No. 336

Pattern No. 534

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

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(Continued from Page 32)

international friendship which we have been at much pains to cultivate, and which, we rejoice to think, has completely overshadowed the antipathies and suspicions of the past.

Appendix C

Anglo-Russian Convention

A CONVENTION between the United Kingdom and Russia relating to Persia, Afghanistan and Thibet, was signed at St. Petersburg on August 31, 1907.

It began:

"His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, and His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias, animated by the sincere desire to settle by mutual agreement different questions concerning the interests of their States on the Continent of Asia, have determined to conclude Agreements destined to prevent all cause of misunderstanding between Great Britain and Russia in regard to the questions referred to."

The following are the articles of the convention:

Agreement Concerning Persia

The Governments of Great Britain and Russia having mutually engaged to respect the integrity and independence of Persia, and sincerely desiring the preservation of order throughout that country, and its peaceful development, as well as the permanent establishment of equal advantages for the trade and industry of all other nations;

Considering that each of them has, for geographical and economic reasons, a special interest in the maintenance of peace and order in certain provinces of Persia adjoining, or in the neighborhood of, the Russian frontier on the one hand, and the frontiers of Afghanistan and Baluchistan on the other hand; and being desirous of avoiding all cause of conflict between their respective interests in the above-mentioned provinces of Persia;

Have agreed on the following terms:

I. Great Britain engages not to seek for herself, and not to support in favour of British subjects, or in favour of the subjects of third Powers, any Concessions of a political or commercial nature—such as Concessions for railways, banks, telegraphs, roads, transport, insurance, etc.—beyond a line starting from Kasr-i-Shirin, passing through Isfahan, Yezd, Kakhk, and ending at a point on the Persian frontier at the intersection of the Russian and Afghan frontiers, and not to oppose, directly or indirectly, demands for similar Concessions in this region which are supported by the Russian Government. It is understood that the above-mentioned places are included in the region in which Great Britain engages not to seek the Concessions referred to.

II. Russia, on her part, engages not to seek for herself and not to support, in favour of Russian subjects, or in favour of the subjects of third Powers, any Concessions of a political or commercial nature—such as Concessions for railways, banks, telegraphs, roads, transport, insurance, etc.—beyond a line going from the Afghan frontier by way of Gazik, Birjand Kerman, and ending at Bunder Abbas, and not to oppose, directly or indirectly, demands for similar Concessions in this region which are supported by the British Government. It is understood that the above-mentioned places are included in the region in which Russia engages not to seek the Concessions referred to.

III. Russia, on her part, engages not to oppose, without previous arrangement with Great Britain, the grant of any Concessions whatever to British subjects in the regions of Persia situated between the lines mentioned in Articles I and II.

Great Britain undertakes a similar engagement as regards the grant of Concessions to Russian subjects in the same regions of Persia.

All Concessions existing at present in the regions indicated in Articles I and II are maintained.

IV. It is understood that the revenues of all the Persian customs, with the exception of those of Farsistan and of the Persian Gulf, revenues guaranteeing the amortization and the interest of the loans concluded by the Government of the Shah with the "Banque d'Escompte et des Prêts de Perse," up to the date of the signature of the present Agreement, shall be devoted to the same purpose as in the past.

It is equally understood that the revenues of the Persian customs of Farsistan and of the Persian Gulf, as well as those of the fisheries on the Persian shore of the Caspian Sea and those of the Posts and Telegraphs, shall be devoted, as in the past, to the service of the loans concluded by the Government of the Shah with the Imperial Bank of Persia up to the date of the signature of the present Agreement.

V. In the event of irregularities occurring in the amortization or the payment of the interest of the Persian loans concluded with the "Banque d'Escompte et des Prêts de Perse" and with the Imperial Bank of Persia up to the date of the signature of the present Agreement, and in the event of the necessity arising for Russia to establish control over the sources of revenue guaranteeing the regular service of the loans concluded with the first-named bank, and situated in the regions mentioned in Article II of the present Agreement, or for Great Britain to establish control over the sources of revenue guaranteeing the regular service of the loans concluded with the second-named bank, and situated in the region mentioned in Article I of the present Agreement, the British and Russian Governments undertake to enter beforehand into a friendly exchange of ideas with a view to determine, in agreement with each other, the measures of control in question and to avoid all interference which would not be in conformity with the principles governing the present Agreement.

Convention Concerning Afghanistan

The High Contracting Parties, in order to ensure perfect security on their respective frontiers in Central Asia and to maintain in these regions a solid and lasting peace, have concluded the following Convention:

Article I

His Britannic Majesty's Government declare that they have no intention of changing the political status of Afghanistan.

His Britannic Majesty's Government further engage to exercise their influence in Afghanistan only in a pacific sense, and they will not themselves take, nor encourage Afghanistan to take, any measures threatening Russia.

The Russian Government, on their part, declare that they recognize Afghanistan as outside the sphere of Russian influence, and they engage that all their political relations with Afghanistan shall be conducted through the intermediary of His Britannic Majesty's Government; they further engage not to send any Agents into Afghanistan.

Article II

The Government of His Britannic Majesty having declared in the Treaty signed at Kabul on the 21st March, 1905, that they recognize the Agreement and the engagements concluded with the late Ameer Abdur Rahman, and that they have no intention of interfering in the internal government of Afghan territory, Great Britain engages neither to annex nor to occupy in contravention of that Treaty any portion of Afghanistan or to interfere in the internal administration of the country, provided that the Ameer fulfills the engagements already contracted by him towards His Britannic Majesty's Government under the above-mentioned Treaty.

Article III

The Russian and Afghan authorities, specially designated for the purpose on the frontier or in the frontier provinces, may establish relations with each other for the settlement of local questions of a non-political character.

Article IV

His Britannic Majesty's Government and the Russian Government affirm their adherence to the principle of equality of commercial opportunity in Afghanistan, and they agree that any facilities which may have been, or shall be hereafter, obtained for British and British-Indian trade and traders, shall be equally enjoyed by Russian trade and traders. Should the progress of trade establish the necessity for Commercial Agents, the two Governments will agree as to what measures shall be taken, due regard of course, being had to the Ameer's sovereign rights.

Article V

The present arrangements will only come into force when His Britannic Majesty's Government shall have notified to the Russian Government the consent of the Ameer to the terms stipulated above.

Agreement Concerning Thibet

The Governments of Great Britain and Russia recognizing the suzerain rights of China in Thibet, and considering the fact that Great Britain, by reason of her geographical position, has a special interest in the maintenance of the *status quo* in the external relations of Thibet, have made the following Agreement:

Article I

The two High Contracting Parties engage to respect the territorial integrity of Thibet and to abstain from all interference in its internal administration.

Article II

In conformity with the admitted principle of the suzerainty of China over Thibet, Great Britain and Russia engage not to enter into negotiations with Thibet except through the intermediary of the Chinese Government. This engagement does not exclude the direct relations between British Commercial Agents and the Thibetan authorities provided for in Article V of the Convention between Great Britain and Thibet of the 7th September, 1904, and confirmed by the Convention between Great Britain and China of the 27th April, 1906; nor does it modify the engagements entered into by Great Britain and China in Article I of the said Convention of 1906

It is clearly understood that Buddhists, subjects of Great Britain or of Russia, may enter into direct relations on strictly religious matters with the Dalai Lama and the other representatives of Buddhism in Thibet; the Governments of Great Britain and Russia engage, so far as they are concerned, not to allow those relations to infringe the stipulations of the present Agreement.

Article III

The British and Russian Governments respectively engage not to send Representatives to Lhassa.

Article IV

The two High Contracting Parties engage neither to seek nor to obtain, whether for themselves or their subjects, any Concessions for railways, roads, telegraphs, and mines, or other rights in Thibet.

Article V

The two Governments agree that no part of the revenues of Thibet, whether in kind or in cash, shall be pledged or assigned to Great Britain or Russia or to any of their subjects.

Appendix D

Grey-Cambon Formula

SIR EDWARD GREY to M. Cambon, French Ambassador in London:

"FOREIGN OFFICE,
"November 22, 1912.

"*My dear Ambassador:* From time to time in recent years the French and British naval and military experts have consulted together. It has always been understood that such consultation does not restrict the freedom of either Government to decide at any future time whether or not to assist the other by armed force. We have agreed that consultation between experts is not and ought not to be regarded as an engagement that commits either Government to action in a contingency that has not arisen and may never arise. The disposition, for instance, of the French and British fleets respectively at the present moment is not based upon an engagement to cooperate in war.

"You have, however, pointed out that, if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, it might become essential to know whether it could in that event depend upon the armed assistance of the other.

"I agree that, if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both Governments should act together to prevent aggression and to preserve peace, and, if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common. If these measures involved action, the plans of the General Staffs would at once be taken into consideration, and the Governments would then decide what effect should be given to them.

Yours &c.,
"E. GREY."

M. Cambon to Sir Edward Grey:
(Translation)

"FRENCH EMBASSY, London,
"November 23, 1912.

"*Dear Sir Edward:* You reminded me in your letter of yesterday, 22nd November, that during the last few years the military and naval authorities of France and Great Britain had consulted with each other from time to time; that it had always been understood that these consultations should not restrict the liberty of either Government to decide in the future whether they should lend each other the support of their armed forces; that, on either side, these consultations between experts were not and should not be considered as engagements binding our Governments to take action in certain eventualities; that, however, I had remarked to you that, if one or other of the two Governments had grave reasons to fear an unprovoked attack on the part of a third Power, it would become essential to know whether it could count on the armed support of the other.

"Your letter answers that point, and I am authorized to state that, in the event of one of our two Governments having grave reasons to fear either an act of aggression from a third Power, or some event threatening the general peace, that Government would immediately examine with the other the question whether both Governments should act together in order to prevent the act of aggression or preserve peace. If so, the two Governments would deliberate as to the measures which they would be prepared to take in common: if those measures involved action, the two Governments would take into immediate consideration the plans of their general staffs and would then decide as to the effect to be given to those plans.

Yours &c.,
"PAUL CAMBON."

Appendix E

The Hague Conference and the Limitation of Armaments

[An article in The Nation, March 2, 1907, by the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.]

THE disposition shown by certain Powers, of whom Great Britain is one, to raise the question of the limitation of armaments at the approaching Hague Conference, has evoked some objections both at home and abroad, on the ground that such action would be ill-timed, inconvenient and mischievous. I wish to indicate, as briefly as may be, my reasons for holding these objections to be baseless.

It should be borne in mind that the original Conference at The Hague was convened for the purpose of raising this very question, and in the hope that the Powers might arrive at an understanding calculated to afford some measure of relief from an excessive and ever-increasing burden. The hope was not fulfilled, nor was it to be expected that agreement on so delicate and complex a matter would be reached at the first attempt; but, on the other hand, I have never heard it suggested that the discussion left behind it any injurious consequences. I submit that it is the business of those who are opposed to the renewal of the attempt, to show that some special and essential change of circumstances has arisen, such as to render unnecessary, inopportune, or positively mischievous, a course adopted with general approbation in 1898.

Nothing of the kind has, so far as I know, been attempted, and I doubt if it could be undertaken with any hope of success. It was desirable in 1898 to lighten the burden of armaments; but that consummation is not less desirable today, when the weight of the burden has been enormously increased. In 1898 it was already perceived that the endless multiplication of the engines of war was futile and self-defeating; and the years that have passed have only served to strengthen and intensify that impression. In regard to the struggle for sea power, it was suspected that no limits could be set to the competition, save by a process of economic exhaustion, since the natural checks imposed on military power by frontiers, and considerations of population, have no counterpart upon the seas; and again, we find that the suspicion has grown to something like a certainty today.

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From an actual photograph

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You will find your trucks lasting longer because of the extreme cushioning quality of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tires. Resilience is designed and built into their patented hollow center, indented sidewall and famous All-Weather Tread. With this protective cushioning, they provide sure-footed traction and the long, economical wear that means more loads hauled and more miles run, at low tire cost per mile.

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On the other hand, I am aware of no special circumstances which would make the submission of this question to the Conference a matter of International misgiving. It would surprise me to hear it alleged that the interests of the Powers in any respect impose on them a divergence of standpoint so absolute and irreconcilable that the mere discussion of the limitation of armaments would be fraught with danger. Here, again, it seems to me that we do well to fortify ourselves from recent experience. Since the first Hague Conference was held, the points of disagreement between the Powers have become not more, but less acute; they are confined to a far smaller field; the sentiment in favor of peace, so far as can be judged, has become incomparably stronger and more constant; and the idea of arbitration and the peaceful adjustment of International disputes has attained a practical potency, and a moral authority undreamt of in 1898. These are considerations as to which the least that can be said is that they should be allowed their due weight; and in face of them, I suggest that only upon one hypothesis can the submission of this grave matter to the Conference be set down as inadmissible: namely, that guarantees of peace, be they what they may, are to be treated as having no practical bearing on the scale and intensity of warlike preparations.

That would be a lame and impotent conclusion, calculated to undermine the moral position of the Conference, and to stultify its proceedings in the eye of the world. It would amount to a declaration that the common interest of peace, proclaimed for the first time by the community of nations assembled at The Hague, and carried forward since then by successive stages, with a rapidity beyond the dreams of the most sanguine, has been confided to the guardianship of the Admiralties and the War Offices of the Powers.

Let me in conclusion say a word as to the part of Great Britain. We have already given earnest of our sincerity by the considerable reductions that have been effected in our naval and military expenditure, as well as by the undertaking that we are prepared to go further, if we find a similar disposition in other quarters. Our delegates, therefore, will not go into the Conference empty-handed. It has, however, been suggested that our example will count for nothing, because our preponderant naval position will still remain unimpaired. I do not believe it. The sea power of this country implies no challenge to any single State or group of States. I am persuaded that throughout the world that power is recognized as nonaggressive, and innocent of designs against the independence, the commercial freedom, and the legitimate development of other States, and that it is, therefore, a mistake to imagine that the naval Powers will be disposed to regard our position on the sea as a bar to any proposal for the arrest of armaments, or to the calling of a temporary truce. The truth appears to me to lie in the opposite direction. Our known adhesion to those two dominant principles—the independence of nationalities and the freedom of trade—entitles us of itself to claim that if our fleets be invulnerable, they carry with them no menace across the waters of the world, but a message of the most cordial good will, based on a belief in the community of interests between the nations.

(Signed)
HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Appendix F

Consolidated Fund; Appropriation Bill; War in Balkans: Statement by Sir E. Grey

ORDER for second reading read. Motion made, and question proposed, "That the Bill be now read a second time."

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Sir Edward Grey): "There is some information which I should like to give to the House with regard to Foreign affairs, which I think the House certainly ought to have before it separates, and on which it is necessary for me to make some explanation. As the House is aware, there has been ever since last December continuing in London meetings of the five Ambassadors of the Great Powers and myself, discussing certain points connected with the difficulties in the Balkans. The announcement I have to make is that those meetings are now adjourned for the holidays. But I should like it to be clearly understood that the fact that what have been called the meetings of the Ambassadors had adjourned for a considerable time is no ground whatever for drawing any ill-omened inference as regards the relation of the Great Powers to each other.

"For some time the meetings of the Ambassadors have been regarded as the symbol of the existence of the Concert of Europe, but we have happily reached the stage at which I trust the Concert of Europe is so firmly established that the mere fact of the meetings of the Ambassadors being adjourned for the holidays will raise no doubts as regards the health and well-being of the Concert of the Great Powers of Europe. On the contrary, I think everyone who considers how startling, distressing, and sudden have been the events of the last few weeks in the Balkan Peninsula, and then at the same time recalls the fact that during these last few weeks there has been no talk of a *casus fœderis* arising among the different sets of Allies of the Great Powers, that there have been no rumors of mobilization on the part of any of the Great Powers, and no alarming reports of tension between any of the Great Powers—all that there was in the earlier stages of this Balkan trouble—anyone who remembers that within the last few weeks we have had such startling and surprising events, and yet that there have been none of those rumors as to the intentions of the Great Powers which we had in the earlier stages, I think will be convinced that at the present moment the relations between the Great Powers are not in a condition which threatens the peace of Europe or give rise for apprehension.

"It is true, of course, that there has not been unanimity between the Great Powers. Anyone who reads the Continental Press will see that there is not unanimity on all points. The opinions expressed in the different countries on the merits of the different points of the Treaty of Bucharest differ, but there are no differences of opinion which show a tendency to divide the different groups of the Great Powers into opposing camps.

"I would like people to realize what it is that the meetings of the Ambassadors were called into existence to do. It has been an axiom of diplomacy for many a year past that if ever war broke out in the Balkans it would be impossible, or almost impossible, to prevent one or more of the Great Powers being dragged into the conflict. Suddenly, last October, we were confronted with that situation which had been regarded as so threatening and ominous to the peace of Europe, and the peace of the Great Powers themselves. Up to the time of the outbreak of that war in October, there had been universal expectation that if war took place in the Balkans, the Great Powers, or some of the Great Powers, would be unable to keep out of it, and that, if one or more was brought into it, it was impossible to say how many others would be brought in. I ought to say that the Great Powers at once set to work to see if they could not disappoint that gloomy expectation by localizing the conflict, at all events, in the Balkans. They saw at once the necessity of keeping in touch with each other with that object. The ordinary method of diplomatic communication by which the Great Powers keep in touch with each other is that of telegrams between the different Capitals.

"That is a machinery which in the case of six Great Powers requires for its working six Foreign Ministers and thirty Ambassadors—a personnel of thirty-six in all—necessarily a very cumbrous and slow-moving machine, and the meetings of Ambassadors in London were called into existence then as an emergency expedient by which through a simpler machinery than the ordinary diplomatic methods, the Great Powers might keep more constantly and more quickly in touch with regard to each difficulty as it arose. The object was to localize the war, and we found after surveying the ground that if Constantinople and Asiatic Turkey were not to be brought within the area of the war, and if these questions were not to be raised in the course of the war, then the Great Powers might find themselves in agreement, provided they came to an understanding with each other about Albania and the Ægean Islands. For that purpose we set to work to come to an understanding on these two points, taking Albania and the Ægean Islands as a matter of discussion between the Great Powers, on which it was essential to them to reach an agreement, if they were to keep in touch and friendship with each other, and to localize the war, and in this sense that with regard to the rest, provided Constantinople and Asiatic Turkey and the Straits were not touched, the rest could be fought out among the combatants themselves without interference.

"That was not the only difficulty that was referred to the Ambassadors in the course of the last few months. As other questions arose they were from time to time brought up for discussion between the Ambassadors, because I think I may claim for that meeting that it became in a short time trusted by all the Powers, to this extent: that it was regarded as an eminently safe place at which to raise questions for discussion, and that if we could not settle things we did not, at any rate, make anything worse which was brought before us. But our main work was to secure agreement between the Great Powers by dealing with the question of Albania, and in the question of Albania I include that of commercial access to Servia, to the Adriatic and the Ægean Islands.

"We have at last, after discussing many tedious details, reached an agreement which covers Albania and the Ægean Islands. I will not go into any details about what the actual agreement is. Roughly it is this, that an international commission of control is to be established with regard to Albania, with a *gendarmerie* under officers selected from one of the smaller neutral Powers, the object being to set up an autonomous State, eventually under a Prince selected by the Great Powers. The difficulty of coming to an agreement about particular frontiers has been very great. Everyone will remember how difficult and how critical at some points were the questions raised in connection with the settlement of the north and northeastern frontiers of Albania. They were settled some time ago. We have now come to an agreement for the delimitation under certain agreed conditions of the southern and southeastern frontiers of Albania, which will complete the whole frontiers of this State. I am quite aware that when the whole comes to be stated it will be open on many points to a great deal of criticism from anyone with a local knowledge who looks at it purely on the merits of the locality itself. It is to be borne in mind that in making that agreement the primary essential was to preserve agreement between the Great Powers themselves, and if the agreement about Albania has secured that it has done the work which is most essential in the interests of the peace of Europe.

"Then there has been the question about the Ægean Islands. There are three points to be borne in mind about the Ægean Islands. In the first place, the bulk of the nationality of these islands is Greek. But there are other considerations than that to be borne in mind. Some of the islands have most important strategic positions; some of them command the entrance to the Straits; and the control of the entrance to the Straits is a matter, of course, vitally affecting Turkey and vitally affecting Powers which have a particular interest in seeing that the Straits are kept open. Besides that, some of the islands are exceedingly close to the coast of Asiatic Turkey, and, if, as we trust, in future the Turkish authorities with improved government and sound finance are to continue to preserve the integrity of the Turkish Dominions in Asiatic Turkey, then it is essential that none of these islands should be used as a base from which disturbance may be created on the mainland in Asiatic Turkey. All those considerations have to be borne in mind.

"With regard to the greater part of this scheme we have not felt that British interests—I speak now of the whole of the Albanian and the Ægean Islands question—were so directly concerned as to make it necessary for us to take the leading part in initiating what the decision should be, but with regard to the Ægean Islands there is one point on which we do feel that, owing to our position in the Mediterranean and to naval considerations, we have a particular interest, and it is this: that no one of these islands should be claimed or retained by one of the Great Powers. If one of these islands passes into the permanent possession of a Great Power it must raise questions of great importance and great difficulty. The Great Powers themselves feel this and at the beginning of the Conference passed a self-denying ordinance in this sense, that to preserve union amongst them they would

(Continued on Page 38)

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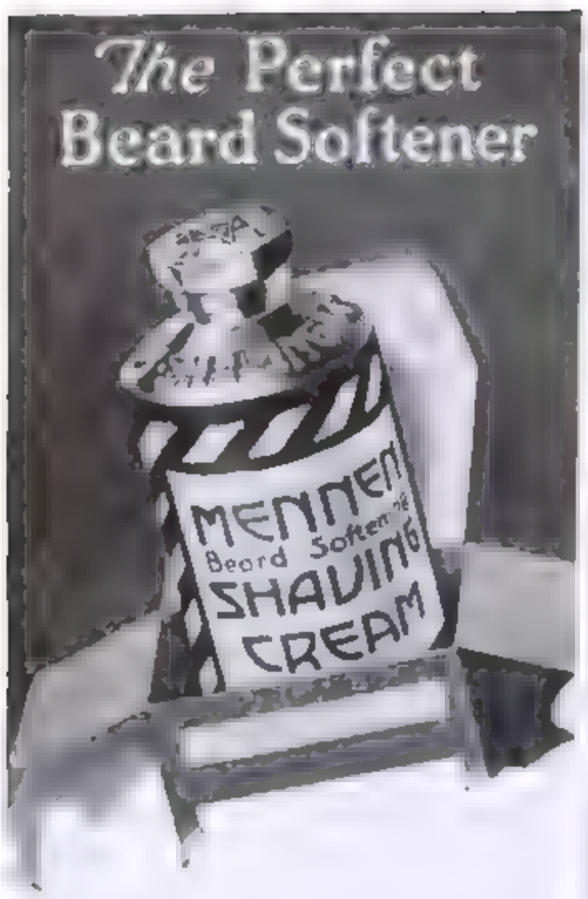

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(Continued from Page 36

none of them take advantage of the conflict still proceeding in the Balkans to claim territory for themselves. We have had a special interest to see that that should hold good with regard to the Ægean Islands, and that interest remains. The Ægean Islands have been complicated by the fact that there is a special Treaty of Lausanne between Italy and Turkey, of a date prior to this outbreak, under which Italy is in possession temporarily of certain of these islands until Turkey has fulfilled the provisions of the Treaty of Lausanne and withdrawn all Turkish officers and troops from Cyrenaica. The provision of the Treaty of Lausanne has not yet been fulfilled on the part of Turkey, and Italy remains in occupation of those particular islands.

"That Treaty is, of course, a matter between Italy and Turkey which the Great Powers would not naturally take into consideration, but they were forced by this war in the Balkans to consider the question of these islands and they could not consider the question of the islands except as a whole. The agreement we have really come to is this: The destiny of these Ægean Islands—all of them, including those in the temporary occupation of Italy—is a matter which concerns all the Great Powers, and must be settled eventually by them, and no Great Power is to retain one of these islands for itself. Until the provisions of the Treaty of Lausanne between Italy and Turkey are completely fulfilled, of course, the final settlement as regards these particular islands in Italian occupation cannot be made, and naturally the question may arise of what is to happen supposing the fulfillment on the part of Turkey of the Treaty of Lausanne with regard to Cyrenaica is indefinitely postponed and the Italian occupation of these islands is therefore indefinitely prolonged.

"Italy has never allowed us for one moment to doubt that it is her intention to complete that part of that Treaty with regard to these islands and retire from these islands when Turkey has completed her part. We have complete confidence in her good faith. Indeed, it would be entirely wrong to suggest for a moment that there was any doubt of her good faith in the matter.

"We have complete confidence in that. We know that she is pressing Turkey and is anxious to get Turkey to fulfill her part of the Treaty, and therefore the question of what will happen if that is indefinitely delayed is one which need not occupy us at the present moment. The great thing is that the principle should be laid down that the destiny of the Ægean Islands is one which concerns all the Powers, and that no one Great Power can claim one of those islands for itself.

"I want to say to the House something on the situation of the moment. There are two most serious and difficult questions which the events of the last few weeks have made it necessary for the Powers to consider. There is the effectual settlement of Thrace and the settlement of Macedonia; in other words, the two great questions occupying the minds of the Powers at the present moment, and which must occupy them for some time to come, are the Turkish reoccupation of Thrace and the division of Macedonia under the Treaty of Bukharest. I will take the question of Thrace first.

"The Turkish Government has disregarded the Treaty which was drawn up in London under the auspices of the Powers, and, as the Prime Minister has said, when the ink was scarcely dry they disregarded the line fixed by that Treaty, and have reoccupied Thrace and Adrianople. That was a Treaty to which the Great Powers were not actual parties, but which was made under their auspices.

"Then there was another agreement made under the auspices of the Great Powers, an agreement between Rumania and Bulgaria, which was made at St. Petersburg. That also has been disregarded. More distressing than any of these events, or at least as distressing, has been the fact that, as the Prime Minister said in the same speech, Macedonia has been drenched with blood by war between those who were lately allies, joined in an alliance cemented by blood shed in a common cause, and who have in the last few weeks turned upon each other and been engaged in a war between themselves, accompanied by most terrible circumstances.

"The real danger to Turkey is not from external attack, but from internal disorders and internal weaknesses.

"I believe it would be a most disastrous mistake if Turkey in this matter did not take the advice of the Powers. I should like to go a little further on this point, and the point of our relations with Mahomedan Powers generally, and to say this: No Minister of the Crown can speak on these matters without remembering that the King has many millions of Mahomedan subjects. What responsibility does that entail? I wish there to be a clear understanding as to what that responsibility is. For one thing, and one thing only, have we absolute and entire responsibility, and that is for seeing that inside the British Dominions the racial sentiments and religious feelings of these Mahomedan subjects are respected and have full scope. That is the only thing for which we have complete and entire responsibility. That duty we will fulfill, and we do fulfill absolutely. I think we may go further, and rightly claim that in deference to the susceptibilities of any great section of subjects of the Crown our policy should never be one of intolerance or wanton or unprovoked aggression against a Mussulman Power. That, I think, we are entitled to claim. But we cannot undertake the duty of protecting Mussulman Powers outside the British Dominions from the consequences of their own action.

"I am afraid the Concert of Europe is not very sensitive to criticism. Lord Salisbury compared it once to a steam roller, and a steam roller never gives one the impression of being very sensitive to criticism. But it ought to be borne in mind that the Concert of Europe set itself to one object, and that was to localize the war, and on the whole, I think, the Concert of Europe has been wise in setting itself that object and not going beyond that object. To attempt more might have been to endanger the whole Concert. It is easy enough to talk about the great strength of the European Powers, and how they could make their will respected if they chose to do so. Of course, they could do what is possible by naval demonstration when such things are likely to be of use, but if the Powers were to have intervened effectively in recent events, they would have had to use troops; they would have had to land those troops and march them to shoot at the risk of being shot. In your own country's quarrels you do these things, but it is difficult to get the Powers of Europe, or any of them, to vote money and to use its troops in any cause except one which it feels the interests of its own country absolutely require.

"The amount of good that any one country can do in promoting the peace of Europe depends very largely upon the credit which it has for good intentions. If it has credit for good intentions it may say a great deal, and if it has not that credit, even the wisest and most carefully guarded words may do more harm than good. I do gratefully acknowledge in all criticisms which I have seen upon the action of the British Government, or utterances made on behalf of the British Government, we have had in other countries during this crisis credit for being animated by good intentions. That credit, I trust, we may continue to deserve, and the House may be assured that if there is a question of British interests being directly affected, or this country being committed to engagements, we will take the House into our confidence, and the House may rest assured we will continue to work as closely as possible with other Powers in the interests of common peace, which is our great object to secure.

"When we remember how great the difficulties were, and how different were the interests of the Powers which were more closely affected than we were—differences both of interest and sympathy—I think it is difficult to imagine in what way they could have interfered without running the risk of a calamity greater even than that which occurred. At all events, we have this to be thankful for, that the Powers succeeded in limiting the area of conflagration and preventing a European war, which would have been the most appalling calamity that anyone can conceive. For that result I think the action of the right hon. Gentleman deserves some credit. The calamity has been avoided.

"In all that has happened the right hon. Gentleman has played not only a part, but I think in this case almost a leading part. It was at his suggestion, I think, that the Conference of Ambassadors to which he has alluded was arranged, and while it has been very useful in dealing with the specific subject to which he referred, it was probably more useful in keeping the Powers in touch with each other and preventing any outbreak of special animosity or special feeling. In addition to that, I must say that, from all that I have heard, the personality and the reputation for straightforwardness and candour which the right hon. Gentleman enjoys enabled him to make use to the utmost of the advantages to which I have referred. I have nothing more to say, except that the right hon. Gentleman is to be congratulated, and I am sure the whole House congratulates him on the way in which, so far, he has emerged from difficulties as threatening as were ever faced by the Great Powers of Europe."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of six articles by Mr. Asquith.

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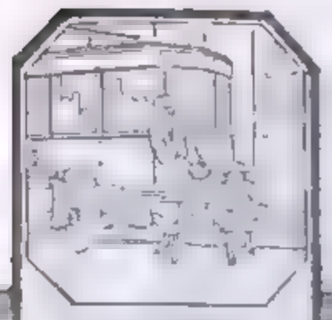

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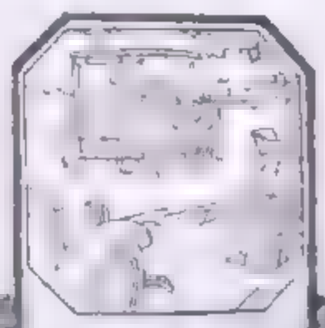

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Watch This Column

Love Makes the "Merry Go Round"

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THE EMPEROR COMMANDS THE COUNT TO MARRY THE PRINCESS

The cast I consider little short of wonderful. Many celebrated players were suggested and discarded because they didn't fit the rôles. When the list was finally completed, we had the characters to the life. By the way *"Merry Go Round"* was selected as one of the feature entertainments on the trial trip of the Leviathan and was enthusiastically received.

* * *

Have you ever read Victor Hugo's classic, *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"?* We have put it into a moving picture and it is a spectacle of tremendous power. It will be received with satisfaction all over the world. Keep watch for it. A great cast is headed by the master character-actor, LON CHANEY, who plays the rôle of the Hunchback.

* * *

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Carl Laemmle

President

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THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

About fifteen years ago, William H. Reynolds, an ex-state senator of New York State, saw the possibilities of the barren strip of land on Long Island known as Long Beach, and purchased it from the village of Hempstead, which then owned it.

Senator Reynolds formed a land company, and it is the writer's opinion that at that time his only thought was of business. He restricted the three miles which were laid out in lots, equidistant on each side of the railroad station, to a structure costing a certain sum of money and to be erected in a certain manner upon a certain amount of ground, making it clearly a class resort. And up till two years ago the place was not especially successful, although decidedly popular with the masses.

The trouble was that the well intended restrictions were such that only those who could afford to lock up their houses at the end of the season were attracted.

The class resort, with all its restrictions, cannot grow into an Atlantic City for the simple reason that growth is prohibited by its exclusiveness. Probably one family in five hundred can afford to maintain an expensive summer home in such a restricted resort, and its needs are attended to by a few servants and merchants. But at least a hundred of the other families could afford a vacation at the seashore, and often spend the whole season, if there were boarding houses, hotels, bungalows to rent, public bath houses and other accommodations of the kind abhorred and barred out at the exclusive resort. These make it possible for more people to use the land and enjoy the ocean, more tradespeople and workers are employed in serving them, and you have healthy growth, because you have a community instead of a clique. The whole summer population of a class resort may be accommodated in a single block of buildings at a mass resort, and many times its population use the beach as day excursionists.

The consequence was that Long Beach, although within easy commuting distance of New York City and within a few miles of such thriving all-year-round communities as Lynbrook, Rockville Center, Freeport, Far Rockaway, and so on, was absolutely closed up after Labor Day. In addition to that condition, the houses were spread so far apart that every public-utility enterprise was losing money, and even the streets were becoming almost impossible to use because the municipality could not afford their upkeep. The bondholders had resorted to a protective committee, and were in a decided quandary as to what to do next.

Senator Reynolds, after consulting with the writer, staked his all. He had also been bitten by the seashore bug, and had come to possess great affection for what he terms, and what unquestionably is, his baby.

Coney Island's Start in Life

With the aid of the collateral furnished by him, and considerable additional security, money was obtained and the bonds were purchased from the protective committee; the mortgages under which the bonds were created were foreclosed, and because the mortgages were made prior to the imposition of any restrictions, the restrictions on the remainder of the ground were automatically lifted, so that hotels, boarding houses and like structures could be built, and the ground sold at successive auction sales at unrestricted prices so as to permit the public to enjoy the growth in value and obtain its cooperation. Long Beach immediately took the place which Nature had given it.

Over 2500 houses have been erected there within the past two years. The city—for it has now become a chartered city—owns its own electric light and water plant, the gas company has been compelled by the additional demand to lay many miles of gas mains, the streets have all been repaired, and miles of new streets laid. The main highway leading to the beach, the only motor road, which was in a frightful state of disrepair is being rebuilt, and a new bridge has replaced the old inadequate one that motorists had to use. Where the hotels formerly closed on Labor Day, now they are open all the year round.

It is interesting to compare the development of a resort like this with that of Coney Island forty years ago, for where the latter just grew, like Topsy, the present-day seashore resort is built in advance of its coming population, which is where the real-estate man comes in.

When New Yorkers fifty years ago discovered Coney Island as an outing place that can now be reached for a five-cent fare, there was absolutely nothing there except the sand, surf, sun and sea air—no boardwalk, no hotels, no dancing pavilions, restaurants, saloons, sideshows; not even drinking water, much less sanitary conveniences. The people simply went down to Coney and spent the day in God's outdoors, refreshed by bathing and ozone. Presently they began providing their own improvements, the simple refreshment of the Frankfurter sausage in a slice of rye bread daubed with mustard, sold from a tin, then bathing shacks, beer saloons, restaurants and shows. In Hot Corn Ike, his Coney Island story, James L. Ford has reconstructed those early days with their beach characters, beach politicians, and the free-and-easy life that was not nearly as bad as tradition might lead you to assume, but which now belongs to a time that has passed away. Passed away not because there has been any change in the kind of people who seek beaches, for they are just as much mass resorts today as they were then, but because the masses today demand more and are able to buy more.

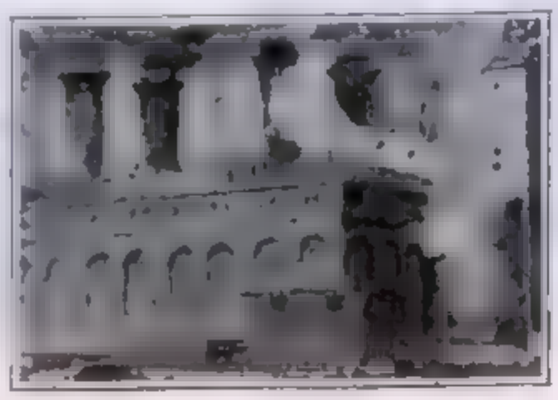
The Babies Did It

Picture, in the days when Coney Island was young, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their first baby, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their first baby, Mr. and Mrs. Duffy and their first baby, Mr. and Mrs. Einstein and their first baby. Living in city flats or tenements, up to that time they had felt no particular need to go away during hot weather. But now they must go away with the baby, and following the line of least resistance they went for a few days to Coney Island, the handiest place, and one that every doctor would recommend—the seashore. Sometimes they spent Sundays and holidays there, going home each night, and again passed a week or two camping in a rough shack.

Today these same sterling families go to the seashore when the first baby makes it compulsory. But they go in tens of thousands where hundreds went in the former generation, and they go to live, not camp. The season is three months, from the middle of June to mid-September. For that period a bungalow is rented, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Duffy and Mrs. Einstein live at the shore with the children, and their husbands commute from the city, going down to the shore every night and back in the morning. For the twelve weeks they will pay an average of $800 rent, get a bungalow with five or six rooms, completely furnished, with electric light, gas stove, city water, sewers and telephone service, on a paved street, perhaps with a street-car line.

Thus it comes that the modern beach resort is laid out and improved by the real-estate promoter before the people arrive. The cost is greater, but so are the comfort and convenience, and if the development is wisely planned, growth will be steady and rising values will make money for those who live or invest there. The difference between $800 for a bungalow, and the simple beach vacation of yesterday, which probably cost five or ten dollars, may look like a tremendous rise in the cost of beach enjoyment. But it is really an investment. People not only go to the beach but possess part of it, and the tremendous increase in the number of people who go to beaches makes their investment profitable. One must also remember that the five or ten-dollar outing of simpler times lasted only a few days, where now people spend twelve weeks or more at the beach.

The Smiths, Joneses, Duffys and Einsteins get their first taste of beach life when they are driven to the seashore by the new necessity of finding a place for the baby. They usually rent for the first season or two. Shore life is a novelty. They fall under its spell and begin to think of owning a place themselves. The bungalow they rent for $800 can be purchased at $5000 to $6000 on installments. They need $1200 to $1500 cash, about two seasons' rent. There are more purchasers than renters. Or they may purchase a lot or two which requires less cash, and find when all the payments have been made that it has grown in value sufficient to reduce greatly the cost of their summer outings.



The pioneers bought when values were low, when it took nerve to invest in sand and surf, but if they had the nerve to hang on, their rewards were great. But comparatively few of them did hang on. I recall one instance where a good piece of beach property was carried by its pioneer purchaser so long that he became an old man. He declared that he would never sell until somebody gave him half a million dollars. One day a real-estate man offered $350,000, which looked like a very attractive price at the time, and would have given the owner a fine profit. He refused to sell.

"Will you sell if I pay you half a million in a year?" the real-estate man asked.

The owner agreed to that, and gave a written option. Three months later the real-estate man bought the property for half a million. Within less than a year he was offered $750,000 and has since refused $1,000,000. This pioneer hung on a long while, and held out for a good price. But he didn't hang on long enough, nor realize by half what his property would be worth when the turn finally came, bringing the results of growth.

There is only one limit to the development of seashore property—the growth of population. The renting families driven out of New York and other Eastern cities within convenient distance of ocean resorts, make up a large population in themselves. Greater New York has 125,000 new babies every year and more than 500,000 children under five years of age, so there is no reason for being uneasy about the population factor; on the contrary, the real-estate man's worry is apt to be that of taking care of it.

A National Ailment

But this virulent disease, seashore, is no longer local. It is national. Yesterday Philadelphia had its Atlantic City and New York its Coney Island. Today those resorts belong to the whole country, and new beach developments are needed for inland folks who have discovered the oceans and are swelling the population of summer and winter beach resorts along the Atlantic, around the coast of Florida and in Southern California. The germ of this disease, seashore, was deliberately spread inland by the railroad passenger-traffic man, and it ran like Spanish influenza.

As I have said before, several railroads ran into Atlantic City, and there was keen competition for excursion traffic. In those days railroads eagerly competed for traffic and had much more leeway in securing it than nowadays, under Government supervision. Of these half dozen railroads only one, the Pennsylvania, was a big system, the others covering but one or two states. The logical policy for the Pennsylvania, of course, was to reach out beyond its competitors and draw new seashore passenger traffic from territory in the Middle West and Southern States. Once traffic was created there, competitors could not touch it.

This the Pennsylvania did. Atlantic City was widely advertised inland by that railroad, excursions were organized and special rates made from every part of its territory and over many connecting lines. The family in Chicago or Atlanta could not reach Atlantic City in an hour, like the Philadelphia family, but apart from the longer railroad journey, Atlantic City was made just as accessible to them. The railroad passenger agent smoothed away every difficulty. People in distant states were bound for the beach as soon as they stepped up to the ticket window in their local railroad station—on their way just as directly as Quaker City folks, ferrying over to Camden.

The appeal of the ocean to inland folks is irresistible. They are fascinated by the surf and sand, the immensity and strength of

(Continued on Page 42)

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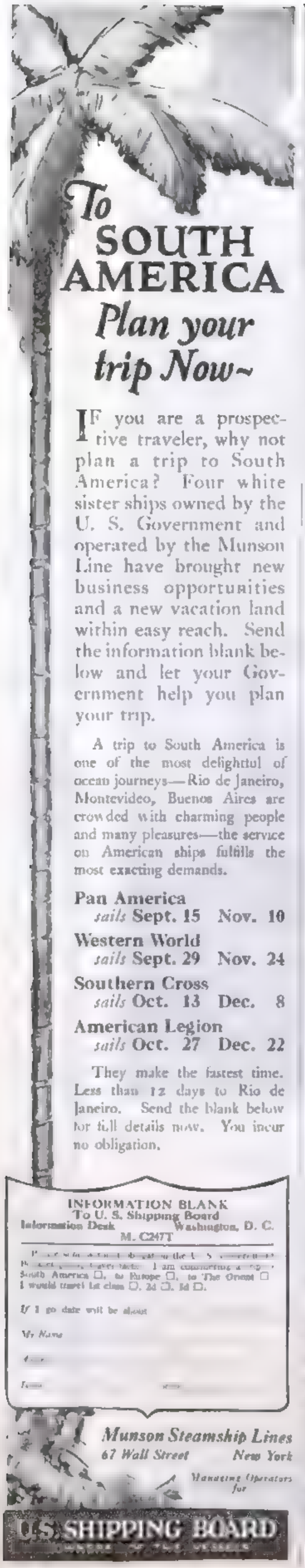

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(Continued from Page 40)

the ocean, the novelty of beach life. Their sensations were expressed by the countryman who, seeing the ocean for the first time, said that if he had known there was so much of it he would have brought along a cake of soap and had a wash! Many an inlander will confess that, going into the ocean for the first time, he tasted the water to be certain that it was really salt. And don't jump to the conclusion that he is the only greenhorn, for I know a Philadelphian who couldn't believe the Detroiter who assured him that water in the Great Lakes was fresh. "What! They drink it!" he exclaimed in astonishment. Just as Uncle Sam recruits for the Navy in the Corn Belt states, so pleasure-seeking people inland are feeling the call of both oceans.

It is a commonplace that Southern California has become a suburb of Iowa and that people from the latter state are California's most tireless boosters. Picture grown folks who have dwelt in flat prairie country all their lives suddenly transported where they can bathe in the ocean, see snow-capped mountains and pick oranges, and you have the idea. The Atlantic shore, being handiest to the greatest mass of population, has naturally become most popular.

People who came to Atlantic City from points a thousand miles or more away naturally had a much higher average spending power than the day excursionists from Philadelphia. It cost them more to get to the beach, and they stayed longer. The impression made upon them by the ocean, surf bathing and beach life was much stronger than upon people who had always lived within a car ride of beaches, so they became walking propagandists for Atlantic City when they went back home. There is certainly no better advertisement than a satisfied customer, and when you think of these thousands of good inland folks being led to discover the ocean for the first time, and going back to tell their relatives and neighbors all about it, you will admire the acumen of the passenger agent who did that sales job.

Local Betterments

The influence of these inland visitors on the character of Atlantic City was soon in evidence. The shacks and makeshifts that answered well enough for day excursionists gave place to hotels, boarding houses and cottages. Cesspools were replaced with a sewerage system, artesian wells driven for pure water, the boardwalk built, recreation piers run out into the ocean, and Absecon Lighthouse became busier by day than by night. It is today visited by more sightseers probably than all Uncle Sam's other lighthouses put together. Atlantic City became both a class and a mass resort, which is what a shore resort should really be. For the well-to-do visitors there were some of the finest hotels in the country, and for the day excursionists and people who wanted two or three weeks at the shore, there were boarding and rooming houses at reasonable prices.

The millionaire and the motorman enjoy Atlantic City in common, rubbing shoulders in true democracy, which is as it should be from the real-estate standpoint, because that means a normal balanced community, and each spending and investing his money in his own way makes growth.

It was largely the inlander who made it possible to transform this resort from a summer bathing place into an all-year-round community. The inlander came for a week the first time, rented a cottage for a whole summer the second time, bought a lot and built a cottage of his own the third time. Hundreds of acres of adjacent sand dune and salt marsh were improved, and as Atlantic City grew, farsighted investors made money, some of them millions. It was also the inlander, largely, who saw the possibilities of combining business with pleasure and made Atlantic City one of the greatest meeting places for conventions in the country.

The Atlantic Ocean not only happens to be handiest to the greatest masses of our seaboard and inland population, the wealthiest producing and income-tax-paying states, but it also happens to have the most room for growth, with by far the best beaches. The direct water front of Greater New York is approximately 578 miles. The water front of the New York port in New Jersey has 192 miles more, making a total of 770 miles. The area of this port, 175 square miles, is so great that any six of the other leading ports of the world could be placed in it with room to spare. Greater New York has more water front in proportion to population than any other city in the world, including Venice, and when the possibilities for growth and when the beach facilities in and around the greater city itself have been exhausted—which will not be in your time or mine—there are seventy or eighty miles more on each side of Long Island to be developed as better transportation facilities are available. And the great popular Eastern beaches like Atlantic City and Coney Island are more attractive than those in other sections of the country because, as I have said, they are shallow for a long distance from shore, safer for bathing, with water in which people can spend hours because it is warmed between the sun and the sand, and because the great Eastern beaches are permanent where others are subject to damage by currents and unusual tides.

The population of Greater New York has grown from 1,500,000 to nearly 6,000,000 during the period of development at Coney Island and Atlantic City. At the present rate of growth there should be a city of between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 people thirty years hence, and a population in the metropolitan area of more than 20,000,000. With that growth there will be a corresponding growth in beach resorts, because they have become an essential part of great cities. As I have said, the only limit to beach development is growth of population. Given the people it is only necessary to take off the shackles, provide the conditions that permit growth—and grow with it.

Whatever I have learned about beach property has been learned as a real-estate man. It was with as much astonishment as delight that I discovered a scientific background for these migrations between the city and the shore that are making beach property.

The Homes of Progress

In his Civilization and Climate, Professor Ellsworth Huntington foresees much greater and wider migrations as a possibility in civilized life tomorrow. Professor Huntington has a unique way of viewing geography. Classifying the world's land areas by climate, he shows that the most progressive nations live in a few cyclonic sections of the world—Western and Northern Europe, the Northern United States and Canada, California, Japan, New Zealand and part of Australia. By "cyclonic" he means having a climate that is subject to healthy changes through shifting winds that give variety and pep. Other areas, like India, and the tropics most of all, change chiefly from hot dry weather to hot enervating rainy seasons, and in such climates man is incapable of doing his best. No matter how much pep people may bring in from a cyclonic climate, it soon seeps out, and even the people who are born there, and supposed to be acclimated, have little energy compared with people in the cyclonic regions, as is shown by their indifferent progress and low standard of living. On the other hand, there are bleak northern climates where people thrive in summer, but are able to do little in the long severe winters.

Where a few hundred thousand people, chiefly the well-to-do health and pleasure seekers, now go from New England to Florida, or from Northern Europe to Northern Africa in winter, and even fewer come from tropical to temperate climates in summer, Professor Huntington believes that millions will migrate in both directions when the true importance of climate in prosperity and civilization is understood. The farm population from the Dakotas and the industrial population of New England will go to Florida and the tropics in winter, not simply for change and health, but to work at industries suited to those climates in winter, while the tropical dwellers will become producers in the factories of New England and on the Dakota farms in summer. When the wealth-creating possibilities of such migrations are understood, he believes, they will take place on a scale that we cannot now realize.

As science, that is one of the most interesting theories that I know. And as real estate, it is sound business.

Editor's Note—This is the second article in a series by Mr. Isman, and will shortly be followed by a third, The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady.

UNSEALED

(Continued from Page 9)

even now." Simpson's forehead wrinkled in pathetic horizontal creases at the struggle for words. "But other times—I don't know how to say it, but I get a sort of choked feeling inside me, as if I could do anything she wanted, as if I'd just have to do something or—or explode."

"Well, perhaps you'll find something that you can do, then." The wish fathered Blaik's thought. Give this fellow half a chance to show the flatness of his spiritual geography and Marta would need no more persuasion. "Why don't you try poetry?"

Simpson flushed to the color of a shrimp.

"I did try that. It was—it was how I felt But I couldn't I just sat there and made triangles all over the paper the same as I do when I'm talking over the phone"

Blaik reluctantly abandoned a wistful thought of Marta, who quivered like a violin string to Krashberg's tones, reading such a poem as Roland Simpson might have written between telephone messages having to do with shingles. He glanced at his watch and rose abruptly, annoyed to discover that he had overstayed his time.

"Well, keep on trying," he said. "Nobody can do anything worth while at the first attempt We'll talk about this again when I don't have to hurry away."

His irritation died at the sight of Simpson's artless unmistakable disappointment. You couldn't altogether dislike a fellow who looked like this at the prospect of losing your society. A human impulse prompted the thought that even Simpson's company would mitigate the misery of tonight's forced labor.

"Better come along," he said more cordially. "I've got to look over that new picture ——"

Simpson scrambled to his feet with disarming eagerness, beaming.

"If you're sure I won't be in the way ——"

"Glad to have you."

Blaik was heartily sincere. Anybody who felt like that about spending an hour or two in his society deserved to have his way. He accepted his hat and stick from a check-room girl who called him reverently by name, and his mood expanded a little farther under Simpson's visible envy of the celebrity thus evidenced. He even enjoyed the fawning welcome of the press agent who lurked in the marble lobby of what had once been a theater, and who ushered them in person through a cathedral dusk that vibrated impressively with the hushed mutter of a mighty pipe organ.

"Gee!" Simpson whispered reverently as they leaned back in slip-covered seats.

Blaik grinned amiably in the darkness; it was all real, no doubt, to Roland. Something likable about the innocent, after all. He resigned himself almost with acquiescence to the coming horror, as the stately curtains parted and a huge rectangle grew softly luminous with acknowledgments to weird, incredible, comic-paper names and a moonlighted subtitle swam majestically into view:

Always, down through the ages, Fame has only mocked the empty human heart. The worldly hope men set their hearts upon turns ashes, or it prospers; and anon, like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two, is gone!

"Gee!"

The whisper came faintly to Blaik's ear. He saw that Simpson leaned tautly forward, his face rapt in the pale reflection from the screen. Dimly at first, and then blinding and brilliant, light flared into Jeffrey Blaik's mind. He resisted a desire to release wild, triumphant mirth. A fan! A person whom the turgid slush of a subtitle could transfix with raw, palpitating rapture!

And Marta! He seemed to see her fine, sensitive face, touched with sick loathing at a quoted line of Longfellow. Marta, passionately persuaded that there was a well of genius, a mud-choked geyser, in this—this bug!

(Continued on Page 44)

"Poor Dorothy—her sickness weakened her terribly"

WILL those wistful eyes grow more wistful as the years go by—always just looking on? The vigorous play of other children—the sports and dancing of girlhood—the worthwhile activities of a woman's life—she may miss them all.

And it was so pitifully unnecessary.

Someone touched a car strap, a book, money, a public telephone—almost anything which many people handle—and an invisible germ found lodgment on hands.

Somehow that germ passed to the little girl. Then the fever—the days of dread—the long convalescence—and impaired vitality.

A life of beautiful possibilities condemned to tragic shadows because someone did not wash his hands.

Almost all that science has discovered about the prevention of sickness is expressed in the warning which for centuries mothers have given to children and husbands: KEEP CLEAN!

Mothers—because they fear dirt and worship cleanliness—are the world's health doctors. It is mothers who have made Lifebuoy the most widely used toilet soap in the world—because Lifebuoy purifies—because it combats the terrible dangers of dirt.

You know from its wholesome, pungent odor that Lifebuoy is a health soap. Even though the odor vanishes—*the protection remains.*

Wonderful for the Skin

And how wonderfully kind to the skin is the creamy, copious lather of palm fruit oil and cocoanut oil which carries its gentle protection deep down into every pore, leaving the skin soft, sweet, beautiful and glowing with health.

Lifebuoy is low in price but priceless in health assurance. It is the finest contribution to society of the world's largest soap makers.

For the health protection of your family place a cake of Lifebuoy at every place where there is running water. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

MOTHERS!

The precious lives of your children and husband are endangered every time they touch things soiled by contact with many hands.

Most sickness is caused by germs passing from hands to nose, mouth or food.

Train your children to keep hands away from the face and to purify hands and face as often as possible with the rich, antiseptic lather of Lifebuoy—the health soap which combats the dangers of dirt.

Bridging the gap in footwear between summer and winter

GETTING back to school is a real physical and mental effort for the average boy or girl. Thoughtful mothers are seeing to it that their children carry over into the school term as much as possible of vacation freedom and comfort. Among other things they are avoiding stiff, heavy shoes which cramp the feet. They are buying for their children comfortable Keds which are built for everyday wear.

The athletic trim models of Keds, one of which is shown above, have been especially designed for school wear. As light and natural as "barefoot," Keds are built to give the child's foot perfect protection. They allow the muscles to develop and strengthen. Orthopedic physicians recommend them for all normal feet.

Be sure you get Keds

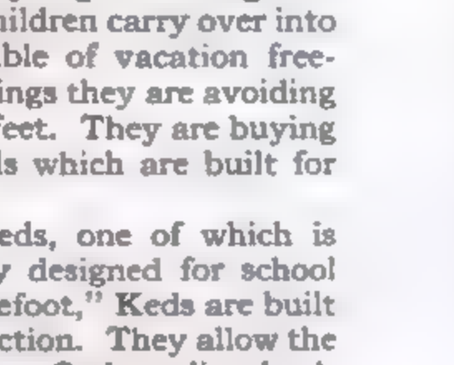
Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. The details of the finish—the stitching and reinforcements—the careful workmanship throughout—put Keds in a class by themselves.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds, no other shoe can give real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. F-8, 1790 Broadway, New York City

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, home, sport. High or low. Sizes for everyone.



United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg U. S. Pat. Off

U.S. RUBBER SYSTEM — UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Continued from Page 42

For the first time in his life he sat through to the ultimate fade-out of the last unspeakable embrace, watching, with bright, unwincing eyes, each added insult to reason, reality and reserve. Without a pang he beheld enormous beads of glycerin steal greasily down the gigantic cheeks of imbecile beauty. He had not even a desire to grin at the desperate plight of artless innocence, lured to a midnight rendezvous in the very web of the hungry spider. He nodded complacent approval when this predatory insect, adjured in the nick of time to remember his mother, melted to glycerin penitence and made tardy atonement to the pure, blameless girl and her aged father, still patiently inventing in the attic shop.

"Gee!" Roland Simpson relaxed in a long ecstatic sigh as the lights went on and the organ exploded into triumphant jazz. "Some picture!"

Blaik managed to look only soberly pleased.

"Yes, it was all of that," he said. "Too sleepy to go somewhere and have a bite of supper? I'd rather like to get your reactions to the play before I write about it."

Again the delighted look tugged at his sympathies, reproached him for his duplicity. It was a mean trick to take advantage of that innocence. Simpson was a decent sort, and it would hurt his feelings when he discovered that this pretended interest had served only to turn him inside out. But the thought of Marta stiffened Blaik's resolution. He mustn't let an unreasoning compassion for this appealing idiot stand in the way of Marta's enlightenment. His first duty, clearly, was toward her.

Leaning on the table, he listened to Simpson's unleashed tongue, marveling at the protective powers of silence.

"I didn't like that part where the hero was fooled by that vampire woman," said Simpson, his forehead corrugated horizontally. "Seems to me that his kind of a man—sort of strong and manly, you know—wouldn't care for that kind of a woman. I'd 've had him see through her wiles and never go to that swell party." He shook his head regretfully. "'Course it'd be too bad to leave that out, though. Those high-society parties certainly film great! That scene where the girls pulled him into the swimming pool, right in his full-dress suit—say, I felt as if I was right there in Newport with the Four Hundred myself!"

"They get some very realistic effects in that line," said Blaik.

If he could once set the fellow talking in this strain in Marta's hearing!

"I'll say they do!" Simpson wagged his head. "It'd be a pity to cut out that scene. It's a good thing, showing up the idle rich and how they act, like that." Again his forehead creased. "I'd 've had the hero go to it, only I'd fix it so he'd see what a hollow sham it was, and get his eyes open to the vamp's shallow, selfish, pleasure-craving soul, before he went and got in her clutches."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Blaik. "You seem to have a lot of ideas."

"Oh, I don't know." Simpson flushed. "Guess I've got in the habit of studying over the pictures I see. Now, f'r instance, you take that place where the girl goes to look at her mother's grave. Most people'd think that was about 's good as it could be, I guess—the way she kneeled down and all that. But all the time I kept thinking what a chance they'd missed. I'd 've had her take that big bunch of orchids that she'd just got from that old roo-ay and leave 'em on the grave. That'd make it all right, her taking them from him, see? It'd show she was a noble kind of girl, instead of making her look kind of shallow and foolish, the way they did it."

A beautiful thought spread slowly through Jeffrey Blaik's brain.

"I never would have thought of that," he said carefully. "You ought to write scenarios, Roland. With ideas like that ——"

The wistful look transfigured Simpson's honest face.

"Say, do you think I could? Gee! If ——" He fell silent, his eyes shining at some splendid vision. "Do you suppose it could be that—what Marta says about me, I mean? You think I could show her, writing for the movies?"

Sternly Jeffrey Blaik put down the weakling self-reproach that attacked him under the glowing gaze. Simpson didn't matter: it was Marta who must be awakened, cured. He seemed to see her, reading a scenario inspired by her steadfast faith, and the fancy lent him fresh resolve.

"Stranger things have happened," he said judicially. "Of course, there's no way of telling till you try; but you might ——"

Simpson fumbled in a breast pocket and produced a generous sheaf of printed letters.

"I didn't want to say anything about it, but I guess I can tell you." He stressed the final word. "I answered an ad the other day." He unfolded a clipping. The headlines were familiar to Blaik:

YOU OWE THE WORLD YOUR MASTERPIECE

Suppose Shakspere had said, "If I could only write like I can talk!" Suppose Michelangelo had been too bashful to let people see his early drawings! Suppose Miss Una Glutz had never dared to send us the script of Lawless Love!

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DOUBT YOUR GENIUS

Our questionnaire will tell instantly if you have in you one of those unwritten classics for which the world is waiting. Our course of ten short, easy lessons will teach you, in a few hours of spare time, how

YOU CAN MAKE THOUSANDS WRITING PHOTOPLAYS!

"It's not the money I'm after." Simpson shook his head. "It's the other thing. If Marta's right about me I sort of owe it to the world, the same as it says here. Maybe ——"

"Have you sent for the lessons yet?" Blaik managed to control his face.

"I wanted to ask you first. It's right in your line. If you think ——"

"Do it!" Blaik spoke decisively. "It doesn't cost much, does it?"

"They're giving me a special, confidential discount, because the way I answered those test questions looks good to them." Simpson's awed tone did not quite avoid a touch of triumph. "If I sign up this week I get the course for sixty-six sixty-seven instead of a hundred."

"Do it." Blaik was annoyed at a protest from his conscience. He pacified it. "If you don't make good I'll stand the loss myself. That's what I think of your chances!"

"Gee!" Simpson's breath escaped in a slow, happy sound. Under Blaik's eye he sealed the stamped and printed envelope in which he had already folded a check. "There!"

The expression of his transparent face reminded Blaik of Marta. He frowned. If Simpson told her she'd spoil everything. He could almost hear her shocked, affronted voice, see her delicate lips twist downward at their corners in that look of fine disgust that answered every reference to the movies. If she didn't find it out until Roland had discharged his soul of that unpaid debt he owed the waiting world, not even her obsession could blind her to the truth.

"Better not say anything to Marta just yet."

Simpson's radiance dimmed.

"I was sort of counting on her to help."

Blaik resisted a temptation to enjoy the thought of Marta Calverly collaborating on those ten easy lessons.

"Yes; but it would be a pity to raise her hopes before we're sure. She'd be so disappointed if you didn't make good."

Simpson wagged his head.

"That's right. I'll keep still till I put something across." His lower jaw assumed a formidable jut. "But I'm going to go through with this, and she won't be disappointed—not so's you can notice it! When I start, I finish!"

"That's the right spirit."

Blaik liked the unconscious accuracy of the phrase. Finish, in Roland Simpson's idiom, was right!

III

THE lights subsided just as Jeffrey Blaik passed between the gorgeous hangings that warmed and softened the marble majesty of the inner door. Something made him think, unreasonably, of a night long ago, when Jeffrey Blaik had been a kid reporter, sitting in an ugly room of grated windows and trying not to shudder as the prison bulbs flickered and dulled. In a sense, he admitted, the association of ideas was sound. Before him, in the stately, echoing darkness, something was presently to die.

As he allowed an eager usher to find him a seat near the door he justified himself against an accusing sense of responsibility, almost of guilt. It was cruel, no doubt, but in such case as this only cruelty could be kind; nothing short of surgical brutality could destroy that stubborn self-deception of Marta's. She would be the first to thank Jeffrey Blaik for his share in it. He knew

(Continued on Page 46)

PIERCE

Do you *really know* what Pierce-Arrow has made 6 cylinders do?

For nearly two decades the six-cylinder engine has been the accepted engineering standard.

Without unnecessary complications, it combines perfect balance with continuous power flow.

But Pierce-Arrow has developed six-cylinder performance far beyond the ordinary standard. Two remarkable improvements—dual valves and dual ignition—account for it.

Their function is simple.

Instead of two valves for each cylinder, there are four. Double exhaust valves, opening simultaneously, clear the combustion chamber of *all* dead gas. None is left to contaminate and weaken the incoming explosive mixture.

The double inlet valves admit a full charge. This "full-strength" gas is touched off by *two* spark plugs, flashing simultaneously, instead of *one*. The effect is startling.

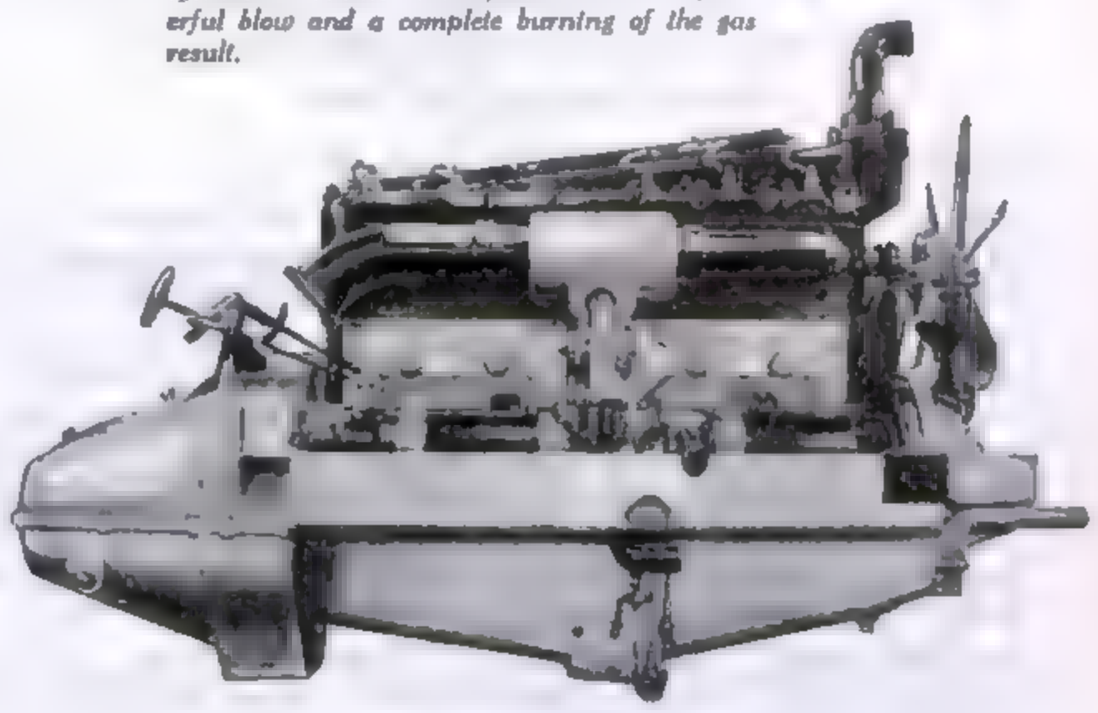
In fact, the ignition switch affords a demonstration of this. With it you can put a single set or the double set of spark plugs into action. Switching from a single set into the double makes the car fairly leap ahead without touching the accelerator.

Power far beyond the rating of the engine—fifty per cent greater hill-climbing ability—twenty per cent saving in fuel consumption—unparalleled flexibility—quicker acceleration—all these are the contribution of these two exclusive Pierce-Arrow developments.

Each of the twelve beautiful open and closed Pierce-Arrow models is powered by this modern Dual-Valve, Dual-Ignition Engine.

In the Pierce-Arrow six-cylinder engine, dual valves admit a maximum explosive charge, and, after the explosion, completely exhaust the dead gases.

Dual ignition—two simultaneous sparks in each cylinder—"rushes" the explosion. A more powerful blow and a complete burning of the gas result.



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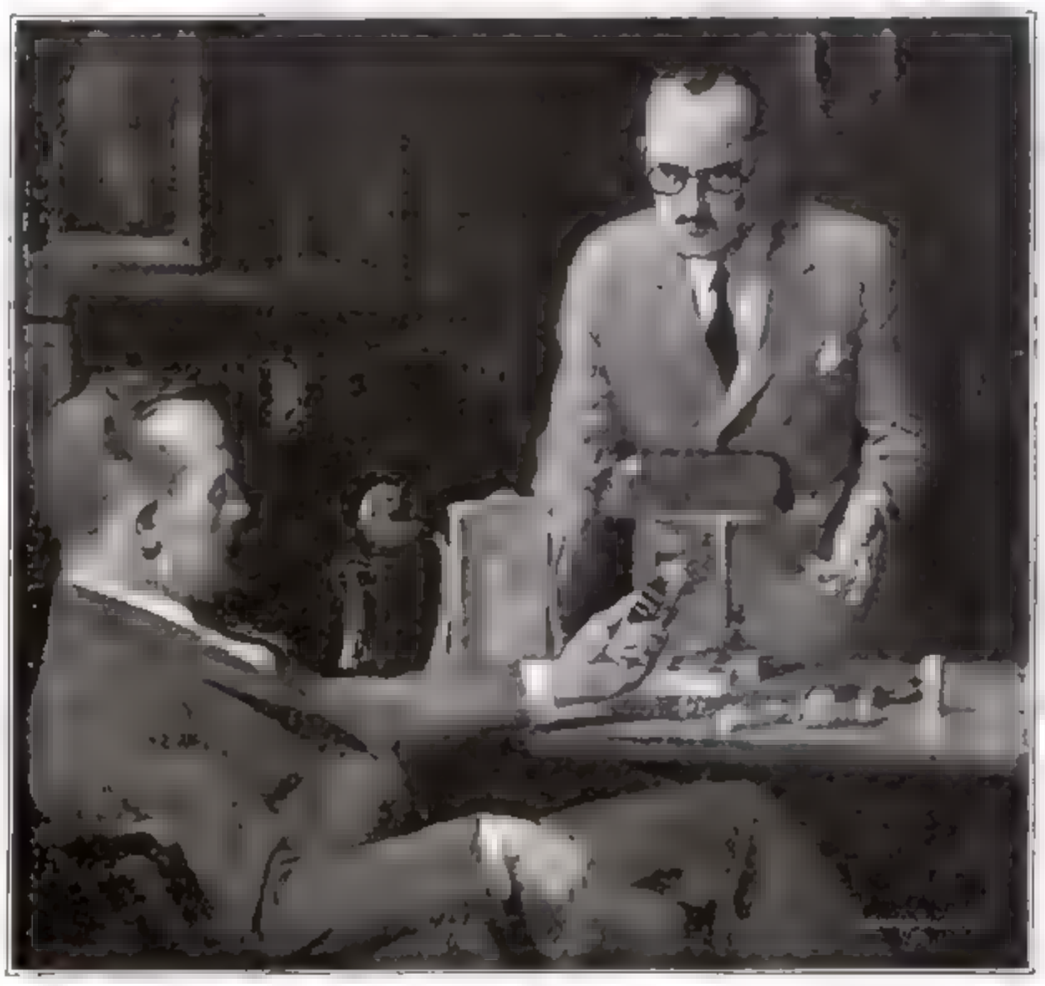

My Hardest Job

To excel all other shaving creams in a convincing way

Gentlemen: By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

About four years ago I was assigned the hardest job of my career.

We here have proved ourselves soap chemists of high rank. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

They wanted an equal shaving cream, and the problem came to me. Before me they laid a score of creations, each having many friends. I thought of the millions of men who were wedded to them. And what a superlative cream we had to perfect to ever hope to win them away.

Then we sent out and asked 1,000 men what they most desired in a cream. And we went to work to meet their ideals.

It took us 18 months. We made up and tested 130 different formulas before we satisfied ourselves.

But then we had a shaving cream which men delight to use. In six months it became a sensation. Now millions are using it, and others are coming as fast as we can get them to try it.

This is the shaving cream this coupon offers you. In view of our work and this record, won't you do us the kindness to try it? Cut out the coupon as a reminder.

5 reasons why men prefer it

1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—It softens the beard in one minute. No hot towels. No finger rubbing.
3—It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face
4—It has strong bubbles to hold the hairs erect for cutting. That is an essential few men know.
5—Its after-effects are delightful, due to palm and olive oils.

Ten Shaves Free

Send the Coupon

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-522, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

J999

(Continued from Page 44)

that he had no need to blame himself on Simpson's account, and yet as he leaned back in the padded chair, conscious of a mounting excitement, he was dimly sorry for the fellow—not because of Marta, but because the approaching climax of the drama would leave him mired thigh deep and forever in perplexity. In fancy Blaik could see the baffled forehead, scored with washboard wrinkles. Simpson would die with never a gleam of understanding behind those mooncalf eyes.

Blaik chuckled softly. He really ought to have foreseen it all. That monorail mind, that infallible instinct for the deepest, muddiest puddle of sentiment, that magnificently total lack of any cramping restraint of taste—he might have guessed, on that first evening when he had caught a glimpse of Simpson's unsealed soul, that this would be the outcome of their plot. The man was made to measure for the trade!

Blaik dwelt happily on the memory of their patient conspiracy—the desperate intensity of Roland's attack on those ten short, easy lessons, the bitter, concentrated passion he brought to such exercises as those termed Problems in Advanced Plot-Building:

> John, bank president, loves Mary, who loves Phil, clerk in John's bank. Phil is accused of embezzlement and John offers to spare him if Mary will marry him (John). How would you develop this theme to a five-reel story, supposing that Phil is (a) innocent, (b) guilty?

"He's got to be innocent!" Roland flatly refused to attempt the second test. "A fine, pure girl like Mary wouldn't love a thief."

Keeping the secret from Marta had lent an added spice of interest. Of course, if she hadn't taken that providential trip abroad she'd have found out long before this, though. Even Marta's splendid remoteness from the world in which news of the screen is current would hardly have protected her from the discovery that Roland's first scenario had won first prize in that five-thousand-dollar contest, if it had happened before she sailed.

Blaik grinned through the darkness at the recollection of his own idea that Roland would reveal himself to Marta, during that separation, by the letters he would surely write.

"I can't seem to do it, Mr. Blaik. The words don't come. I just sit there and make triangles all over the paper, the same as when I tried to write poetry that time."

"But she'll wonder if she doesn't hear from you," Blaik argued. "You really ought to write something."

"I been sending her a cable once a week," said Simpson. "That's the best I can do, honestly."

Blaik surrendered that hope. Not even a spendthrift could wholly reveal himself by cable. And presently, when Marta came home and read the scenario on which Roland was engaged ——

When he had recovered from the shock of that award he saw that it was, after all, a splendid stroke of luck. The masterpiece would be translated, now, to visibility; the soul of Roland Simpson would shine down at Marta from the screen instead of in the less revealing medium of typescript. He was in excellent spirits when he saw Roland take the train for California, to collaborate in person in the process so admirably described as shooting. A month or two of Hollywood ought to bring some considerable measure of Roland's inwardness to the surface, where even Marta's deluded eye must see it.

As for himself, he was vaguely shamed by the discovery that absence exerted something like its proverbial effect upon his emotions. He missed Marta, especially after Roland went West and there was no one to talk to about her. He observed, with an aghast realization of moral decay in himself, that he no longer found the idea of marriage inherently comic; that he was prompted sometimes to defend it against his elder self almost as stoutly as Roland Simpson would have supported it. Perhaps, when Marta came back, when this nonsense about Simpson had been settled ——

The noble voice of the organ sank to a hushed anticipation. Jeffrey Blaik was suddenly glad that he had been generous with Roland about today. The poor simpleton might as well be happy while he could. It would have taken the edge off his pleasure if Blaik had also gone to meet Marta at the pier, after Roland had traveled clear across the continent just to welcome her. A fresh stab of compassion hurt Blaik. Poor beaming boob, waiting down there for the cathode ray of the camera to expose him!

The stately curtains swept soundlessly apart; the huge rectangle shone with silvery letters:

MORRIS GIBNITZER
PRESENTS
IOTA THRUSH
IN
LIPS OF SIN
BY ROLAND HONEYWELL SIMPSON
A GIBNITZER PRODUCTION

Jeffrey Blaik licked his lips as the legend dissolved into acknowledgments to other names. He could feel their pitiless impact on Marta Calverly's outraged eyes. He hoped that Roland wouldn't think it necessary to tell her that he had been accessory before the fact. Again a moonlit subtitle swam into view:

THE HOME OF A FINE OLD SOUTHERN FAMILY AND ITS QUAINT WAYS

He leaned back, the tension on his nerves released. He had experienced the same relief, up there at the prison, when the lights flashed up after the third descent. It was over now; too late for pity or penitence. He sat through eight saturated reels, increasingly ashamed of their superfluous revealments. It made him feel as if, having ruthlessly done to death that imaginary Roland Simpson who had been real in Marta's sight, he stooped to senseless savagery upon the ensanguined corpse. He watched the exits, half hoping that he might see Marta seeking escape.

The lights paled a final, passionate reiteration that this was indeed a veritable Gibnitzer production; the organ pealed exuberantly; the aisles thronged with those who seemed to suffer no least shame for having bought their seats. Blaik stood in the lee of a marble column, waiting, an exquisite, fluttering quiver vibrating his diaphragm. Perhaps, after all, she had refused to come; perhaps the mere suggestion of the movies had enlightened her. Perhaps he saw her coming eagerly toward him, and again he thought of peach blossoms and of warm, soft-shining stars.

"Jeffrey!" Her hands found his and held them; her voice set up deep in him a low singing echo, like a tuning fork that answers to its note. He groped helplessly for speech, for coherent thought, lost in a roseate fog. Remotely he distinguished intelligible words in the swift current of Marta's utterance.

"You've given me the key to a new magic wonderland, Jeffrey. I feel as if I'd seen the first dawn of some new splendid sun. A glorious new art to explore; and I never knew—I never dreamed, till Roland—Roland and you—opened my stupid eyes!"

Jeffrey Blaik shook his head, as a man strives to clear a brain stunned by concussion. The singing voice flowed on about him, engulfing him in a current he had no power to oppose.

"I'll never thank you, Jeffrey. If you hadn't found the window I might never have seen into—into Roland's soul as you've let me see into it tonight. Of course I knew, blindly, that there was all this—all this splendor hidden there and—and locked. But it was you who found the only way to unseal it, Jeffrey. I shall always feel—always—that Roland is your gift to me!"

Roland became dimly visible at Marta's shoulder. Blaik's throat contracted achingly at the discovery of the softly beautiful curve of that upper arm. Why hadn't he noticed that till now? Roland was talking; his words crowded in on Blaik's attention.

"You got to g'wout there one of these days, Mr. Blaik. Anybody that's got any art in his system is just wasting time till he gets to the B. P. O. E. Best place on earth, you know." He chuckled. "And that goes for the people too. I been telling Marta there's more real artists to the square inch in good old Hollywood than to the square mile anywheres else. You got to come out and see us soon as we get settled in the new bungalow."

Blaik's glance twisted helplessly to Marta; something in her look reminded him of that dumb, yearning expression he had seen so often in Roland's face.

"Think of it, Jeffrey! The romance of it! Building that home for us, out there in the sunshine, before he told me! You will come, won't you?"

And as his dazed nod obeyed the compulsion of that starry look, Jeffrey Blaik faced a sick, freezing fear that he might.

4-passenger Phaeton, $2450

Thoroughbred Beauty—Performance—Stamina

PAIGE behavior bespeaks the engineering genius and experience behind the car. Never will you find a car more delightful in handling ease than the Paige—the achievement of 14 years' intensive effort.

Swiftly and smoothly over the open road at 70 miles an hour or crawling through the traffic crush at 2—gear shifting is rarely necessary. Then an easy movement does it, and the docile Paige clutch engages without stalling or jerking. No clash or missing mar the driving of the veriest novice.

The silent Paige 70 H. P. motor, kept youthful and eager by the Paige high-pressure oiling system, gives you confidence in your ability to meet all road conditions. The quiet timing chain is automatically adjusted to maintain accurate timing. Long years of silent, smooth service are assured.

Paige bodies are substantial. Body squeaks and rattles are prevented by double strips of patent leather that keep metal from touching metal or wood. Richness of finish throughout—not a piece of imitation leather in the car. Ample foot room—and deeply cushioned seats, set comfortably low, make restful riding. Rear springs more than 5 feet long and 131-inch wheelbase, turn bad roads to good.

It is possible to offer this value to Paige buyers since the tremendous volume on the Paige-built Jewett has reduced overhead on Paige by hundreds of dollars a car. It *is* a value unexcelled. Test it yourself by seeing and driving this car of fine workmanship.

7-passenger Phaeton $2450
4-passenger Phaeton $2450
3-passenger Roadster $2695
5-passenger Brougham $2850

PAIGE

5-passenger Touring Sedan $3235
7-passenger Sedan $3235
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Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

(423 B)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

Why don't you write?

Some of the closest friends have drifted apart because one or the other neglected to write—or to answer letters promptly.

Can't you trace most of your neglect of letter-writing to lack of personal stationery when you were in the mood to write?

With a supply of social stationery in the house it is easy to answer letters promptly; and with the right kind of note paper, writing becomes a congenial matter.

The texture of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery fairly invites letters to be written. There are three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—and eight styles and sizes of paper and envelopes. The price is 35c to 75c a box at druggists', stationers', and department stores.

In case you prefer the convenience of a writing tablet, you can get it, also, made of Hammermill Bond, in popular sizes, ruled or unruled, and envelopes to match. These tablets are suitable for social correspondence, school work, and to take on a journey.

SEND FOR ATTRACTIVE SAMPLES

If you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin) we will mail you enough Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in different styles and finishes to answer several of the letters you owe.

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HAMMERMILL BOND
Social Stationery

CHAMPIONS ALL

(Continued from Page 15)

brothers; France had sent its best—Cochet, Decugis and others; Italy took the field with Count Balbi and Baron de Morpurgo; America pinned its hopes on its champion, a tall agile young man named William T. Tilden II. The newspapers said that he stood the best chance to win, unless some dark horse showed unexpected power. The dark horse might be one of the half dozen strong English players entered—Kingscote or Lycett or Crawford; or it might be a champion from some far-off land—India, South Africa or Siam.

The first round was on when I reached there; all the courts were filled with white-flanneled athletes, and the air resounded with the ping of gut against ball. But no one was playing on Court No. 1, the star court, nearest the grand stand. That, it seemed, was being reserved for some match of special interest and importance. The crowd paid little attention to the darting, leaping athletes on the other courts; it was plain that the crowd awaited, more or less impatiently, the big match of the day.

The reason for the interest became apparent when the two players who were to meet on the stellar court strolled out of the clubhouse. One I recognized instantly; it was Tilden. There was no mistaking that famous shaggy sweater, those yards of arms and legs, those square sharp-cut shoulders, and that incisive face. His opponent I did not recognize until he had passed quite near where I sat, and then I rubbed my eyes and stared again. There was no one else in the world who had a downy head, a snub nose, and such a perfect example of knock-knees as that; it must be Cabot Cabot IV. But that was preposterous; for, dub that he was in all sports, it was in tennis that Cabot Cabot's dubbishness reached sublime heights. He was certainly one of the worst tennis players in the world. Yet there he was, toting a huge pile of rackets and preparing to play Big Bill Tilden, who was certainly one of the best.

My seat was in the first row, and Cabot Cabot saw me. He started, flushed, looked alarmed and came over to where I sat. I saw that the grim composure of desperation was on him.

"Well, what the devil are you doing out there?" I began.

"Sh-h, for the love of heaven!" he hissed. "What do you suppose I'm doing? Trying to beat Tilden."

"You?"

"Why not? You see, Diana came over to play in the ladies' singles, so I came along, too, and entered the men's."

"But how did they ever let you in?"

"Sh-h!" he whispered urgently. "I told 'em I was champion of Siam."

"Siam? Why, you were never in Siam in your life."

"I know it," he said. "But neither was the committee. Don't you see, old man, I just had to enter somehow and take a shot at the cup. I just feel that this is my big chance. One can't win a championship without taking a chance, can one?"

Then the referee called out, "Mr. Cabot, you will serve," and the champion of Siam, after thoughtfully inspecting each of his nine rackets, selected one and took his place at the base line.

Tilden, across the net, was a picture of alertness and concentration; he bent forward, with creased brow; a championship was at stake, and a championship was a serious matter; his manner said he could afford to take no chances with this odd-looking unknown; a man capable of winning the championship of Siam might easily be capable of anything. Certainly Cabot Cabot, as he made ready to serve the first ball, was a fearsome, even awe-inspiring figure. The features of the champion of Siam were knit together in one prodigiously earnest and determined glare. He moistened the palms of his hands, he tightened his grip on his racket. Tilden, anticipating from these preparations a serve of devastating swiftness, moved well back of his own base line. Then Cabot Cabot served.

In the history of tennis there was never a serve like Cabot Cabot's. It was a species of hula-hula dance combined with an epileptic fit. He whirled his racket around his head three times; he twisted on his toes; he caught his elbow in his floating ribs; then he delivered himself of a stroke that made him almost decapitate himself with his racket. The ball sailed over the net; more accurately, it floated over as if wafted by a gentle zephyr; just across the net it dropped as softly as a poached egg on a fat lady's lap.

Tilden, playing deep for a fast ball, failed to get up to it.

"Fifteen—love," the referee called.

The champion of Siam wrinkled up his brow and took up a fresh racket. Again he wound himself up, and again it seemed to everyone, including Tilden, that his forthcoming service would probably burn a hole in the court. It didn't. It was the mildest of dewdrops; it barely faltered over the net, sank to the turf, gave a half-hearted hop and fizzled away. Tilden, fast as he was, was playing too far back to do more than touch the ball.

"Thirty—love," called the umpire.

I could see that Cabot Cabot was biting his lip in excitement. By all the laws of tennis strategy his next serve should be a fast one, and the crafty Tilden, as Cabot contorted, jumped back to be ready for it. Once again Cabot's effort was a sickly pop with just enough life in it to carry it to the net, where it gave up the ghost and fluttered down to earth. Tilden, coming up like a fire horse to a three-alarm fire, just managed to tip it, and net it.

"Forty—love," called the referee.

The champion of Siam took up still another racket and prepared to serve again. The champion of America wore a puzzled look; he was not accustomed to Siamese tennis. Surely, he seemed to reason, there is some devilish guile in those soft-boiled serves that funny-looking bird is feeding me; his game must be to get me in close and then ace me with his high-bounding fast one. So Tilden poised himself at the base line, ready for anything. Cabot Cabot tangled himself up, untangled himself and smote at the ball. But as he brought up his racket it caught on one of his rather prominent ears, giving the racket a twist that brought a slanting surface against the ball; the ball twisted over the net like a snake with St. Vitus' dance, and spun off to one side. Even Tilden could not cope with a miracle.

"Game to Mr. Cabot," called the referee. "He leads, one—love, first set."

The champion of Siam mopped his brow, grinned at me, took up a new racket and, planting himself well back of the base line, waited for Tilden to serve. Tilden did. It was one of the American champion's celebrated cannon balls; and Cabot Cabot didn't see it till the ball boy picked it up. Again Tilden crashed over his cannon ball, and Cabot waved at it as it went by. After that Cabot only touched the ball when he was serving, and then just long enough to tap over his soft pop of a serve, which I knew was the only kind he had. This fact the astute Mr. Tilden divined very soon, and, of course, murdered it. Cabot Cabot didn't get another point.

"Well," he said when I met him afterwards, "I took a game from him, anyhow. You know, I thought I had him when I took that first game. But he fooled me. I guess he must have been playing supertennis today. Anyhow, I held him to 6–1, 6–0, and Diana saw me tackle him."

When I saw him again next morning he looked glum.

"I asked her again last night," he informed me. "I told her that one little word from her would make me the happiest man ever."

"Did she say it?"

"Oh, she said one little word, all right," answered Cabot Cabot. "It was 'no.'"

Then, to my surprise, he brightened.

"Well, the open golf championships are being played at Deal next week," he remarked.

"What of that?"

"Oh, I'm going to take a shot at the mug," he answered airily.

"You?"

"Yes, me. You see, golf is a game where a fellow can rise to great heights in a pinch. I can't help but think this is my chance."

"Oh, you have a chance all right," I said. "All you have to do is beat Vardon, Ray, Braid, Hagen, Ouimet, Evans and a few novices like that."

"I know," he said, wagging his downy head. "It will be no cinch. But I'm not afraid to play any of them. Diana will be there, you know."

"But, man alive," I exclaimed, "they won't let an unknown like you on the links!" (Continued on Page 51)

GMC Develops A National Industry

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"

The Truck Tractor Opens All Roads to Heavy Tonnage Loads

Because of the new and economical haulage developed by GMC Truck Tractors, transportation of volume tonnage by motor trucks has become a nation-wide industry.

Multiplying the power from an engine of moderate size, through the now famous GMC Two-Range transmission, into pulling ability makes possible the hauling of loads as great as 15 tons over any highway or grade where wheels can get traction. This has not only provided new uses for motor trucks, but also has provided old trucking lines with the way to lowered operating costs and increased profits.

For GMC Truck Tractors have reduced the ton mile cost of hauling as much as 50 per cent in numerous cases.

Moreover, truck tractors in combination with two- and four-wheel trailers remove the danger of destroying road surfaces with heavy loads.

There is no division of opinion as to the superiority of the truck tractor for carrying big tonnage. Nor is there any question as to the ability of GMC Truck Tractors to provide the power for this at a remarkably low cost.

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A few practical hints about Window Shades

by Helen Richmond

WHEN I first began writing about how to make windows more beautiful I found that women were asking a lot of important and practical questions about window shades. When I told an advertising man that I was going to answer those questions, he said, "They won't read it. Start with attractive ideas of decoration."

Isn't that just like a man! Women want to know first, what to look for in window shades and what to avoid.

It is a great mistake to think that a thick cloth which keeps out all of the light will wear better. A translucent shade frequently gives better service, cannot be seen through from the outside, and sheds its tone over the room.

A few feet away, from the sidewalk, window shades, whether they cost 75c or $3.00, look equally well *when new*. Even when seen inside, their clear color and firm texture puzzle an expert. He can hardly tell if shade cloth of a certain grade is the best of its kind or not.

Shade cloth of any grade can be made a trifle poorer without its being noticed. Knowing this to be true, it really inspired me with a new faith in our big progressive manufacturers when I learned that the greatest maker of window shades in the world has never allowed any of his five shade cloth factories to make shades which deceived the purchaser. They do everything they can to make shades even better than anyone expects.

There are experts in the stores, of course, who know all about shades. And it did inspire me when I heard so many of them tell about this policy of the big *Columbia* Mills. To any woman who isn't an expert at judging shade cloth, it means so much to know that such ideals are really woven into the cloth she asks for. No wonder *Columbia* Mills can guarantee that their shades and rollers will be satisfactory.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

Here is what great decorators advise

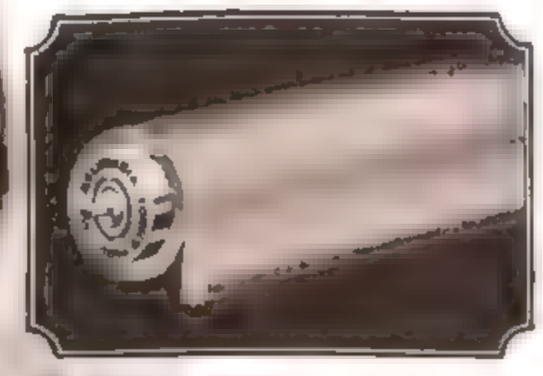
WE all try to freshen up some room that we use a great deal, by rearranging the furniture. Then, when we are achingly tired of the new arrangement, we are forced to try another change.

Even your new draperies or new wall paper fail to bring the thrill at first that you thought it would. What is the trouble? Great decorators will tell you it is simply because the "tone of the room" is not right.

"Few people realize," Elsie Sloan Farley says, "that light is just as much a living thing as people are—that light is the *tone* element that really freshens home decoration—not the mere juggling of furniture from one place to another."

A beautiful tone must start where the light enters. If you choose a delightful color for your shades and draperies, your room cannot be a failure. Their softening effect works like magic. You will find the new touch of distinction easy to secure—and inexpensive, too—if you choose one of the subtle *Columbia* colors.

ELSIE SLOAN FARLEY'S new book, "Beautiful Windows," gives dozens of little hints that will save money and help you to make the most of the Tone Method of decoration. Send 10c and we will enter your name on the advance list to receive one of the first copies off the press. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



THE Columbia ROLLER, in nickel plated brackets, smoothly and silently serves year after year. Just about the time an ordinary roller is worn out, the Columbia Roller can be adjusted to bring into play its reserve spring that gives from 30% to 40% additional strength and life. All moving parts are hidden—away from dust and dirt—in a beautifully nickel plated enclosure.

Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 48)

"Perhaps," said Cabot Cabot. "But it will do no harm to try."

"Not a bit," I agreed.

"Then come on with me while I go down to the secretary of the tournament and enter."

I went.

Outside the secretary's office Cabot Cabot paused. His assurance deserted him somewhat when he read the list of entrants posted up there:

Edward Ray (Oxhey)
R. McDonald (Royal Norwich)
S. McPhee (Royal Hebrides)
T. Mitchell (Royal and Ancient)

But he licked his lips, squared his shoulders and marched into the secretary's office. The secretary adjusted his monocle and surveyed Cabot Cabot IV.

"I've come to enter the tournament," said Cabot Cabot.

"What is your name, please?"

Cabot cleared his throat.

"Buggsy McNutt," he said firmly.

"I beg pardon?"

"Buggsy McNutt," repeated Cabot.

"Ah, yes. And what is your club, Mr. McNutt?"

I saw a gleam of inspiration light up the mild blue eye of the least of the Cabots.

"The Royal Arcanum," he said loudly.

The secretary raised his eyebrows.

"I thought I knew all the royal clubs," he said. "But I'm afraid I don't know the Royal Arcanum. Would it be in New Zealand perhaps?"

"It would be," said Cabot.

The secretary was still dubious.

"Of course you understand, Mr. McNutt," he said, "that we are limiting our entries to Class A players."

"And quite right too," said Cabot heartily.

"What is your handicap?" the secretary asked.

"Handicap?" repeated Cabot. "Why, I have no handicap."

"Ah," said the secretary, beginning to thaw, "a scratch man! In that case I'll accept your entry."

When we were outside I turned to Cabot Cabot.

"You certainly win the liquid flagpole," I said. "What do you mean by telling him you were a scratch golfer? You're nothing of the kind."

He looked slightly hurt.

"I didn't tell him I was a scratch golfer," he said. "That was how he interpreted the simple truth. He asked me what my handicap was, and I said I had no handicap. I haven't. I never played in a tournament before."

"And you said you belonged to the Royal Arcanum."

"Well, my father is insured in it," said Cabot Cabot.

"But it's no golf club."

"Did I tell him it was?"

Going down to Deal a week later I read in a London newspaper a story of the approaching golf championships, and my eye fell on this paragraph:

Edward Ray (Oxhey), the veteran champion, is playing some of the most sensational golf of his long and brilliant career, but he is apt to catch a Tartar in the very first round when he meets Mr. Buggsy McNutt (Royal Arcanum, New Zealand), a crack scratch player. A large gallery is expected to follow this match. Mr. McNutt is not known to the British golfing public, but he may surprise Ray.

That he would surprise Ray I felt perfectly sure. I resolved to be in that gallery.

It was, indeed, a large one, and an absorbed one. There is nothing in the world quite so intense as a collection of ardent golfers watching two masters of the game and trying to discover how they bring off their shots.

The veteran Ray was the first to drive, and it was a beauty; his graceful, powerful swing sent the ball whizzing straight away for more than two hundred and sixty yards; a neat mashie shot, and he was on the green; a firm, crisp putt, and he was down in three par for the hole

When Cabot Cabot, resplendent in violet-hued tweed, took his stance at the tee, the crowd gasped His style was peculiar, and calculated to give a true golfer sharp, shooting pains. From his pose one could not be sure whether he intended to hit the ball with his club, kick it with his foot or bend over and pick it up with his teeth Then he swung. Sand filled the air. The ball trickled along for three yards and stopped. Cabot, undismayed, attacked it again. This time he succeeded in slicing it with a blow that made it carom off the lowest vest button of a member of the House of Lords who was in the gallery.

"My word!" said this gentleman. "How 'strawnerry!"

Cabot Cabot hacked and whaled at the ball until, at last, after missing three nine-inch putts, he bunted it into the hole. He had taken sixteen strokes for the hole.

Ray, ever courteous, felt that he must say something encouraging.

"You certainly were playing in hard luck that hole, Mr. McNutt," he said.

"Hard luck, hell!" said Cabot Cabot cheerfully. "Why, I usually take twenty strokes for a hole like that."

It was then that the newspaper's prediction that Ray would be surprised seemed likely to be fulfilled. Somehow the veteran rallied from the shock, and his card was 71. I don't think they kept count of Cabot Cabot's after the first hundred.

When I met him next morning I could tell by the blue cloud that surrounded him that he had proposed to Diana Thorndike and that she had refused him. He divined my thoughts.

"Oh, well," he said, "it was only the eleventh time I've asked her. But it isn't the last."

When I ran across him again it was a good long time after this, and the war fever was at its height. He was visibly excited, so much so that his words stumbled over each other.

"I can't help feeling that my big chance has come at last," he said. "My family always was good at wars, you know. My grandfather was a general in the Civil War, and my dad has just been made a colonel, and all my brothers are majors and captains and things. You see, soldiering runs in our family. Yes, it's my chance to amount to something. I'm going down to Washington tonight; I know a fellow who can get me a commission, he says. Then I'll go overseas right away. You see, Diana refused me again last night at the opera, and again this morning while we were riding in Central Park. I'm getting tired of being refused. I've simply got to get busy and do something big. Well, good-by; mustn't miss that train; hope they'll make me at least a captain."

And with that Cabot Cabot IV was off.

He disappeared from his accustomed haunts, and I had no word from him; but occasionally a rumor about him would reach me. One report had it that he had managed to become an aviator, and on his very first flight had seen fit to attack, single-handed, an enemy flying circus, with the inevitable result that he had been crashed and killed. Later this report was revised; he had not been killed, but had been forced to land in Switzerland, where he was interned. Still another report reached me: An American soldier named Cabot had attempted to capture an enemy tank all by himself, and had either been taken prisoner or killed. This sounded so exactly like Cabot Cabot IV that I made up my mind I should never see that light-hearted grin and that downy head again.

Just after the Armistice, when all Paris was wild with joy, and the entire American Army was conniving to get to Paris and help celebrate, I managed to slip away from my division on a brief leave of absence, and, of course, I headed straight for Paris.

I had dinner at La Rue's and afterward I strolled to the Place de la Concorde. In the center of that vast square a crowd was gathering; it was an interested, excited crowd. From its center I heard shrill, violent sounds as of combat.

In clear belligerent American accents I heard a voice declaring: "I can lick any pop-eyed Frog in the world. I can lick any Limey in the world. I can lick any Aussie in the world. I'm so bad I'm afraid of myself. Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! Is there anybody here man enough to step up and fight me? I'm the hardest egg that was ever hatched in America. I'll fight any four of you. Come on, you timid squids. I'm the champion rough-and-tumble fighter of the world. *Vive l'Amérique!*"

The Frenchmen in the crowd, believing it to be a patriotic oration, applauded vigorously.

The voice grew plaintive. "Isn't there anybody who will fight me?" Then it became fierce again. "I can lick my weight in screaming catamounts. Do you know who I am? I'm Buggsy McNutt!"

I pushed through the crowd, and, sure enough, it was Cabot Cabot IV. He had, I regret to say, been drinking. He had lost his cap, and his leggings were coming off; the uniform he wore was the uniform of the Red Cross.

I took him by the arm and steered him to a bench in the Champs Elysées. His excitement on seeing a friend overcame for the moment the spirit of Buggsy McNutt, and he was comparatively peaceful.

"Why, I heard you were an aviator," I began.

"That was Brother Sigourney," he said, and I sensed bitterness in his tone. "I tried to get into aviation, and they said I was nearsighted. I offered to lick the major who said it, but that did no good. I tried to get into the infantry, but they said I had flat feet. I told the colonel that he had a flat head; so they threw me out. I tried to get into the artillery, but they said I was under weight. I told 'em I'd eat a couple of cannon balls if they wanted me to. I tried to get into the navy, but they wouldn't have me. I forget what the ossified boob of a doctor said was the matter; sounded like 'inverted nostrils' or something like that. But at last I got into the Red Cross. You see, Diana had come over with them. I made up my mind I'd come over, too, if I had to wade the Atlantic. Well, I hoped they'd send me up to the front, where I'd have a chance to do something. But look at me! During the whole show I've been stuck here in Paris, at a canteen, handing out cups of cocoa. That's me—a cocoa soldier."

He was almost in tears.

"Come on, forget it," I urged. "You did what you could. Let's have a party tonight. Let's go to the Folies Bergère."

He considered a moment.

"Diana's going there tonight," he said. "She's going with that big sea lion of a Yale man, Goodhue; he's a captain in the artillery, of course. Still, that's no reason why I shouldn't go too. Yes, by Jove, I will go!"

"How is Diana?" I inquired.

"She's wonderful," he answered; then added, "She refused me for the forty-eighth time Tuesday, and the forty-ninth Wednesday. I think we'd better have a bottle of Asti spumante or a couple of Rajah's Pegs before we start."

"What are Rajah's Pegs?"

"Oh," he said, "a Limey officer told me about 'em. They're a sort of whisky and soda—except instead of whisky you have old brandy, and instead of soda you have champagne. Two of them will make you think you're a poached egg and send you running around Paris looking for a piece of toast to lie on."

We had some Rajah's Pegs. But we did, eventually, reach the Folies Bergère, which was stuffed with audience, mostly soldiers in the uniforms of all the Allies. The somewhat naughty and distinctly underdressed revue was in full swing when Cabot Cabot IV and I insinuated ourselves into our seats in the rear. We craned our necks to see, and strained our ears to hear, until at last the feature of the entertainment was announced.

A plump Frenchman in tight evening clothes came from the wings and announced, first in French and then in what he believed, somewhat optimistically, to be English: "Ladieses and zhentlemens: It geeves me a pleasair the most extraordinary to present to you zat man most astounding, zat prodigy of power, Yoobel Kabab, ze Armenian Hercules, ze most strongest man in ze world entire. He will perform feats of muscle unbelievable. He will lift ten men. He will lift one horse. He will wrestle any man in ze world, and give heem ten thousand francs if he cannot throw heem in five minutes. Ladieses and zhentlemens, behold—Yoobel Kabab!"

To a blare of music the Armenian Hercules strode to the footlights, and the stage quivered beneath him. He stood there, well pleased with himself, bulging his muscles at the audience. Just to look at him one would have suspected Yoobel of being a strong man. He was simply clad in a brief pinafore of leopard skin that fitted tightly about a waist like a roundhouse. He consisted entirely of muscles, the smallest being the size of a well-developed cantaloupe. Every time he moved, new biscuits of muscles popped up on him as if he had recently swallowed a sack of baking powder. The only thing that did not seem highly developed about him was his head, which was small, round and close-clipped, and had the appearance of a plum pudding perched on top of a taxicab. His face just had room for a small spiky mustache and a superior smile.

"Funny way to spend his time," they said

"Yes, sir, he's a funny fellow," scoffed his neighbors in the little Swiss village, "puttering around his kitchen day and night." But Daniel Peter paid no attention to them; he was too intent on his idea. And he never stopped until he had perfected it.

And now after fifty years all the village knows that Daniel Peter was a pioneer, for he gave to millions throughout the world *milk chocolate*—one of the most popular and nourishing food-confections ever worked out.

By collecting and testing the choicest cocoa beans, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the standard of quality for over 50 years.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in *Peter's*. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day.

Peter's is different, distinctive. It's *good*. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

All That Builds a Boy

This is why oats hold, and always will hold, the premier place as a boy food.

The oat is almost a complete food. It is nearly the ideal food. It combines in one food 16 needed elements—practically everything one needs.

It contains numerous mineral salts, including iron and phosphorus. It is rich in body-building elements.

As a vim-food it has age-old fame. To "feel one's oats" is the symbol of vitality.

Every pound yields 1810 calories of nutriment, all in well-balanced form.

And to crown this food—the greatest food that grows—Nature gives it an enticing flavor.

Everybody every day should eat some oats. That to make sure that no needed element is lacking in the diet.

Quaker Oats

The extra-flavory flakes

Queen grains only

Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

Oat lovers the world over send for Quaker because of that extra flavor. You can get it anywhere without an extra price.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

A dumb-bell, ostentatiously marked "1000 pounds," stood in a corner. With a look of contempt Yoobel Kabab picked it up, tossed it aloft a few times, caught it, and bowed complacently.

"I don't like that big baboon," said Cabot Cabot audibly. "He thinks he's hot pup on toast."

"Sh-h! He'll hear you," I cautioned.

"I just wish he would," said Cabot Cabot. "The puffed-up whiffenpoof!"

The strong man, as advertised, allowed ten men to hang themselves on him as if he were a hatrack. Also, after much straining, eye rolling, chest heaving and grunting, the Hercules hoisted a horse a few feet in the air.

The audience applauded vehemently; but not Cabot Cabot IV. He snorted with open disdain.

"He makes a lot of fuss about lifting a horse; and only a ladies' size horse at that," declared Cabot. "Why, that smirking gorilla is big enough to use elephants for tiddlywinks."

Then the announcer reappeared.

"Ladieses and zhentlemens," he declaimed: "Yoobel Kabab is now ready to make a wrestling with any man, no matter who. He will throw any man in five minutes or give heem ten thousand francs. No man has ever made wrestling with the Armenian Hercules for five minutes. Who will try?"

The announcer dramatically waved a ten-thousand-franc note in the air. Yoobel Kabab gave a defiant twist to his mustaches and scowled at the audience.

"Who," trumpeted the announcer, "will dare to come up and make a wrestling with Yoobel Kabab?"

For a moment it seemed as if no one would take up the challenge. Then there was a stir in the audience, and a huge Australian soldier with a shock of hair like a bonfire and a foot of freckled jaw surged down the aisle to the steps leading up to the stage, unbuttoning his tunic as he went.

"Kill the Harmenian blighter, Jock," chorused his friends. "Do 'im hin! Do 'im hin!"

The Australian, more rangy than the strong man, but not so bunchy, stepped on the stage. The bulging Armenian was waiting for him, crouching there like a haystack of muscle. Hardly had the Australian set foot on the stage when Yoobel Kabab pounced on him. There was a brief tangle of leopard skin and khaki, a figure was tossed into the air as a juggler tosses an orange, and it landed, breathless, on the flat of its back. It was the freckled-chinned Australian. The Hercules had thrown him in exactly seven seconds. The crestfallen Jock limped away; the strong man bowed in a bored way.

"I don't like that simpering walrus," said Cabot Cabot. "He has no sense of humor."

The Hercules assumed his crouch again and waited like a gigantic spider for fresh flies. There were rumblings and gesticulations in the gallery. A crowd of French poilus were urging their champion to come forward.

At length he did so. He was a hippopotamus of a man, with a chest like a hogshead and arms and legs like ten-gallon kegs. The French, on seeing him rise up, cheered tumultuously:

"Bravo, René."

"At him, René."

"Do him a harm, for the honor of France."

"*Vive René.*"

"*Vive la France.*"

The French mountain of muscle, three hundred pounds of sinew, horizon-blue uniform and whisker, rolled down the aisle. The Armenian Hercules contracted his millimeter of brow, extended crooked hands, and waited.

There was a flurry. Then cries of "Ah, mon Dieu! Poor René. Ah, but it is unpleasant." For the Hercules had wrapped thick arms round the French champion and was squeezing him till his breath came out in a series of short agonized oofs. Then the Hercules, as casually as one discards a used banana skin, flung René to the stage, where he lay, red and gasping, like some expiring sea monster tossed ashore by a storm. A dozen poilus bore their fallen hero away. The Hercules, with a nonchalant twirl of his mustaches, acknowledged the applause. He waited, but it seemed unlikely that any man would dare that bearlike embrace.

The announcer became slightly sarcastic.

"Is there no uzzer brave man in ze house?" he inquired. "Are there no uzzer champions? Where are ze Americans? Have zey no champion who will dare to make a wrestling with the Armenian Hercules?"

The Americans in the audience looked a bit sheepishly at one another; but none of them budged.

"What?" cried the announcer. "Are all ze Americans afraid of heem?"

Then there was an uproar. I became aware that Cabot Cabot IV had suddenly sprung from my side and was standing in the main aisle and addressing the house in that high voice of his that had the carrying power of a steam calliope.

"I'll wrestle the big stiff!" he cried. "I, Buggsy McNutt, of the United States of America, will throw that overgrown Armenian weasel!"

I tried to hold him back.

"For heaven's sake, Cabot, don't go up there!" I pleaded. "He'll ruin you."

Cabot Cabot shook me off.

"Let me at him! Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! I'll show him I'm not afraid of him. I'll tear the big porpoise limb from limb. Gr-r-r-r!"

And with that Cabot Cabot, all the one hundred and twenty pounds of him, started down the aisle. The Rajah's Pegs had got in their deadly work, and he zigzagged as he walked. But he made the steps and started up them.

In the center of the stage crouched the Armenian Hercules—very serious. The small figure of Cabot Cabot IV started, unsteadily, for him.

"I'll throw the son-of-a-gun!" cried Cabot Cabot.

And he made a terrific lunge in the general direction of the Armenian. He missed the Hercules completely, spun across the stage like a top, and careened over the footlights into the orchestra pit. There was a hollow booming noise. Cabot Cabot IV had fallen into the bass drum.

On the following evening I went for a midnight stroll in the Bois de Boulogne, that shadowy paradise of lovers, where nearly all Paris makes love, oblivious of all the rest of Paris. On all the benches near mine were lovers. In the quiet of the woods it was impossible not to overhear, now and then, a word or two. On the nearest bench sat a man and a girl, and I realized, at last, that they were talking in English. He said something to her in a long, earnest whisper; she answered him, also in a whisper; then I saw him take her in his arms and kiss her. In a patch of moonlight I caught a momentary glimpse of his profile; I saw that his head was covered with down, and his nose was snub.

Then I heard the girl say, "What a woman wants in her man is spirit. You know someone has said, 'It isn't so much what a man does in life, but the courage he brings to it, that counts.' A woman wants a man who has the courage to go in and do his best, to try, and try, and keep on trying, no matter what are the odds against him. You have spirit, and that's why I'm going to marry you, Cabbie dear."

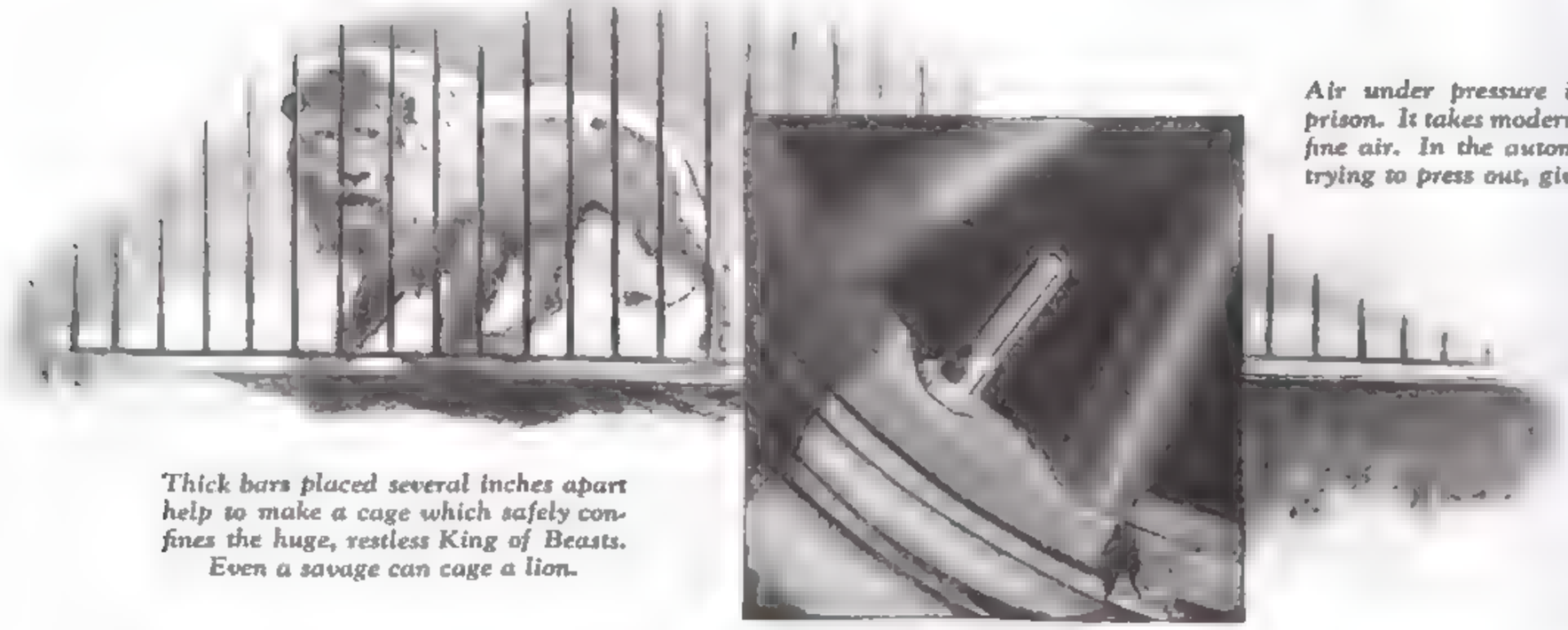
It was more than a year before I got back to New York, and almost the first man I met was Cabot Cabot IV. He was striding down Fifth Avenue as if he owned the town, his small chest inflated, his eyes bright. He rushed up to me, covered with grins.

"You're looking splendidly," I said. "You act as if you'd won a championship."

"I have," he beamed. "Can you come up to dinner with Diana and me tonight? I want to show you the twins. They just won first prize at a baby show. That makes me a champion father, doesn't it?"

It's easier to cage a lion than to confine a little air

—*air is a million times more elusive*



Thick bars placed several inches apart help to make a cage which safely confines the huge, restless King of Beasts. Even a savage can cage a lion.

Air under pressure ignores such a prison. It takes modern science to confine air. In the automobile tire, air, trying to press out, gives us inflation.

AIR under pressure is more restless and eager to get out than any captive beast. The walls that surround it must be strong enough to resist air's vigorous pressure at every point.

Why air stays in your tires

The manufacturer of automobile tires makes a virtue of air's efforts to escape confinement and gives you pneumatic automobile tires. His skill and use of the highest-grade rubber produce inner tubes that are absolutely air-tight.

But the tire-maker has to have an entrance for air and also a valve to keep in that air. For largely upon the ability of the tire valve to block the escape of the confined air depends the length of life of the tire.

Schrader Valves are air-tight

Schrader Universal Tire Valves for thirty years have been proving their ability to retain air in pneumatic tires. Designed by experienced engineers and produced by skilled craftsmen, they are successfully preventing escape of air now as in the past.

As a result, pneumatic tires are traversing many thousands of miles over good roads and bad, in every part of the world, carrying the necessities of life. They are enabling you and your friends to ride in comfort.

Schrader Valves are standard equipment today on tires made in the United States and Canada and are known and used in every country where there are motor cars.

Every part of the valve necessary

As leaving a part out of a motor may reduce the motor's efficiency—perhaps put it out of order—so neglect to use every one of the Schrader Tire Valve parts may lessen the effectiveness of the valve in holding air in the tire. Without a valve cap, the valve inside is left unprotected from dust and mud. Without a dust cap or a rim nut bushing, the valve stem can be badly injured.

All these Schrader Tire Valve parts are produced with such accuracy that they will fit any Schrader Valve. No matter in what state or country you get a Schrader Valve Cap, Dust Cap, or any other part, you can always be sure it will go on the Schrader Tire Valve you own now.

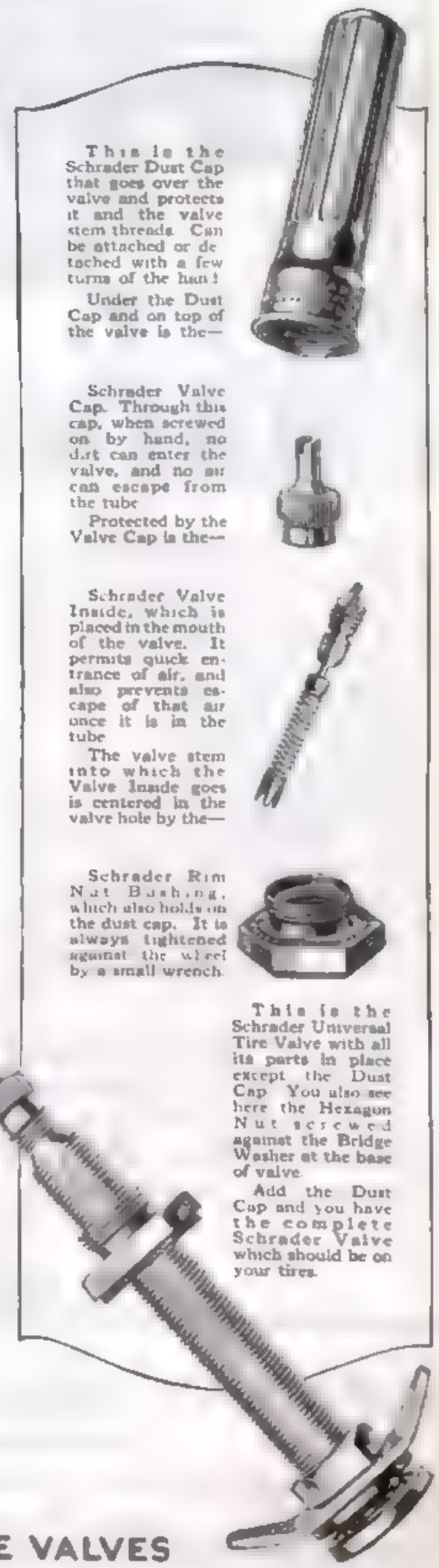
Two points in guarding your air

Make certain that the hexagon nut at the base of the valve is screwed down tight before you insert a new tube—or else air can escape there.

Do not depend too much on an old tube that has given all the service of which it is capable. The safest plan is to get rid of the worn-out tube and put in a new one completely equipped with a Schrader Tire Valve.

Make sure you have extra Schrader Valve Insides and Valve Caps in your tool kit. If you haven't, then you can get them as well as other Schrader Valve parts at motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores.

Own your own Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge also, so that you can tell accurately and instantly whether your tires are properly inflated.


This is the Schrader Dust Cap that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. Can be attached or detached with a few turns of the hand
Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is the—
Schrader Valve Cap. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube
Protected by the Valve Cap is the—
Schrader Valve Inside, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube
The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by the—
Schrader Rim Nut Bushing, which also holds on the dust cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench
This is the Schrader Universal Tire Valve with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve
Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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TIRE VALVES
TIRE VALVE ACCESSORIES
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGES

Be on the Safe Side!

Use WEED CHAINS

DON'T wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on your tires at the first *threat* of rain, and you will have protection against injury, car damage and lawsuits.

Weed Tire Chains are now made in two patterns: WEED DE LUXE with the Reinforced Cross Chains that give much greater mileage, and the familiar WEED that has safeguarded motorists and pedestrians for so many years.

The name WEED is stamped on the Cross Chain Hooks and on the new Lever Locking Connecting Hooks of Weed and Weed De Luxe Chains.

On Rainy Days
It Always Pays
To Use Weed Chains
For Safety.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
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Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco

MANUFACTURERS OF CHAINS FOR ALL PURPOSES

HOME-BREW

(Continued from Page 11)

and then pulled it down as if resolutely shutting something out. But a moment or two later he took his hat down from the hall rack, muttered to his mother "Be back early," and slid out the front door, as if suddenly afraid of being late for something.

The house fell silent. Alyse's mother put a dark-red spread on the dining-room table and placed her darning basket under the light.

"Now this is cozy," she said happily. "We'll have time for a nice visit. Tell me about your work, dear. I've been hoping maybe you'd feel like coming home to stay as soon as you'd got some material to work on. Of course, I understand," she added humbly, "you have to have something to inspire you."

"That's exactly it, mother. I must know interesting persons. It's very important to be stimulated. Sometimes I've thought that if I could only go to Russia or Austria or some place where there is a sense of crisis, a—a vividness, you know; strife of souls. That's what I want to study. You see, mother? And, of course, here at home——"

Her mother sighed.

"I know we're all pretty ordinary, and nothing much happens, here at home."

She looked apologetic, as if she realized the family's limitations and wished she could offer something more interesting to her talented daughter. She dropped the old darning egg into the heel of a sock. The homely house was very quiet.

And a few miles farther south Milly was running breathlessly up the Subway stairs, an eager, half-frightened Proserpine coming up from the bowels of the earth into flowery meadows, into the glare of the electric flowers of Broadway.

And a few blocks north Judith Todd stood in a dark doorway and whispered: "I mustn't hope for anything. If nothing comes of tonight, I can go on. But, O, God, make something come out right for me at last, at last!"

And Eddie ——

At about this moment Eddie's mother was rolling a pair of his socks into a neat ball. She sighed unconsciously.

"Sometimes it seems to me," she said, "as if Eddie has never really waked up. I—I can't express it the way you would, Alice; but as if he was driving himself—dumb, you know."

"Doesn't he like his job?"

"I don't know. He never says. But sometimes he looks —— And then there's that Haskins girl. I'm afraid he's let her push him into being engaged. I wish I knew—he's so silent lately. . . . When he was a little boy he used to lie on the floor by the hour, so happy, drawing pictures of ships."

Ships! Alyse had never noticed them, but they lay like a fringe about the tall city, slowly rising and falling with the tide, lying there waiting to be unloosed to the seven seas. But Eddie knew they were there. All the miles of wharves he knew, from Sunday and evening rambles, from noon hours when he went without food to stand looking at some lovely visitor from an unknown port. And now at this moment he was making his way as fast as he could to say farewell to one that had become the very core of his heart.

More eagerly and more swiftly than he ever had made his way to the Haskins girl he traveled toward the North River. Just before he reached the corner beyond which he could look down upon the river he felt his heart grow cold with the fear that sometime during the day she may have slipped out to sea. It seemed to him that if she had gone he could not bear it; and yet he told himself that tomorrow night she would not be there; they had begun to ship her cargo.

But when he had rounded the corner, there were her masts against the deep blue of the night sky—five masts, the beauty! He had seen them two weeks before one night when he was leaning over the wall of Riverside Drive, and his heart had leaped. He had made his way down to the wharf alongside which the schooner lay, and stood there studying her, feasting his eyes on her. The tall cliffs of houses towered above her, but she smelled of many cargoes and of the sea. He could imagine her furled canvas slowly shaking out to the breeze, the deck tilting. The mate had come up on deck with his pipe and talked to him over the side.

Next evening Eddie was there again, and the mate invited him on board: he talked about the schooner as a man might about a wife whose very faults he loved. And Eddie had asked him questions which had been storing up in his heart since he was a boy. He could talk to this man Jennings, for they had a passion in common. Evening after evening they leaned over the deck rail or sat in the cabin, smoking and talking, and a deep friendliness developed between them.

Tonight when Eddie came to the edge of the Drive he did not hurry down as usual to the wharf where the schooner was tied up, but stood looking down at her. In his brain there was a misery and a battle. They were working overtime down there, loading the last of a general cargo, and that meant they would take advantage of the first tide. Tomorrow she would be gone, off to the River Plate. He shut his eyes hard and gripped the wall against which he leaned.

Tomorrow he would go downtown as usual in the Subway, and all day long he would be nailing up boxes in the basement of the store, and in the evening he would go around to see Lily Haskins. Under his breath he uttered a sound between a groan and an oath. He felt bewildered when he thought of Lily. He gazed at the five masts against the sky and they were like a shining vision beside which Lily Haskins was but a dull unreality. Was it actually true that he was going to marry, to go on all his life nailing up boxes as if they were his own coffin?

His feet carried him slowly down toward the wharf. He must say good-by to Jennings, no matter how much he shrank from going on board the schooner again, and as he went down the long stairs he was wondering at the stupidity of his own life. Why hadn't he talked things over with someone? Perhaps someone else could have told him whether he was really obliged to marry Lily. But he guessed that he had always been dumb. Life had gone on within him, half alseep, in the dust of the packing room, until he and Jennings and the schooner became friends.

And after that he had awakened, but he was still dumb. Perhaps if years ago he had begun to talk about what he wanted to do —— But that year when he was eighteen, and making his secret plan to join the Navy, was the year dad's business was so poor. He couldn't desert him when he was so hard pressed. Perhaps later, when dad had got on his feet, he might have broken loose, if only he had believed in his dream; if he hadn't been afraid of being laughed at.

His thoughts went still farther back, to the days when he used to cover immense sheets of paper with pictures of ships, full-rigged, with each detail as correct as he could make it from pictures he had seen.

He remembered looking up one day from his drawing with a sudden vision in his heart and crying out, "When I grow up I'm going to be a sailor!"

And someone, he could not remember who, had laughed. For a long time they called him Yeave-Ho. The door of his heart through which this cry had gone out had closed.

If he had cared less about his dream, the door would not have closed so tightly, perhaps; or if there had been anyone in his world who did not regard the sea as merely a blue blur in a geography.

Well, if a man was a sensitive fool, he had only himself to blame. He closed his lips more tightly and went on down the wharf. Two fellows passed him with bundles over their shoulders. The crew was going on board. In the light of torches the last of the cargo was being hustled on board. The light streamed upward and touched the masts; the vessel moved slightly with the tramping of feet and the lifting of the tide. With the lights, the shouting and movement of men, the schooner seemed to rise on tiptoe, eager and expectant.

In a shaft of light stood Jennings, checking off the crew as they came aboard. Down the wharf came the captain, a man behind him carrying bags and bundles. As soon as he climbed on board, Jennings could be seen showing him a telegram, and the captain frowned. Eddie, his habitual diffidence overcoming him, shrank back into shadow; but presently when the captain had gone into the cabin, Eddie moved over to the edge of the wharf and called, "Good-by,

(Continued on Page 56)

Hands! Thousands of hands, understanding hands, do the skilful work of finishing this remarkable hosiery. And that is one reason why it has long mileage endurance.

Almost human are the long rows of fascinating machines that weave brilliant and sturdy fabrics in our great and modern factories. But for the painstaking work of finishing fine hosiery there is no device that can take the place of the skilful human hand. Hand-finished! Phoenix has become the standard hosiery of the world for men, women and children, because brains and hands are most happily co-ordinated in giving to it that long mileage endurance and tenacious elegance.

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tobacco is fully aged; after it is carefully blended, and after it is packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it the better it is.

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is why Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer fresh from the factory. The cartons are dated, showing the last date upon which the tobacco can be sold. This insures your getting Tuxedo fresh—wherever—whenever, you buy it.

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a tin of fresh Tuxedo today, smoke a pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco can be.

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now 15¢

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 54)

Mr. Jennings! Just thought I'd come down to wish you—wish you ——"

But before he could finish, Jennings leaped and grasped his shoulder.

"Eddie! By cricky, boy, you look good to me! Look here!" He waved the telegram under Eddie's nose and dragged him on board. "Look here, it's Providence sent you down here just now. Petersen's in hospital. We're short a hand. My boy, it's your chance! You'll never have a better one. How about it? You'd have time to get your dunnage. Le's see—tide will be right in two hours and fifteen minutes; all the time in the world. What say?"

The night reeled and rocked around Eddie.

"Tonight!"

The mate drew him forward, whispering, "Look here, you know as much about a vessel now as Pete ever did. You were born for the sea, and that's the truth. This is your great chance to get your apprenticeship—good captain and a dandy vessel."

Eddie stared about him while his heart pounded. He looked down the long lines of the schooner, he heard the masts faintly creaking and whispering in the rising wind, he smelled the unforgetable smell of a ship, and he choked with longing. He thought of his mother, but not at all of Lily Haskins. Could his father do without him? Would they all think he had gone crazy? Would they laugh? And at that instant the wind ruffled the water, the smell of the sea came stealing up the river, and the deck rose under his feet, an imperceptible movement to anyone not tuned to the sea. But to Eddie it was as if his heart itself turned over. His heart was like a seed, long buried in the dark and cold of the earth, which has been pushing blindly upward, and now at last sees the sun. His hand on the smooth curve of the mast tingled and drank in the feel of the ship, while into his soul there poured a new steadiness, a clean new certainty. His dumb boyhood was over and his beloved was under his hand.

Alyse yawned and her thoughts came back from her novel about Russia as her eyes fastened themselves on the chiffon stocking her mother was carefully mending.

"Really, mother, it's ridiculous the way Mildred dresses. And ought she to go out every night? When I was sixteen I didn't want to do anything but read."

Her mother smiled and sighed.

"I wish to goodness Milly would sit down at home with a book. But she says life is so much more exciting than books. She told me the other day that she had to live her own life."

"Life!" Alyse laughed scornfully. "That baby!"

It was at about this moment and several miles farther downtown in a dancing place called Poppy Gardens that Mildred, the baby, was on the verge of learning something about life. She was also being called an infant, but in quite a different tone.

"I'd jus' soon tell the world," said Dion Delanoy, holding her closer, "that you're some little dancer, baby."

And at the half-lazy, half-insolent caress in his voice, Milly thrilled with rapture and with discomfort. But it was very queer—there seemed to be two of her. One was intoxicated with delight and wonder, and the other held herself cool and aloof and, looking on, curled her lip. Overhead in the ceiling electric bulbs were stuck like pins in a cushion. When you tilted your head back so that your cheek touched your partner's shoulder, all these lights reeled and swam after you around the room, and the floor undulated in long flat waves. When you floated through the green spotlight, Dion Delanoy's eyes, like large shoe buttons in an ordinary light, became queer and sinister. When at the other end of the room the red spotlight washed over you, his pale dusky skin with the blue tinge from shaving had a bloom like an exotic fruit, and he became beautiful; he became what she had come out to meet, a romantic hero.

And she had reached that brief, glamorous season when there must be a hero to worship or one goes hungry and thirsty. When she had seen him in a bull fighter's costume, with the footlights performing their nightly miracle with him, her hunger had fed itself upon him. Jane Tremont had been almost as bad, but it was her note he had answered, and she alone whom he had invited to meet him in the Peacock Alley of a Broadway hotel. It was Fate, his choosing her and not Jane, and it could only mean that they were meant for each other.

Having only just begun to learn about life, Milly didn't suspect that the trysting spot Delanoy had chosen could be neatly overlooked from a balcony, and standing here, he could scrutinize his latest conquest and decide whether or not he cared to keep the appointment. He had been a bit taken aback by Milly's youth, but it happened to be a dull evening. And besides, in the dressing-room, heavy with the odor of stale powder, Milly had used a forbidden lip stick. He could not possibly know that in spite of her desirous lips her heart was pounding with fright.

But now, since they had danced for half an hour, fright had given place to this queer mixture of emotions; elation, dizzy wonder—she, Mildred Todd, dancing with a famous dancer, or at any rate a nearly famous dancer—hadn't he had a dance practically alone, with the spotlight once directly on him?—and a curious undercurrent of vague unhappiness, as if already she had said good-by to someone she had shrined and now had lost. And those two individualities into which she had divided, the one whose lip curled sometimes, who looked on, not happy and yet not unhappy—homesick, rather—and the other, confused, ecstatic and silly.

"I feel funny," thought Milly, "and nothing is quite like I thought it would be."

Then the next minute she thrilled when someone behind them said "That fella's Dion Delanoy."

They had iced drinks at a sloppy table in a room off the dancing floor. He poured something into her glass from a flask, under the table. She became dreadfully sleepy and wished she were home and in bed. Then the lights around the dancing floor grew suddenly brighter and danced, and everything was gayer. Dion Delanoy became again a hero, and she knew that she herself was very wicked and beautiful. The cool half of her gave her lips one final curl of scorn and retired to an immense distance. The vague ache of disillusion left her too. She saw herself engaged to Dion Delanoy, giving a theater party in a box, and afterward taking Jane behind to meet him. He was her hero. He was marvelous. She clung tight to this thought, as if she knew that once she let it go she could not stand him.

And they wandered down to the street and into a taxicab. The drive was a flash and blur of lights, with Dion Delanoy holding her uncomfortably close. The taxicab increased her sense of wickedness, and she thought of a word she had recently added to her vocabulary—"insouciance." She was convinced that she had a great deal of it, and as for Dion Delanoy he was magnificent with it. If only the cool and critical half of her would drop behind, and take with her the dim sense of sadness that was so oddly like homesickness.

"Wouldn't it be perfectly terrible if I should cry?" thought Milly.

The cab stopped in front of a studio building.

"Friend of mine let me have his studio," murmured Delanoy vaguely. "Let's go up and start the phonograph."

In the Chiricahua Mountains Near Douglas, Arizona

Milly hung back.

"I—I ought to go home. It's getting late."

He laughed at that, without any particular merriment in his watchful eyes.

"Aw, baby—that's what you are, a baby."

There was no taunt that could have hurt Milly more deeply. She looked up at him pleadingly, when an incident, small but important, as many small incidents are, occurred. Two markedly elegant young women approached and passed, perfuming the air. They bowed and smiled at Delanoy. He swept off his hat with a gesture nicely combining hauteur and suavity. In the light from the apartment-house doorway he looked for the first time that evening as she had seen him on the stage.

"Evelyn's looking all to the good tonight," he said, gazing after the two young women with a careless appraisal.

"You don't mean Evelyn Beverly, of the Follies, do you?"

"Sure," he replied, rather too quickly; "old friend of mine. She and I was dancing up here in Jack's studio last night. Come on. Don't pretend you've never been out after dark before. That kind of bluff makes me sick."

She felt a desperate necessity not to displease him, this godlike being so handsome as he stood frowning down at her. And she would die rather than let him think her less endowed with insouciance than Evelyn Beverly. Meekly, with her lips parted childishly and her flower-blue eyes very wide, she followed him to the elevator.

In spite of Alyse's contempt for coincidence, it does happen in life. For instance, there was the sprig of lilac in the buttonhole of the negro elevator boy. As Milly stepped out of the elevator this bit of flower, stuck so casually in a buttonhole, sent a sort of message to her brain. On the supper table at home that night there had been a sprig or two from the bush in the back yard. Her mother had always been foolish about that bush, coaxing it, feeding it, ever since Milly could remember. And now the perfume of lilac acted like a reagent in Milly's subconscious mind. As she watched Dion Delanoy searching his pockets for his key, bending over the keyhole, it was as if her vision for the first time that evening was quite clear.

And nothing can be more merciless than a young girl's scrutiny. Milly saw the ignoble back of his head, his hair sleeked back with pomade, a slight sprinkling of dandruff on his coat collar, the pinched-in waist of his coat, his commonplace hand, not too clean. He smelled slightly of the barber shop and of toilet water. She disliked his necktie.

She was kept waiting only a few seconds, but in this interval a romantic hero died. She had a sudden, furious distaste for this cheap stranger, and her heart ached too. She wanted dreadfully to be at home. But she felt helpless; she couldn't think what to do next or how to get away. Delanoy had at last got the door open. He opened it, turned to her.

And at that instant behind a door at the end of the short hall a woman laughed low and happily.

"Why," exclaimed Milly, "that sounds exactly like Aunt Jude!"

Judith Todd, when she had left the house and her mother behind her, became as usual a thing with wings on her feet. She flew toward the Subway entrance, her dark eyes eager, her chin outthrust, her tall figure leaning forward as if the waiting to get there was intolerable. Sometimes she took a quick and happy look up at the sky, as a girl may who is hastening to meet a lover.

At Columbus Circle she came up to the surface and walked quickly across to a certain somewhat shabby studio building. Usually she could not reach it quickly enough; but tonight she passed the door twice, and finally stepped into the shadow of another doorway to have it out with herself. She told herself that tonight was not different from any other Tuesday or Thursday night, and she was a fool to be so excited. But all day it had hung over her, a prescience that this was the most important hour of her life. She longed for it, and she dreaded it terribly. If it brought her disappointment, it would be no ordinary disappointment; it would mean the death of something in her without which her life would become merely an existence—hope. Tonight she realized that she had never really lost it—hope—and an undying belief in her own genius.

Continued on Page 58

The Mark of Quality

In the Firestone Rim Plant, electric welding is employed to fuse the metal and secure a single seamless ring.

Similarly in the manufacture of tubes Firestone has found a way of welding rubber by steam under pressure, and has replaced the less satisfactory processes of splicing and cementing with this superior method.

WHY STEAM-WELDING *makes Firestone tubes leak-proof*

The Firestone announcement of Steam-Welded Tubes has attracted wide interest and response from car-owners.

Steam-welding is applied at three vital points—making the tube impervious to slow leaks—the biggest source of underinflation trouble which takes an annual toll of mileage probably amounting to one-third.

The wall of a Firestone tube is made up of layers of thin rubber sheets. By curing under steam, these laminations are united into a single thickness—stout, pliant and non-porous.

The splice and the valve patch are also fused by steam—and made as strong and invulnerable as any other part.

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Most Miles per Dollar

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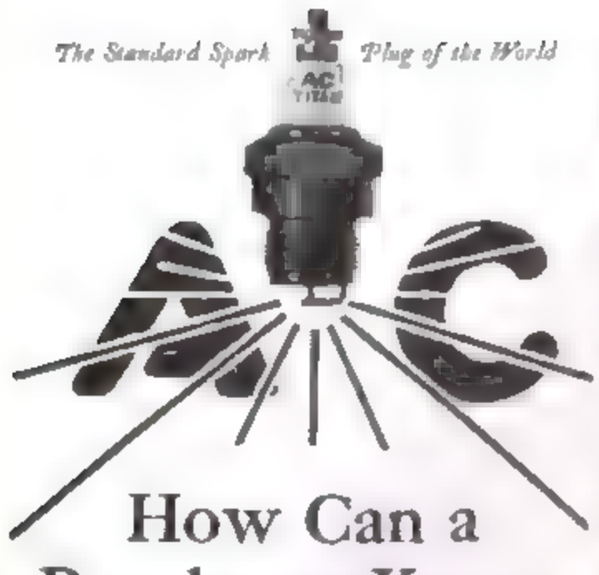

How Can a Purchaser Know He Is Buying the Best?

One of the good things about open competition is that it permits superiority to manifest itself. We all know who is the best fighter, the best swimmer, the leading ball team. Happily there are certain vital motor car parts that are given an opportunity to demonstrate their quality in competition through the crucial test of automobile racing, so that the motorist does not have to guess but can know positively what has been proved best.

When it comes to spark plugs there is no reason for guessing. In open competition for years the big winner has always been AC. Again they won the 500-mile Indianapolis race, the first seven cars to finish using AC's.

AC's were the only American plugs to go through the race. Compare this performance with the ordinary claims made about spark plugs and draw your own conclusions.

Why you should change your spark plugs

Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did.

Put in a set of AC's—accept no other kind—and you will observe an immediate all-round improvement in performance and easier starting.

Something you have always wanted

Ask your dealer for an *AC Plug Kit*—illustrated below—to carry your spare plugs without risk of damage. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC's.

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*
Manufacturers of
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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915
U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,139, Feb. 13, 1917
Other Patents Pending

The AC Plug Kit
—to carry your spare plugs

(Continued from Page 56)

But tonight could kill them both, or it could turn them into strength and glory. She clenched her hands in the pockets of her old serge jacket and set her lips in their lines of endurance.

The colored boy in the elevator smiled at her and eyed the sprig of lilac in her buttonhole. She had taken it from the supper table and completely forgotten it until this instant.

"Looks like summer's comin'," he drawled.

She held the flower out to him.

"For luck," she smiled.

Then at the top floor she went on down the short hall to the door behind which every Tuesday and Thursday night she came to life.

With her hand on the knob, she heard voices within. She shrank back. So, already it was here, the life or death of her hope, waiting there beyond the door. She had expected to have a half hour to herself, to quiet in work this sickening tremor of her heart. Well, nothing for it now but to harden herself for whatever verdict those voices in there would soon utter. She threw her head back defiantly and opened the door.

Three men were in the high, bare studio, standing about a long table. They turned toward her at the sound of her entrance, and one of them, a tall, thin man of forty, with quiet eyes and a sensitive mouth, came quickly forward to meet her. But she looked past him toward the table on which stood ten or twelve little figures, some of them still mere lumps of clay. Not even in this moment could she keep her eyes from them, the objects into which she had poured herself in delight and in suffering.

The tall man, John Richmond, followed her glance with understanding.

"You see, I got them back safely; and these gentlemen asked to meet you."

He presented them, and at the name of one of them she flushed—Ybarra. She knew him by repute as a Fifth Avenue art dealer whose galleries were noted for the cleverest and most daring of the exhibitions. The second man stood a little without the circle of white light that beat down from overhead. He appeared to her as merely a little grizzled man, and the name, Mr. Purcell, meant nothing to her, until stepping toward the table and thus coming under the light, some feature or gesture arrested her attention sharply. She caught her breath and fixed her eyes on him in a startled stare. George Jean Purcell. She knew him now. She had seen him in his box at the opera one night. A girl sitting next to her in one of the topmost balconies had pointed him out. A fabulously rich man, and a discriminating collector. She had often longed to see the inside of the little white marble gem which was his private museum.

Something like terror invaded her. She had an impulse to gather them up in her arms, those bits of clay which were part of her, to protect them from the eyes of these two men who could command so much of the beauty of the world. She gripped the back of a chair, while a defiant glare came into her bright dark eyes.

The little grizzled man touched one of the clay figures. It was a study, a fantastic interpretation of a famous tenor in one of his most picturesque rôles.

"You knew him very well, didn't you?"

She smiled her fleeting, ironic smile.

"From the top gallery. Once I bribed an usher to let me into the dress circle."

George Jean Purcell and Ybarra, the art dealer, looked at her sharply.

"My dear young lady," cried Ybarra, "do you mean to say none of these people sat to you?"

"To me! Why should they? And, anyway," she added, "I didn't want them to sit to me. These are not portraits. They're—bits of what goes on inside of me, I suppose."

Ybarra started to speak, but Purcell held up his hand. He looked from Judith Todd to the bits of clay on the table. The tallest were perhaps fourteen inches, figures of famous men and women, of little shopgirls, of an ancient hag of a woman, of a blind man. Fantastic, gay, sinister and pathetic, each one had its authentic breath of life. They had been done with the lightness of touch, the half-bitter whimsicality of a genius that is afraid of itself. And into them there had been poured the hunger and the rebellion of long repression.

George Jean Purcell shot a keen glance from under his gray brows at the woman who stood clutching the back of a chair, trying to keep defiance in her eyes. He noted the old serge suit, carelessly worn, the unfashionable hat; and over and beyond these details he observed the lines of endurance about her mouth, which could not obliterate its humor. He also saw the rather bitter keenness of her dark bright eyes.

"Spinster," he thought; "iron-bound sense of duty; starving for proper soil to grow in. What miracle was it that let her do these amazing things?" And aloud he said, "How did you happen to wait until now?"

She looked as if she thought the question a little stupid.

"I never had time or a place to work in, where I could do as I liked."

"You have ties, obligations?"

She smiled without bitterness.

"I have to make a living; and I have a mother with a weak heart, who can't realize I've grown up."

"You know you have genius?"

Her face became gay with a touch of impish humor.

"I know. It's God's little joke with me."

Purcell chuckled grimly.

"You're not giving anything away, young lady." He offered his hand. "I'm going to leave you with Ybarra and John. They'll tell you what I want you to do. And I hope, for the sake of an old man who treasures beauty wherever he can find it, you will accept their advice."

Without another glance or word he walked briskly out.

The instant the door closed on him, Ybarra seized her hands with an exuberant Latin gesture.

"Congratulations, my dear young woman! I've never known old George Jean to go so far for native talent."

She looked past him appealingly at John Richmond, her face white.

"What does he mean?"

John Richmond detached Ybarra and himself took her hands and looked into her eyes. "Judith Todd, it means the end of the long road; it means a fair chance at last. You know, don't you, that when George Jean Purcell puts in an order for an artist's work, he's got a pretty canny idea that that artist has a future? Isn't that so, Ybarra?"

"It has meant just that several times in the past."

"Very well, that's that," said John Richmond. "Now, you're to finish up a certain number of those figures—yes, yes, we know you can't afford to have them cast, but Mr. Purcell will attend to that. In return you will sell him six that he chooses. I believe he gave you a check, Ybarra? Perhaps if she sees that she'll believe us."

But though they put in her hands the slip of pale-green paper with its figure which exceeded her earnings for a year in the novelty shop, she did not look at it. Instead, her burning gaze clung desperately to John Richmond's face.

"You're not fooling, are you? You wouldn't be so cruel as that, would you?"

Richmond's eyes blurred. He made a signal to Ybarra, and the dealer slipped out of the room, murmuring something about an engagement.

"Remember," he said as he went out, "one of my galleries will be ready for your exhibition in the autumn."

With the sound of the closing door, Judith Todd collapsed upon a chair. She was not the crying sort of woman; tears hurt her as they do a man; but now the floods rushed over her. All the years when she had borne the pain and the wonder of her gift alone, all the years when it had been denied, were in that flood. And John Richmond went down on his knees. He held her racked body close, murmuring his deep sympathy and understanding. But presently, when she had grown calmer, she tried to draw herself away, looking much ashamed.

"I'm a frightful fool, letting go like this; and I haven't thanked you yet. If you hadn't lent me this studio, if you hadn't encouraged me ——"

"Don't, Judith! You know—I've told you—ever since that rainy Sunday afternoon in the Museum, when I saw you prowling around the Rodin things like a hungry ghost, and finally got up courage to speak to you because your face had such longing in it ever since then I've believed in you."

"Yes, you've believed in me," she whispered, as if the wonder of it were something she could never fathom. "The first one to believe in me."

"But more than that," he went on in a low voice. "I've loved you."

She shrank a little and put up her hand.

"No, no, that can't be so! Look at me, a shabby old maid. I know! I haven't got young nieces for nothing; and I'm considered a bit queer too. That has always been rubbed into me too. But it doesn't matter now. You don't need to think you love me, for I have so much now. A chance to work, unashamed—and your friendship. I—I shall be content with that; I don't ask more than that."

"Judith, don't you know it's a privilege to love you? Don't you know you're wonderful, in your courage and strength? Don't you know you're beautiful?"

All the light and amazement there was in the world seemed to be in her enormous eyes.

"It is too much," she whispered, "to be offered love and fame all in one hour. I'm afraid. I've never been afraid before, but now I'm scared. I'm afraid of waking up."

He drew her to her feet.

"Come and look at something real and you'll know this is no dream."

Together they stood beside the long table and bent over the little figures so vital and so gay, which were the soul of Judith Todd squeezed out of her by the drab discipline of the years, turning itself at the first touch of encouragement into these vivid and mordant fragments.

"How did you do it?" he cried. "How did you get underneath the surface like that, as if you had stripped off the smooth skin and seen what was rioting underneath, the ridiculous and sublime fantasy of the soul?"

It was then that she laughed, low and happily.

"Because I am like that—all smooth and gray on the surface, and underneath amazing—little colored worlds within worlds, always something dying and something else being born. No one ever is commonplace, underneath. Why, take my family—at the supper table we sit, a dull family in a narrow house in a Harlem street. But if you watch with patience and insight, you see worlds opening up behind each pair of eyes, longings, incredible dreams ——"

She stopped abruptly, her eyes fixed on the door.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I thought I heard my name. Wait, let me look. Someone out there ——"

She threw open the door. A sleek young man dropped his hand from the arm of a girl who sprang forward with a cry of the frankest relief, "Aunt Jude! I want to go home with you."

The socks and stockings were all darned and they lay neatly folded in a ring around the darning basket. The evening noises in the street outside were stilled, and the narrow house in the Harlem street was quietly breathing, waiting. Alyse yawned, looked at the clock and put on her sad-colored hand-loomed hat. Another evening practically wasted. Of course, she had a sense of having done her duty, and it was nice to spend a peaceful evening with mother. But from the point of view of literature she had got nothing out of it. Families were mostly like that, nice as something to come home to occasionally, but utterly unstimulating to the imagination.

"Mother, do you suppose father could afford to send me to Russia ——"

And just there the telephone rang. It was her father, and he told Allie to tell her mother not to be worried if he was a bit late getting home. The fact was, he chuckled, he and Wally had got arrested.

"Arrested! Father! What for?"

"Well, you see," he explained, "Wally bid on a package at the express-company auction, and we were taking it away down a side street, sort of dark, you know, when the darned thing dropped and broke. A policeman came snooping along just at that minute and he ran us in."

"But why, why, father?"

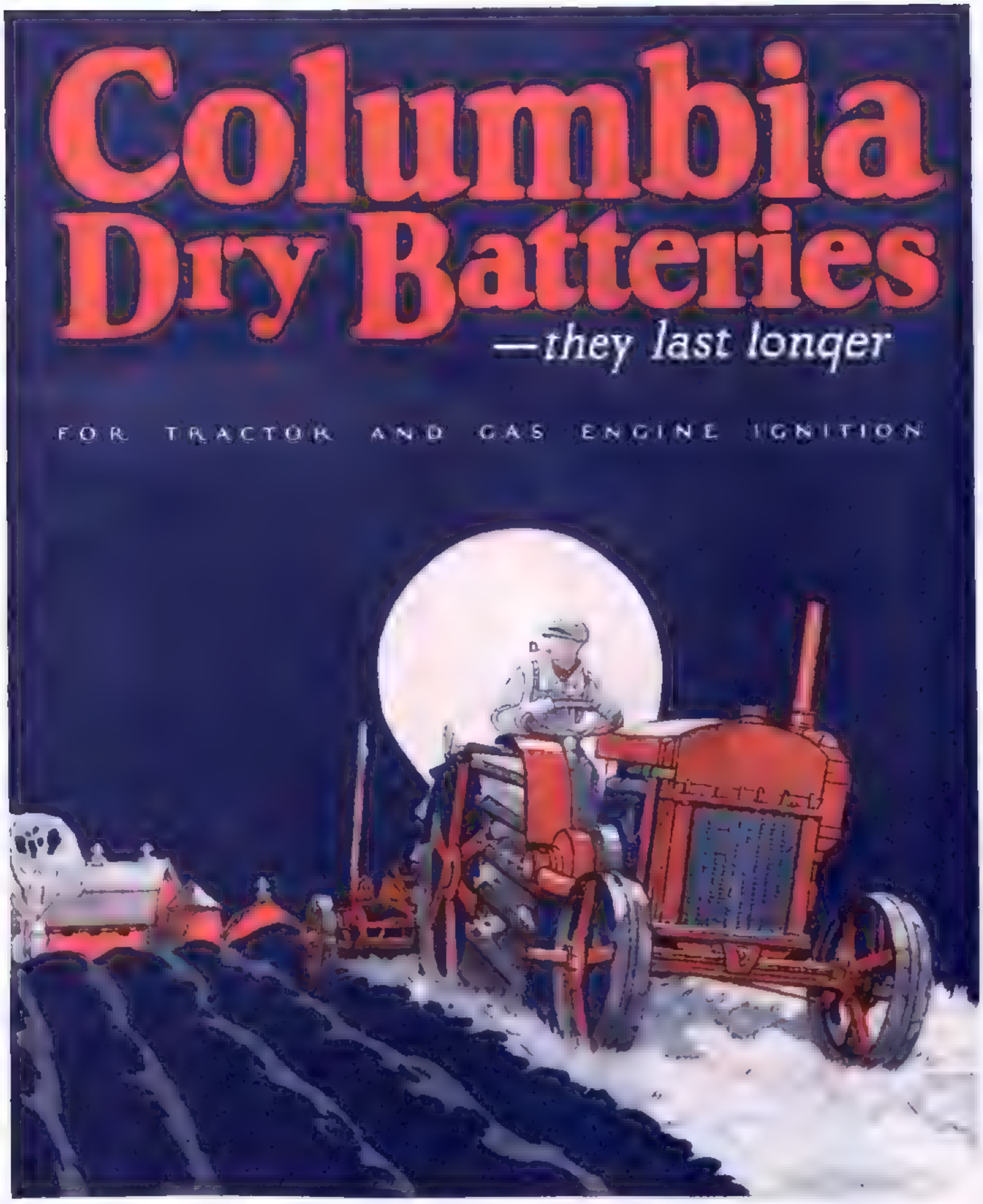
"I guess he thought we were bootleggers, because Wally, for a joke, kind of helped it along, and ——"

"But what was in the package, father?"

"Well, that was a joke on us," said George Todd, and she could hear his appreciative chuckle over the wire. "You see, there was two dozen bottles of hair tonic in that darned package."

Alyse hung up the telephone with a disapproving face.

"You might know that if anything happened to father it would be something ridiculous," she sighed.



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UNCLE SAM'S INCOME

(Continued from Page 21)

and roads. The farmer complained of high taxes and low prices for his products, and at the same time was responsible for the principal increase in his taxes. The people appear to have gone tax wild on roads."

"But is not Congress in a way responsible for this increased tax for road building?"

"Undoubtedly. Congress was persuaded by agitation and clever propaganda to assume the big-brother or good-uncle attitude by making state-aid appropriations, and it has led to much extravagance, to increased taxes and bond issues. We passed the Good Roads Bill and Congress has appropriated more than $350,000,000 to aid the states in constructing hard roads. That was in the nature of seduction to extravagance, and it compelled the states to match Uncle Sam's dollars with their own. Some states could not afford the expenditure, but pride and the offer of Uncle Sam to go halves led them toward bankruptcy. To get more money they projected big road-building plans, and some of the poorer states got more of the Federal apportionment than some of the most prosperous states. They got more than they could digest. Then they assumed that Uncle Sam, having gone into partnership with the states, would share in the expense of the upkeep of their highways. They were disappointed when Congress last year amended the law and provided that no aid should be given for any road construction until the state gave guaranty for the upkeep of that road. Some went so far as to charge that this act was one of repudiation of the contract entered into by the Federal Government. It had to be done to prevent the waste of public money from the state treasuries as well as from the Federal Treasury on extravagant road projects that did not promise stability, to prevent the building of cheap roads that would soon need repairing or rebuilding.

"The Maternity Act, passed November, 1921, is another example of state aid which some states do not want and yet will have to be taxed to give the aid to other states that accept. One or two states are already trying to get the act before the Supreme Court to test its constitutionality, because it adds to their budgets to accept the aid and match it with their own appropriations, and because their people will help to pay the Federal cost by Federal taxation. The embarrassment of this state-aid legislation is that it is general in character and is a forced development from Washington rather than a natural growth in the states. The temptation to get something for nothing leads to increase of local taxes and government cost, both Federal and local."

Robin Hood Liberality

"Congress has enacted a good many such laws offering aid to the states without explaining that Congress could not appropriate a dollar for any purpose without first taking it out of the pockets of the people, or a part of them, by taxation. It might be compared to the generosity of Robin Hood. However beneficial some of these state-aid appropriations may be, the legislation is wrong in principle. The Federal Government ought to levy taxes only to meet the necessary expenses of the Federal Government and such public works as it controls. The states should be left free to govern themselves and assess such taxes as will meet their government cost without the encouragement of Uncle Sam. They ought not to be seduced into extravagant expenditures of their own revenues under the impression that the Federal Government is making them free gifts of money which has to be taken from the citizens of the states in Federal taxes."

"How about the centralization of government as applied to taxes?"

"Yes, that is another side of the tax problem. The taxpayers in the cities and the states surrender control of much of their own taxes for a mess of pottage cooked here in Washington. They pay their city taxes, but pay little attention to the use of the city revenues until there is inefficiency and sometimes graft. Then they appeal to the state government to take from their city councils some of their powers. The states get tired of paying the expense of such government functions and pass it along to the Federal Government, releasing powers that rightly belong to them in exchange for congressional appropriations. Congress accepts the increased power surrendered by the states, assesses new taxes to meet the new government cost, and the taxpayers transfer their tax revenues from their own state treasuries to the Federal Treasury. These government functions are administered by satraps from Washington instead of by local officials known to the people and easily controlled by the people. It is by such methods that bureaucratic government develops. The camel's nose of reform gets under the Federal tent and the bureaucratic camel soon occupies a large part of the tent and feeds on taxation forage. It would be well for the people in the states to remember that the appointment of a man to a Federal office does not add to his brain or to his character, because it is impossible to make a wooden head into a thinking machine by placing him in a government bureau."

Appeals for Federal Aid

"Two years ago, when we were considering an appropriation for rural sanitation, the public health authorities of various states and cities came to Washington with the impression that it was another big state-aid proposition and they wanted to get their share. One of these gentlemen from my own state was very solicitous about enlarging the appropriation and extending it to small cities. He lived in one of the most beautiful and progressive cities in the state, but it had gone through an epidemic of typhoid fever. I expressed surprise at a sanitary condition that would develop such an epidemic, and he explained that when the city had saloons the revenue from licenses was apportioned to the sewage department, but that prohibition had cut off that source of revenue. All the other revenues had been apportioned to other city departments—paving, lighting, public library, parks and so on—and the people would not vote more taxes nor permit the surrender of any of the revenues already apportioned. The outlet of the sewage system in the river became stagnant, the water supply polluted, the state would not help them, and the only relief was in Congress. He thought that Uncle Sam ought to do for that city what it would not do for itself. The people had neglected the most important function of city government and came to Congress for relief.

"Another gentleman, representing the music trade, came to me with an argument in favor of Federal aid to education. His principal interest was in having the Government establish a national conservatory of music in Washington and make it free to students from all parts of the country. It was to be a part of an educational department in the Government. He was from New York and I asked if they did not have a conservatory of music in that city. He assured me that they had one of the finest in the world. I picked up the Statistical Abstract and pointed to the cost of public education in this country, amounting to more than $1,000,000,000 a year. I then called his attention to the fact that New York paid one-fourth of the taxes collected by the Federal Government, and asked if he thought the people of his state would like to pay one-fourth of an extra billion to make Uncle Sam the national schoolteacher and singing master. He looked at the two sets of figures, picked up his hat, started toward the door, but turned about to say, 'I hadn't thought about it in terms of taxation. Thank you for giving me this lesson. I'll go home and try to clear the fog out of the brains of my friends.'

"That man was typical of many ordinarily thoughtful men who have not learned the first and most important question of government, taxation. They will join in any appeal for an appropriation of public money without stopping to think about where the money is to come from. They only know that the Treasury vaults are filled with gold and silver and that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is printing millions of money. They don't know that the gold and silver and the paper money all represent taxes collected from the people."

"The people thought they paid tariff taxes, didn't they?"

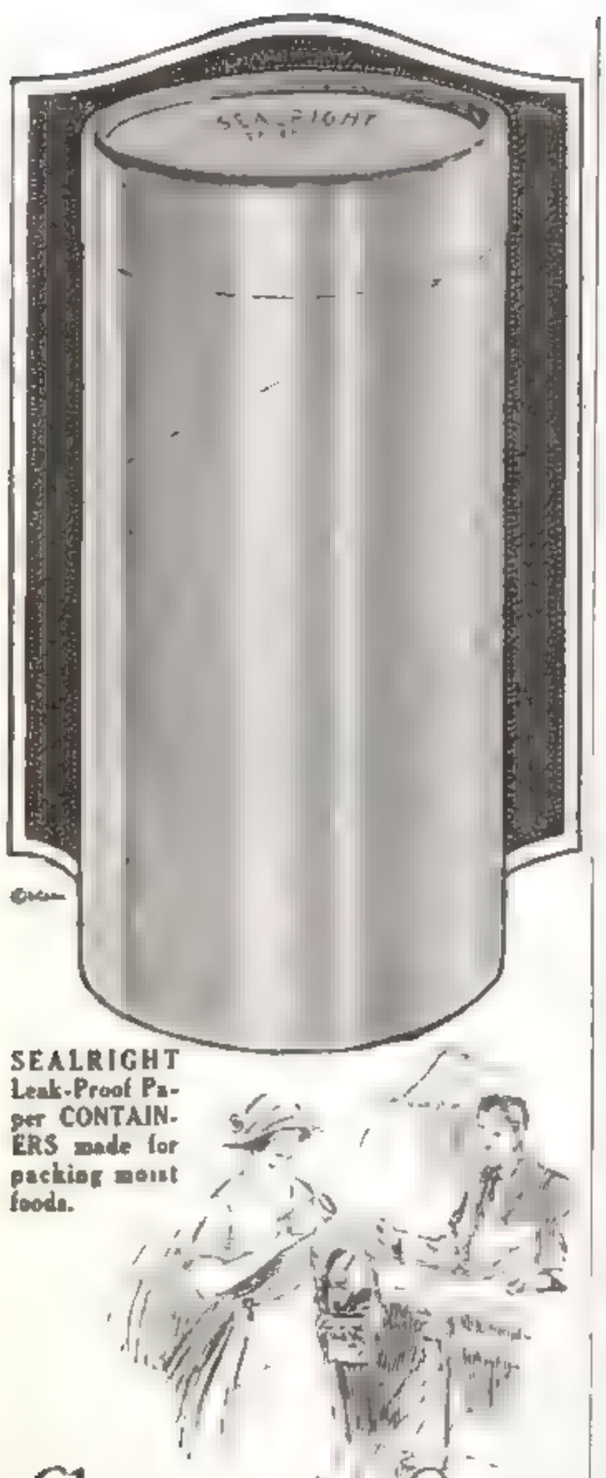
"Oh, yes; they've always thought that, but some are beginning to learn that there is a difference between imaginary taxes and real taxes. In 1909, when we had the Payne Tariff Bill before Congress, there

(Continued on Page 62)

"You oughtn't to have any trouble this trip, brother. The engine's running like a clock and you won't even have to use that spare, if I know anything about Kelly Cords."

IT is a great satisfaction, when driving a car, to know that you can depend on your tires. The motorist who uses Kelly Cords enjoys this satisfaction to the greatest possible extent because not only are they able to stand a tremendous amount of punishment without giving trouble but they are also surefooted on practically all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather.

It costs no more to buy a Kelly.



SEALRIGHT Leak-Proof Paper CONTAINERS made for packing moist foods.

Cleaner to Carry
Fresher at Home

COTTAGE-CHEESE! with a dash of paprika and a background of lettuce; or inch-deep o'er the brown, fragrant surface of a steaming, hot roll! Nothing like it! Especially when the cottage-cheese comes home fresh and tasty in a Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Container. Insist on Sealright Service from your grocer, marketman or delicatessen dealer when buying moist or liquid foods, such as cottage-cheese, butter, salads, pickles, mayonnaise, oysters, clams or syrups.

Sealright Containers assure you a 100% *safe, leak-proof, sanitary, more convenient* method of carrying and keeping *any* moist food, because Sealright Containers cannot leak, drip, spill or wilt. Best of all, moist foods packed in Sealright Containers retain their flavor and are more palatable when served. Sealright Containers also may be washed out in cold water, dried and used as handy receptacles for left-overs. All convenient sizes up to a gallon. Popular sizes—half-pints, pints and quarts. When ordering by phone tell your dealer to *send* moist foods in *Leak-Proof* Sealright Containers.

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. 550 Fulton, N. Y.

Also makers of Sealright Pouring Pail and ordinary flat or common Milk Bottle Caps

The attractive window transparency identifies the dealer giving Sealright Service. Look for it to be sure of getting moist foods packed in sturdy, sanitary, accurate-measure Sealright Containers.

Carry it home in a
Sealright
Liquid-Tight
Paper Container

(Continued from Page 60)

was a great agitation all through the country about high taxes. Every man and woman thought Schedule K assessed a tax on him or her. They had the same idea about the sugar schedule, and all the other schedules save the free list. The Republicans were defeated the next election because they had revised the tariff and 'taxed the people on their clothes, their food and even their coffins.' But there was not a direct tax in the law. The contest was, in fact, between the importers and producers. The taxes were on imported products and were collected as they came into this country. If they were responsible for increased prices, that was between the manufacturer and the merchant and between the merchant and the consumer. I am not going to discuss the tariff, but mention this as illustrative of the confusion in the minds of the people as to Federal taxation. The average citizen thought he paid the customs tax, though he could not put his finger on the tax or say what it amounted to. He listened to the man who said he paid a tax and convinced himself that Uncle Sam was taking a part of his earnings."

The Income Tax

"Mister Average Citizen was also somewhat confused regarding our old internal-revenue laws which taxed whisky, wine, beer, tobacco, oleomargarine and a few other products. They were internal taxes, but President Garfield called them voluntary taxes because any citizen could escape the tax by refusing to drink liquor, chew or smoke tobacco or use oleomargarine. They were not taxes for revenue so much as taxes for regulation. The Government taxed these products because the moral sense of a large majority of the people was opposed to the indiscriminate manufacture and sale of such articles. The taxes on whisky, beer, cigars and tobacco brought large revenues to the Government, but revenue was not the object of the tax.

"Then, in 1913, we adopted the constitutional amendment giving Congress a new power, to levy 'taxes on incomes from whatever sources derived, without apportionment among the several states and without regard to any census or enumeration'; and for the first time in our history the citizen was faced with a real direct tax by the Federal Government. His illusions as to Federal taxation began to dissolve and he began to realize that Uncle Sam had assessed a tax on him. In the beginning few were called upon to pay the income tax, and the collections were relatively small. In 1913 only 357,598 income-tax returns were made and $28,000,000 collected. The income tax touched only the few and it was assumed that it was to make idle capital help support the Government. But when we got into the war against Germany the income tax became one of the main reliances of the Government for revenue. In 1918 the income tax brought into the treasury $1,269,000,000 though only 4,425,114 people paid taxes on incomes. That was about 4 per cent of the population paying income taxes to support the Government in war. Since then the taxpayers have increased to 6 per cent, but probably a majority of the population believe that they pay Federal taxes and complain. It is difficult to clear away a popular illusion and it seems to me that the best way to make the people understand who pays the tax is to apply the income tax to all according to their earnings, for that is what income is.

"The Statistics of Income for 1921 recently issued by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is an interesting document bearing on this question, and I think bears out my contention that the income tax is, under the legislation of Congress, a tax on industry rather than a tax on great incomes. Of the 6,662,176 personal returns in 1921, 6,491,817 reported incomes of from $1000 to $10,000; of the total income of $19,577,212,528 taxed, $13,813,169,165, or 70 per cent, were from 'salaries, wages, commissions, bonuses, fees, etc.'; and of the total $719,387,106 income tax collected in that year, $288,948,141 was on incomes of from $1000 to $25,000 and $202,216,490 on incomes from $100,000 to $1,000,000. The men with modest incomes paid $86,000,000 more income taxes than did the men with swollen fortunes. There were only twenty-one returns showing incomes of a million or more.

"These statistics suggest that the income tax rests on the enterprising business and professional men, and they pay a personal-income tax in addition to the tax on their business if it is incorporated. The lawyer, the doctor, the author, the journalist, the engineer, the mechanic and the skilled laborer who earn $1000 or more carry the peak of the income-tax load. The young man who earns more than $1000 if single or $2000 if he has a family must pay 4 per cent on all income in excess of those figures, regardless of what it costs him to live. There are many laborers who earn more than the doctor or the lawyer, but do not make income-tax returns. They have gone on the assumption that they are exempt because labor should not be taxed. That is a false assumption, of course, but it is another of the common fallacies that exist, and the best way to remove it would be to require all citizens to make income-tax returns and pay according to their earnings. I think it would be a means of letting every citizen have the credit for helping to support the Government which gives him or her protection. And I believe it would be acceptable to the workingman. I know them pretty well and I do not believe they want to shirk any of their duties as citizens. It is one of the delusions that confuse politicians more than the workingmen."

"What are the greatest embarrassments in tax legislation?"

"As Uncle Joe Cannon would say, to put the boil on the other fellow's nose. This is a big country, has many industries, many classes of people; and the representatives of every section and every industry think it their duty to protect such interests from undue taxation. The result is a scramble to put the tax on the other man, the other industry, the other class, the other section. It is all right to tax industry, but all wrong to tax agriculture and labor in the same way. By these contests we get lopsided tax laws, whereas if we followed the simple principle of levying taxes on all without distinction, taxing them according to their ability to pay, we should place every citizen on an equality before the law; and I believe such tax laws would give more general satisfaction and remove the suspicion of favoritism which is generally credited to the citizens who really bear the heaviest burdens of taxation."

Cushman's Log House

"Francis Cushman, who came to Congress from the state of Washington, was a humorist and he showed the characteristics of lopsided legislation in a speech on the Payne Tariff Bill. The representatives from the East and the Middle West insisted on free lumber, but Cushman represented a lumber state. He had voted for the schedules the East wanted, and he objected to having free lumber in a tariff bill that was labeled protective. He told the story of a log house that he and his three brothers built in Wyoming in the pioneer days. They all worked independently, each taking one side of the house. They built according to individual plans without consulting the others. When the house was completed it was 16 to 17 feet in width and 23 to 24 feet in length at the foundation, and progressed upward at different slants and angles as suggested by the individual builder until great ingenuity was required to fit it with a roof. It was the most wonderful architectural structure in the whole country, said Cushman, but he thought it was very much like most of the tax bills passed by Congress, with each section of the country, each industry and each class of citizens insisting on having its side constructed according to its particular plan instead of a general plan covering everybody, every industry and every section. We all laughed at Cushman's story and then proceeded to follow the plan of his wonderful log house. We have been doing it ever since. We follow the group or bloc plans in tax legislation, and I suppose we always will, because this is a government by the people when it comes to tax legislation, and one hundred million people divided into sections, industries and businesses will always be inclined to insist that they are the chosen children of Uncle Sam and that the law must be made to suit them to be right.

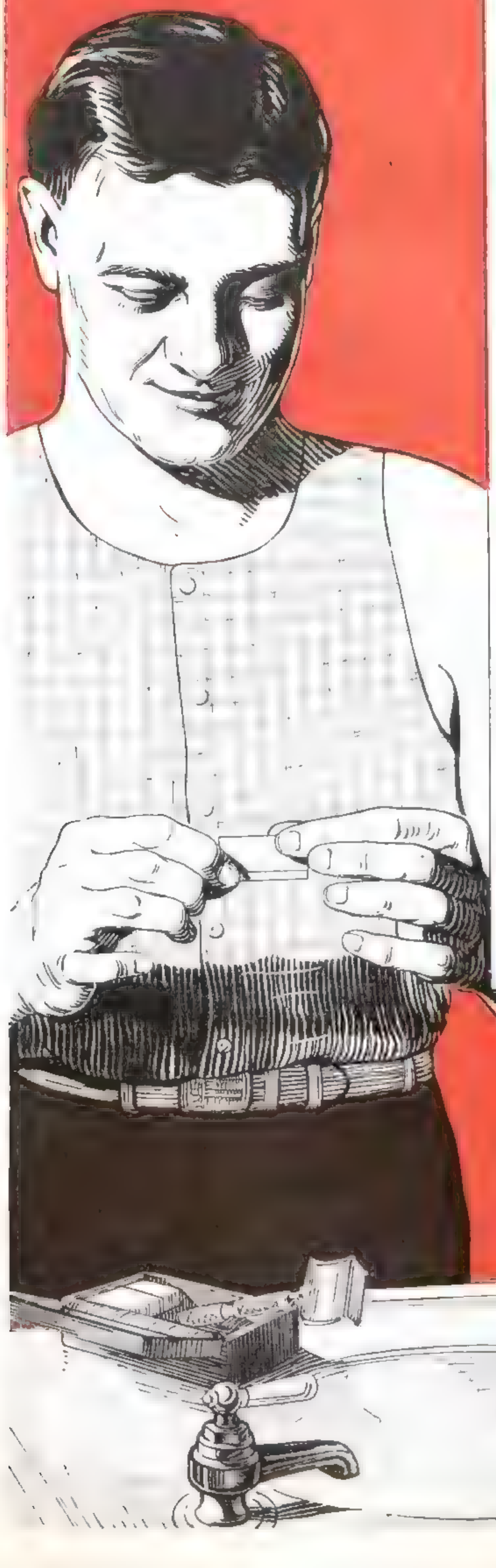
"We have a very good example of this sectional demand when we last revised the income-tax law. The majority of the House followed the recommendation of Secretary Mellon and reduced the maximum surtax from 65 per cent to 32 per cent. It was on the advice of experts that more revenue could be secured by the lower tax. The House passed the bill with the lower tax. The Senate amended the bill by increasing the surtax to 50 per cent and the farmer-bloc members on the Republican side of the House united with the Democrats and accepted the Senate amendment. Result—large increase in investment in tax-exempt bonds and falling off in revenue from the income tax. Tom Reed said that every man had a perfect tax bill in his mind but no perfect tax law was ever enacted. That is true with 531 lawmakers in Congress, each one looking at the bill from a local point of view and what his constituents want in the way of taxation or, rather, nontaxation. The result is that all legislation must be a compromise. Some of the compromises are not logical and some are absurd; but in a government by the people many men of many minds have to be consulted, and compromise is the rule in such legislation and not the exception."

"How do you account for the decrease in the number of income-tax returns and the reduction in the amount of the income tax collected in 1921?"

"There are two possible explanations. The business depression which began in 1920 extended through 1921, with several million men out of work, factories idle, a reduction of income and the resultant reduction of revenue from the income tax. That situation would account for a reduction of 597,768 in returns and $355,666,580 in the revenue from the income tax. There is another explanation. It has been a common weakness of mankind not only to complain of taxes but to evade the payment of taxes from the beginning of civilization, and throughout the ages the most unwelcome visitor has been the tax collector. It has been said that men will prefer any infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxes, however small. That saying of a distinguished Englishman many years ago is not universally true of American citizens; but it is not necessary for men of means to commit any wrong to evade payment of income taxes. Under our present law the Federal Government takes more than 50 per cent of a rich man's income in taxes, and at the same time offers him an asylum for his wealth in tax-exempt securities such as Farm Loan Bonds. The man who has liquid capital cannot be called infamous or lacking in patriotism if he accepts the latter offer of the Government, pockets his 4½ per cent interest on Farm Loan Bonds and makes no income-tax return. The Government makes just as earnest appeal to the millionaire to buy Farm Loan Bonds as it does for him to pay an income tax, and many of them have no doubt withdrawn their capital from industrial enterprises whose securities are taxed by both state and Federal governments, to invest in those tax-exempt government bonds. This is not the fault of the rich men. It is the folly of the Government."

Tax-Free Municipals

"I would tax the income from new issues of Farm Loan Bonds the same as the income from corporate bonds which represent working capital, to keep the wheels of industry and commerce moving to feed and clothe the people and furnish work to millions of men and women. We tax the income from a large part of the Liberty Bonds issued to equip our Army and Navy to win the war but we exempt the income from Farm Loan Bonds authorized after the war to encourage the farmer to borrow more money than he actually needs. That seems to me contradictory and shortsighted political economy. I am not opposed to helping the farmer in every way possible, for he has to gamble with Nature and the market at the same time; but it is not the farmer who buys the Farm Loan Bonds. It is the rich man who takes that lawful means of escaping the income tax. To my mind there is a better excuse for exempting state and city bonds from the income tax, because they are used to secure the capital to carry on great public works and give employment. When so used in times of business depression such securities may be a benefaction. The legislature of Illinois has just authorized the issue of another $100,000,000 of bonds for the construction of hard roads, and that money will give work to many men as well as provide the farmer with better means to reach his market. They will, however, add to the taxes of the citizens of that state and increase the complaint against high taxes, but there is no way of reconciling these two dominant weaknesses of men—to spend public money and complain of the taxes that produce that money."



"Draw The Blade Between Thumb and Forefinger Moistened With 3-in-One"

That's the whole trick of making your razor hold its keen edge.

Thousands of smooth faced men apply 3-in-One to their razors every morning before and after shaving—and thank 3-in-One for a daily succession of clean shaves, without pulling and chafing.

Here's why and how 3-in-One will save your face and your temper:

It is almost impossible to wipe *all* the moisture and lather from between the tiny teeth which, the microscope shows, constitute a razor edge. The moisture starts imperceptible rust which dulls the teeth *over night*.

3-in-One displaces the moisture and prevents the rust. Also keeps atmospheric moisture from getting at the razor edge and starting corrosion.

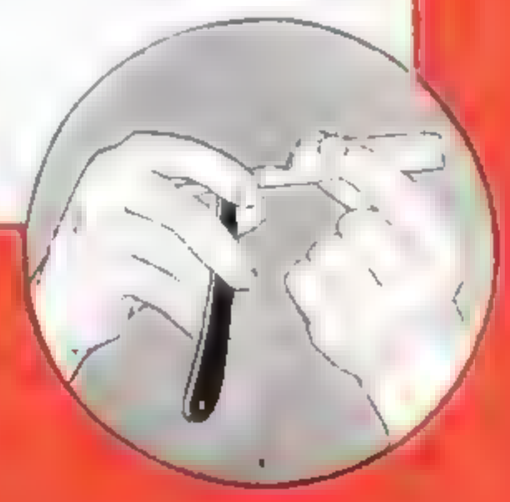
Rub a few drops into your strop regularly. 3-in-One softens the leather and makes it "take hold" of the razor better, producing a keener edge, quicker. The excess 3-in-One that comes off on your face prevents the soap from burning.

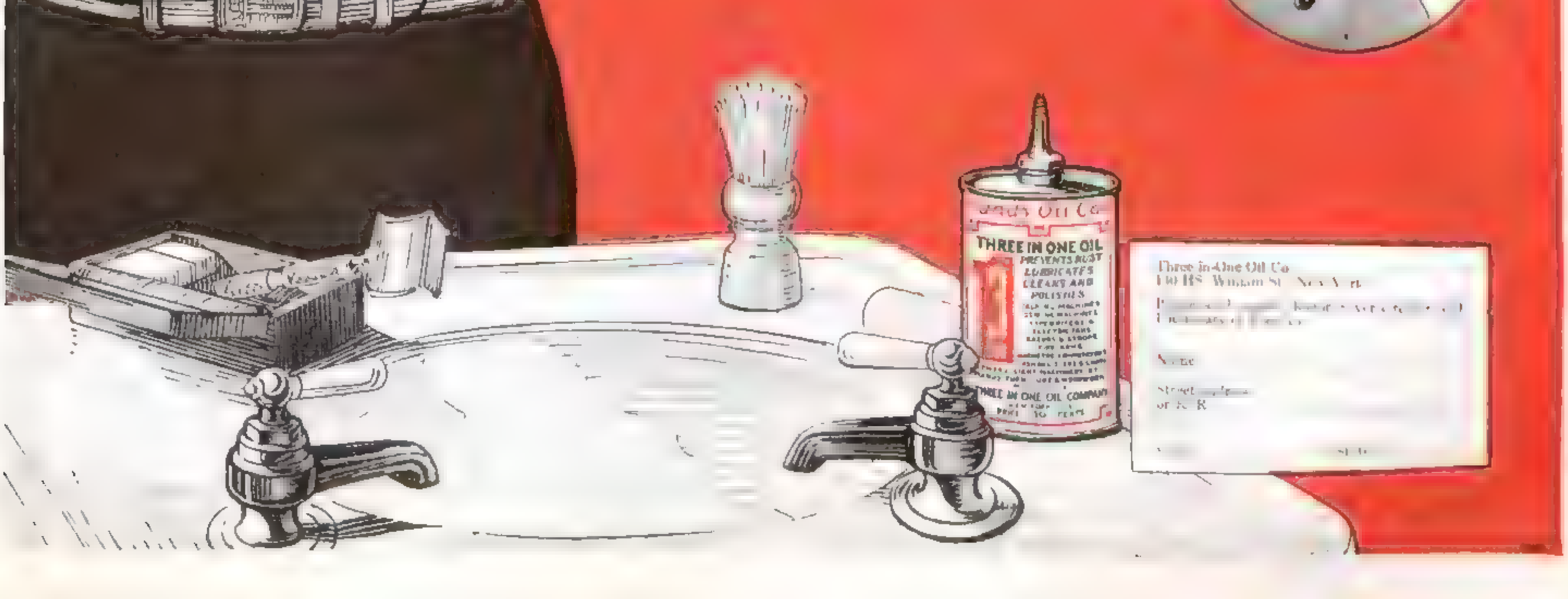
Try 3-in-One tomorrow morning and get the surprise of your life at shaving time.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. Also in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles.

FREE—A generous sample, a special Razor Saver circular and Dictionary. Use the coupon below or make your request on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 HS. William Street New York City





When insects bite and sting Unguentine—*quick!*

MOSQUITOES, ticks, flies, "chiggers," bees, wasps, yellow-jackets—whatever they are—they certainly can take the joy out of life.

How they hurt!

And here's a way to stop it. "Unguentine—*quick.*" Apply this friend in need. Soon the itching, burning pain will die away as Unguentine quickly soothes and heals.

In millions of American households, Unguentine is the first thought in burns, cuts, bruises, sunburn, insect bites and the many skin accidents and irritations that are bound to happen to every member of the family.

Unguentine has won more steadfast friends year after year for over thirty years—just because Unguentine really *is* effective.

For its purposes it is unsurpassed.

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

Get it at your druggist's—he knows what Unguentine will do and he will tell you.

Unguentine relieves and heals
BURNS · CUTS
BRUISES
SUNBURN
CHAFED SKIN
POISON IVY
INSECT BITES

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City

Norwich

The name "Norwich" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation. Rely on this name in drug store purchases.

THE GERMAN BUSINESS MAN

(Continued from Page 20)

The German, like the American, is slow to invite mere business acquaintances to his home. Once the ice is broken, however, and the visiting American or English trader is invited home to meet the Frau Director, he is likely from then on to be asked to join various family parties, Sunday trips to the country and to partake of the traditional German hospitality.

He's greedy for work, this modern German industrialist; he's a thinker, a stickler for factory discipline, and bold to tackle big jobs. He never hesitates to double the size of his plant if orders are piling up. Yet in curious contrast to this there sometimes lurks in his nature a curious pettiness. I was visiting one factory from which an American concern had just bought some machinery costing thousands. While I was there an American engineer came in from this same firm's New York office to investigate a new machine the German plant had perfected. The American wanted to see it operate; he might order some, he said, if it ran right. At his request the Germans put their machine through a trial—and the next day they sent him a bill for two dollars to cover the fuel oil burned during the test! And time and again, he told me, he'd been out in provincial towns, with a salesman from this German factory, to see the company's machines in service; and every time the German would stand back and wait for him—the American—to buy the train tickets and pay the hotel bills. Not even the old stall of fumbling!

Dutch Treats

On the trams, at the coffee shops, or at the theater, wherever German business men go together, each man scrupulously pays only his own share, never the other fellow's. Yet if they take dinner at another German's home, they never fail to leave a suitable pile of marks on the hall table—for the servants. I went on a motor trip with a certain merchant. At lunch time we stopped at a country hotel. When we had eaten, my host collected what was left on our table and carried it out to his chauffeur, who ate it calmly, as if accustomed to being thus fed from the naked hand like a pet in the zoo.

This particular man is probably a millionaire—in dollars—yet his wife cuts her children's hair.

"The barbers are robbers," she explained. "They want a thousand marks for a haircut. They've even formed a union and fixed prices—the rascals! The law ought to lay these unions by the heels!"

Her husband is a member of a committee that meets every two weeks to help fix wages for a certain group of workmen all over Germany. Another committee of his fixes prices on certain articles that every farmer needs, from Königsberg clear down to Munich. Once I was with this man when his wife mentioned going shopping.

"Don't wear your fur coat downtown," he warned her. "Our workmen are already too discontented—and don't use the motor. When they see you dressed up in furs and riding around in a limousine it only makes them more restless. When I have to use the motor," he explained to me, "I always manage to go at an hour when I'll not meet hundreds of our men walking to or from work."

And as he spoke I recalled a motor ride with another German merchant from Dresden to Leipsic, when workmen repairing the highway threw mud at us as we passed and shouted "Schieber!—Grafters."

The retailer cuts far less ice in the German business world than does the storekeeper in America. With the exception of a very few big and quite exceptional establishments, like Wertheim's or the Kaufhaus des Westens in Berlin, the Yankeelike department store is almost unknown. Specialty shops, selling only gloves, shoes, furnishing goods or walking sticks, are common. In the same way one usually sees a separate shop for all such items as cutlery, cameras, glassware, china, hardware, women's dresses, millinery, and so on.

In the remote country towns, however, you encounter an institution fairly close to the old-fashioned American general store. For some obscure reason, these rural stores carry a big sign announcing colonial wares. Chain stores are unknown.

Those of us who know the nooks and crannies of the world, from Bagdad to the Mexican border—we remember that inevitable pair of prewar pilgrims, the Yankee dentist and the German trader. This latter pioneer, clumsy in wrinkled white duck, bull-necked, red-faced and perspiring under his big pith helmet—we've seen him following the equator from Africa to the Philippines, peddling the wares of his fatherland. He's beating his way back now, catalogue in hand; but not so fast as we all predicted in that first scare about the war after the war. Clever, patient, conciliatory as he may be, he simply can't do big business abroad when the shops at home can't fill his orders promptly, at prices that beat American and English quotations.

"Till the French quit the Ruhr," one manufacturer told me, "we simply must buy foreign coal, at maybe four times the German price. That means our prices go sky-high, and then orders slow down. And, for all I know, the French'll stay in the Ruhr just as long as the British stayed in Egypt—or till some big row in Europe runs them out. One hope for us, of course, is to let the British send us coal, and pay them in steel, which they can market in foreign lands. It hits them hard, too—this Ruhr mess. Now the French control four times the ore and coal lands that England owns. . . . Have a drink? You can't get any French wines in the hotels—the union waiters won't serve it; but in the cellar of our company's club we have twenty thousand bottles of French extra dry."

One German in every three before the war lived directly or indirectly from foreign trade. And today only 25 per cent of the people live on farms. So, to pay for their wool, cotton, copper, ore, coffee, tobacco, hides, and to make up for their inadequate proportion of grain and meat, they simply must import or go to ruin.

Much merchandise is sold abroad through catalogues, but the great mail-order house, as we know it, is unheard of. The catalogues worked up by the export houses are well illustrated, however, and printed in the language of the country to which sent, with weights and measures all conveniently converted into the appropriate foreign system. Every big German factory, bank and trading house has its own staff of translators; and in the larger concerns the man in charge of correspondence, for example, with Mexico or the Argentine will usually be a man who has had business experience in that country. Close as our own relations are with Latin America and the Far East, we must not forget that the Latins, as well as the Orientals, look on a business trip to Europe, with its cafés and bright lights, as a rare and alluring lark. Germany is full of Japanese since the war; scores have swarmed to Heidelberg, Gottingen and other university towns, and whole flocks of polite little traders, engineers and more mysterious but equally polished persons pour through the industrial regions month after month. The German they speak is often a spray of rattling consonants that makes even the most hardened German linguist shudder; but somehow they get about, do business, and many an expert German technician is busy today in the factories of Japan and elsewhere in the East.

German Sales People

Harassed and bewildered as he is, or has a right to be, by home troubles, the tenacious German still keeps his eyes on the foreign field. More than once I heard the suggestion of economic union with America, for the commercial conquest of Russia, when that day comes.

"The ideal union," one Herr Director urged, "is *Deutscher Geist* and *Amerikanisches Capital*—German genius and American capital."

Both men and women clerk in the stores. In appearance, in snap and efficiency they seem far below the average American counter jumper. Their knowledge of stock on hand is often vague and inaccurate. I went into one big toy shop to buy a set of building blocks. In vain three girls and a man searched the shelves; they even called the manager—who remembered having seen them somewhere. In the end, I, too, joined in the hunt—and found the blocks myself piled under a flock of Noah's arks. Then I paid the *Ausländer* price—about twice that marked on the box for German buyers. Often foreigners induce German

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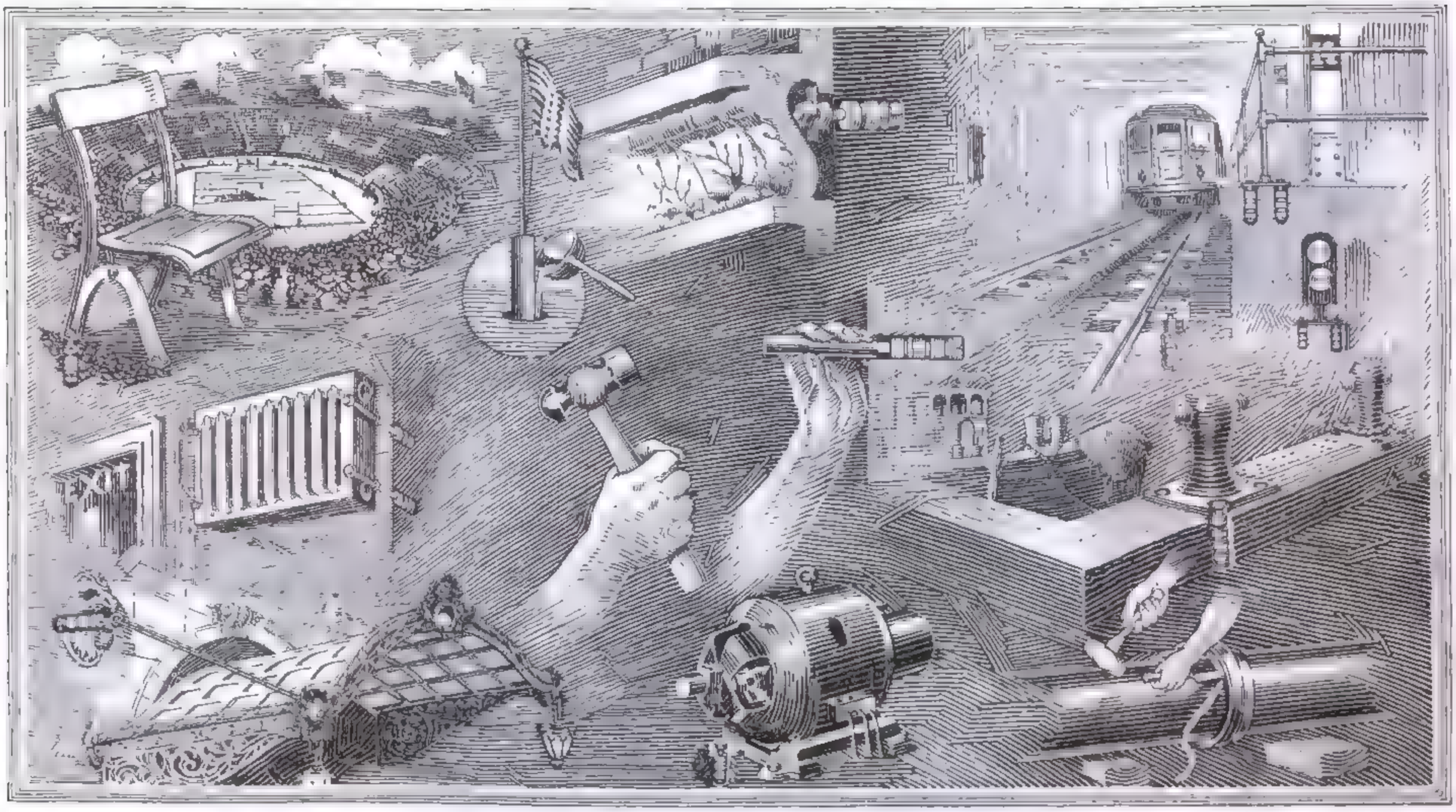


Lead makes an anchor that's hard to budge

HAVE you ever tried to hammer a nail into a wall of stone, concrete, or brick? Useful for quickly piercing elastic wood, the nail causes the hard, brittle masonry to crumble away. When you finally make a hole, the nail fits so loosely in it that you are able to pull it out with two fingers.

Yet you can get secure anchorage in masonry. And soft, malleable lead makes an anchor that is hard to move.

An idea thirty centuries old

There are three ways of using lead to give secure anchorage and make things tight. The use of molten lead is almost as old as history. Three thousand years ago the Assyrians fastened eyebolts in stone with molten lead. Today molten lead is still frequently used. It is poured into the flanges of pipe joints to make them absolutely tight.

Two modern applications of this idea are found in the use of lead wool and in the cinch bolt.

Where vibration or movements of pipes may loosen a poured joint, lead wool or calking lead is used; lead shredded into threads is packed into the joint in a dense, compact mass. This use of lead is particularly important for insuring tight joints in large gas mains, thus diminishing danger from asphyxiation and explosion.

Lead in the cinch bolt

In the case of the cinch bolt, the workman makes a hole in the masonry large enough to contain an iron bolt on which is a lead washer. He then forces a threaded iron nut with tapering sides into the lead washer.

The iron nut forces the soft, malleable lead washer against the sides of the hole and into every crevice and irregularity in the masonry, thus anchoring the bolt firmly in place.

This lead anchorage helps to fasten steel railroad tracks to concrete road beds, and anchor mooring heads to steamship docks. It aids in securing theatre chairs, bathroom fixtures, steam and water pipes, machinery, and awning frames, to concrete, cement, or stone.

The most important use of lead

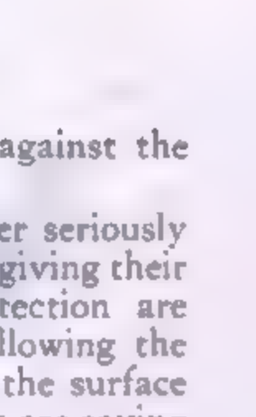
While lead is necessary for providing secure anchorage and making tight joints, its most important and universal use is as paint. Pure white-lead, mixed with pure linseed oil, makes a paint that is used by painters as a standard protection for wood and other non-metallic surfaces against the attacks of the weather.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Dutch Boy

Property owners who never seriously considered the importance of giving their houses adequate paint protection are doing so now. They are following the advice of the phrase "Save the surface and you save all." And they are saving the surface with white-lead or with a paint containing a high percentage of white-lead.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy white-lead.* The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.



Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by the National Lead Company are bar lead, lead castings, type metal, orange mineral, sugar of lead, lead pipe, lead oxides, and sheet lead.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.

You wouldn't saw the handle off your shaving brush

Most shaving sticks are as inconvenient to hold as a shaving brush would be with the handle cut off. But look at the room for your fingers on the new Williams' Doublecap Stick. You can wrap your whole fist around it. And this generous, full-hand hold remains the same, even when both ends of the stick are worn down.

Williams' Doublecap gives you the same quick, thick lather, the same skin care that has made all forms of Williams' Shaving Soap famous the world over. The Williams' lather has never had an equal for making shaving speedy and easy and for making faces glove-smooth and perfectly conditioned.

Doublecap—the newest of the Williams' Shaving Sticks—is typical of the leadership that the J. B. Williams Company has unquestionably maintained for over three generations.

A "working model" of this new stick will be sent you free. Send postal or clip coupon below.

Williams'
Doublecap
Shaving Stick

Doublecap is handsome enough to stand beside your finest toilet articles. Its highly-polished metal container will not corrode and is good for years. As one soap-stick after another is used up, get reloads from your dealer. They cost less than the original package. Putting in a Doublecap reload is as simple as filling your pipe. No fuss or bother at all.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn. Montreal, Can

This new stick
is made by the makers of the famous Williams' Holder Top Stick and Williams' Shaving Cream with the Hinged Cap

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 68. Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me the free "working model" of Williams' Doublecap Stick as advertised.

Name_____

Street _____

City _____

An exact "working model" of Doublecap FREE!

To let you see its ingenious construction, here's a little "working model" that we'll send you free. It's not a toy, but a stick you can use. Contains enough soap to let you test Williams' thoroughly. Your name and address on a post card will bring you this free stick. Or use the coupon opposite.

(Continued from Page 64)

acquaintances to do their buying for them, to get things more cheaply.

In one or two stores clerks refused to wait on me at all because I was a foreigner; usually, however, one is received with courtesy. On the windows of all shops and hotels, nowadays, you see the warning sign, No Belgians or French Allowed in Here.

At a gun shop where I bought a rifle the shopman was a born salesman. He even took me out to his own shooting club, adjusted the telescopic sights for me and let me blaze away—burning up his own ammunition at some three thousand marks a cartridge—shooting the red-paper heart out of a gray-paper deer at two hundred meters. Then he'd take a shot himself and note the position of the hit, and correct the gun-sight adjustments until he was satisfied the rifle shot where you held it. But in a bookstore where I asked, in English, for one of Sven Hedin's books I was angrily warned to speak German or get out. Always it's the human element. When I lost my way in the Harz Mountains an old man who said he raised canary birds for shipment to the States walked a half hour out of his way to put me back in the right path for the inn. Tens of thousands of these birds are shipped to New York every season

Hardly a ship leaves Bremen, westward bound, that doesn't carry these little songsters; and one big ship has a special member of the crew, called the bird man, who looks after them.

Initiative, as the Yankee skilled mechanic or wide-awake office worker knows it, is practically nonexistent among subordinates. If you go to any big concern to get some information, or to buy or sell something, there's no use beginning halfway up, or even with the man next the top. Only Herr Director General himself can finally say yea or nay.

A Very Sick Horse

They are cold-blooded opportunists, these big German industrialists. In many a great factory an experimental shop is set up, usually locked off from the rest of the works. Here new devices are tried out. Trained agents scour the industrial centers of Germany to snare the simple inventor who may have worked out something new and promising. Often he is given a job in one of these big shops, where he can develop his idea with the aid of the company's machines and experts. If it fails, the costs are written off, and the watchful angling for new inventions is resumed. If it looks promising, does the company drive a hard bargain and get it? And then does the company manufacture and sell the thing, and divide the profits among its stockholders? Often it does not! More likely the Herr Director General and one or two favorite cronies buy the device from the dreamy, impractical thinker who worked it out, organize a *Schwester Gesellschaft*, or sister company, and market the thing for their own enrichment.

Patriotism is a sick horse among most of these new industrialists. Now and then, however, it rolls over, coughs, kicks and struggles to get up. In the motorless-airplane trials last winter one bird man had no marks to buy wings. A Hannover machine builder heard of the poor aviator's plight, then built and gave him a brand-new plane.

Any good American ad writer could only read German advertising matter—and weep. Some of the best art supplies our draftsmen and artists get come from Germany, and American students go there to learn illustrating and designing. But the advertising copy the Germans turn out is a crime; hideous and unspeakable in its awfulness. Go into any American historical museum and look at the old papers printed when Lincoln was shot; read the quaintly worded ads and note the jumble of ugly type, the utter absence of display or artistic effect. Then you can imagine what modern German newspaper advertising is like. Big sums are spent on it, and it must have a certain pulling power. Yet when you see how the English papers have copied our advertising style, you wonder that the Germans—famous as imitators—have taken no tip from our success.

The German Press

The displays in magazines are good, and their outdoor work is striking, clever and effective. In trams and dining cars the cards and poster work of cigarette, chocolate, motor and tire firms are quite up to Yankee standards. And in the use of attractive novelties, like paper weights, knives, ash trays and desk pads, there are many ideas in Germany which our advertisers might profitably copy. A few advertising agents flourish; but they merely place copy, and have little to do with its preparation.

If you happen to be in a German provincial town—where no London or Paris papers are for sale—and want to know what's doing in the United States, you might just as well go to the museum of antiquities and puzzle over the fishworm writing in an ancient Koran, or study the hieroglyphics on a moldy mummy box, as to buy a German newspaper—even if you read German. The German business man is keenly interested in American conditions and trade activities; but, it seems, German editors don't even suspect it. If you find an American news item at all—even in the press of big towns like Hamburg and Dresden—it'll be either a rumor that Hughes at Washington has told Harvey at London to tell Herrick at Paris to say to Houghton at Berlin—should a favorable opportunity present itself—that America may or may not, at a later date, enter the League of Nations; or that a mob in Texas burned the wrong negro, or that a baby in Keokuk fell four stories and was picked up laughing. So when you look at your morning paper here, whether it's printed in Baltimore or Sacramento, and find at least two German business news stories on the front page, you can see one big reason why we're three jumps ahead of the Germans, commercially and in many other ways.

(Continued on Page 68)

Small Caterpillars are Used at the Big Factories for Switching and Moving Material

Capitol Boilers

In heating equipment there is but one true test of quality. It is the service record of actual installations over a long period of time.

With Capitols, this record covers more than thirty years—practically the entire period of development in highly efficient steam and hot water heating.

There is no way to dismiss the reputation of Capitol Boilers because that reputation is lodged in the experience of thousands of users who know that Capitols have never failed them.

These people—supported by the Heating Contractors of the nation—are authority for the statement that there is no better boiler than a Capitol.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston
*Springfield, Mass.
*Portland, Me.
New York
*Brooklyn
*Harrison, N. J.
*Philadelphia
*Baltimore
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
*Cleveland
*Columbus
*Cincinnati
*Detroit
*Chicago
*Indianapolis
*Milwaukee
*Minneapolis
*Des Moines
*Omaha
*St. Louis
*Kansas City
*Seattle
*Portland, Ore.
*Louisville

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

(Continued from Page 66)

"We're too poor," the German newspaper owners wail, "to pay for news from America."

Stinnes owns some good papers. To the unjaundiced Yankee eye, it seems his modest income from ships, factories, mines and railways might at least bring him enough to afford subscription to a clipping bureau. Only one paper in all Germany—the reliable Frankfurter Zeitung—really carries any reasonable amount of useful trade and market news from America.

"It's important to our readers in the German business world to know what our competitors in America are doing," a writer on this paper told me. "And every month we try to get more and better business news from the States."

To cut out waste is a high aim of industrial effort. For months—for years they will work, finding a way to do a certain thing more cheaply, or to make good use of a by-product instead of throwing it away.

Lately I was in a big chemical factory on the Neckar, where waste water from a soda works was being turned into the river. As the stream was being polluted, farmers and fishermen had complained, and the police authorities had served notice on the factory people that they must cease this nuisance. To do so, they installed a giant centrifugal machine which separates the objectionable solids from the waste water and permits the then harmless effluent to flow into the Neckar. But this big machine and its operation cost money; so the whole chemical staff of the factory was set to work to discover what good use could be made of the white paste being recovered from the waste water, so that the compulsory use of the machine, instead of merely costing money, could be turned into a revenue-earning process. And they found it, they admitted; but like the clams they are, they did not even hint at what they had found.

Labor-Saving Devices

At the giant steelworks of the Islete Hütte, near Peine, you can see a striking example of how intensive thought has worked to avoid waste. Here gas is taken from the coke ovens, and with it the gas engines for driving the air compressors and generating electric current are run. And the red-hot, foul slag stream instead of remaining a nuisance is cleverly disposed of by first being showered with a cold-water spray, then carried on belts to a high elevation and allowed to fall off on the shot-tower principle. In its cooling, downward flight it turns to small hard pellets, ideal for surfacing yards and roadways. And tar from the coke ovens is processed and reprocessed until there is nothing left—nothing that's useless. Here, too, by an electric system, almost superhuman in its ingenuity, scores of ore cars running suspended from an overhead monorail are moved every hour from ore dump to weighing scales, then on to the mixing bins, and finally to the furnaces—all under control of one man at a central switching station and two others at the automatic mixing bins.

Even when operating at maximum capacity, so few workmen are in sight at this creepily automatic plant that one gets the feeling it is Sunday, or that the works are shut down because of a strike.

At the government-owned potash mines near Nordhausen, in the Harz Mountains, I was shown a similar example of singular efficiency. Through the usual method of crushing and treating, the ordinary potash salts of commerce were obtained from the reddish rock salt. But there has always remained a certain obstinate deposit, known to contain a valuable element, which did not yield to the ordinary methods of treatment. Finally, hearing of the giant centrifugal machine being used by the chemical people and also by the coal people in extracting dust-fine wet coal from the waste water of the mines, the potash chemists began a long series of experiments. Finally they hit on a plan which works. They boil the once-obstinate by-product, run it hot into the giant centrifuge—which looks like an overgrown cream separator—shoot the reclaimed solids back into the mine for use in back-filling, and then evaporate the effluent for the valuable salts that were formerly thrown away.

In engineering and manufacturing the German really shows his best form. No race is so thorough in the technical training it gives its young men. Every year, from the technical high schools an army of these shaven-headed, bespectacled youths marches solemnly out, to fill the shops and factories. It is said that in any big *Fabrik* one man in every ten is a technical man; that of five hundred men in any shop, fifty will be these youngsters, conspicuous in gray mantles and solemn as surgeons about an operating table, hired at barely a living wage to think, plan and design for the works.

The mantle of secrecy which is thrown over the inner activities of one of these big German factories reminds one of a military-intelligence office in wartimes. If you doubt this, just try to walk into any plant—even in at the main front door to the general offices—the next time you're in Germany. The sign *Kein Eintritt* or *Eintritt Verboten* greets you at every avenue. More things are *Verboten* here—someone said—than are permitted.

The Policy of Secrecy

One great plant I know of, for example, builds boilers, locomotives, farm implements and road-making machinery. At the head of each department, or *Abtheilung*, is a tried, proved and experienced engineer, old in the company's service, enjoying its full confidence. He knows his own part of the business absolutely; but he knows nothing at all of what's going on in the other departments, and the Director General sees to it that he has no chance to find out. So thoroughly is this understood to be a part of the company's policy, and so rigidly is the rule observed among these engineers themselves, that they would regard it as a dangerous breach of factory ethics even to ask an intimate company colleague any pointed questions as to what might be going on in his particular department. These department heads never even go into any section except their own, unless there on specific business. Once I asked the chief engineer of the motor section if he knew how many boilers the company had built the year before, and he replied—without embarrassment—that on this subject he was uninformed, and would not be permitted to say, even had he found out by accident. One German idea is well set forth in these words, credited to a professor as he spoke to a class of young men graduating from the Charlottenburg Technical High School:

"When you leave these halls, miss no opportunity to travel abroad. Learn what our rivals in America and England are doing. Look sharp, and keep a notebook. But when you come home to manage works of your own, lock the door and bar the foreigner."

As the workmen file out at night, they are searched, not only to prevent the theft of tools and small machine parts but also to see that no plans, drawings or photographs are being made way with.

Stealing around plants has increased enormously in the past year. Some curious cases are recorded. One engine concern suffered repeatedly from the mysterious loss of small electric motors; for weeks its secret police worked on the case, baffled and outwitted. Not a clue. By merest chance a company official, motoring through the country, observed a new locomotive from his factory out for a trial run. Up and down the level stretch of open track it speeded, bright and shiny, fresh from the plant. Suddenly it stopped near a crossing—at the same moment that an auto truck stopped in the road near by. Men leaped from the truck and crawled under the tender of the standing locomotive. When the Herr Director, his curiosity aroused, drove casually up to see what it was all about, he was astounded to observe the men dragging one of his new electric motors—the kind that had been disappearing—from under the tender. Through collusion, when the new engines sent out for a trial run were passing the motor *Abtheilung*, waiting confederates would hustle out a new motor and swing it under the tender. Here it passed inspection at the yard gates, and was duly delivered to the waiting thieves at the crossing.

From another plant that makes tools, goods had been disappearing. This concern always stamps its trade-mark on its wares. Many familiar-looking tools, but bearing no trade-mark, were offered for sale in a store run by a man who had relatives working in the tool factory. A detective bought some of these unmarked tools and turned them in to the factory for inspection. No visible mark. But a girl who worked in the laboratory where microscopic photography is used to reveal the structure and strain of metals, put one of the tools before the powerful light of the magnifying-photo apparatus, and lo! there, carefully filed away and beautifully polished, but its impression still faintly discernible, was the outline of the company's mark.

Slavish, thorough and persistent as the German is in his quest of technical results, the elimination of waste and the productive aspect of industry, he has not failed to tackle the problems of distribution, and almost to out-American us in the formation of trusts, trade agreements and other conventions to reduce competition. Through these organizations Germany's principal wares are sold at home and abroad. All big steel, chemical, textile, toy and machinery firms operate this way, to control output, divide territory, fix wages and prices, and save expensive competition. The most vicious of all these trusts, however, and the one that hit America the hardest—especially the farmer—was the potash trust, in which the government itself holds stock. Luckily for us, its teeth have been pulled, for Germany no longer has a monopoly on the world's potash supply. When France took Alsace she acquired some of the enormous potash deposits that once were Germany's, and for the present, at least, the bad feeling between the two countries has prevented a price-fixing agreement that would make us pay the exorbitant prices of old.

Industrious and painstaking as the studious German may be in technical achievement, and conceited as the average expert is in his attitude of superiority over his *Auslander* colleagues, he never hesitates to learn or to borrow outside ideas; and often these ideas are worked into German inventions, made, trade-marked and sold as *echt Deutsch*. One American safety-razor concern tried for months to get an import license to sell its wares in Germany. Before the war they'd sold thousands there, and their trade-mark was as familiar in the shop windows of Leipzigerstrasse as it is on Broadway—or out on the China Coast. But before you can get such an import license, a semiofficial board—one of whose members represents the German industry making the article which the foreigner asks to import—has to pass on your application. In this case, the German razor maker said, "No; we want to make our own razors." So the import license was refused, and just about the same time all Germany was flooded with safety razors, exact imitations of the famous American article—name, trade-mark and all, even to the phrase, "Made in the U. S. A." In this case, however, the German courts promptly got busy, when the Yankees filed an action, and punished the counterfeiters of the American trade-mark.

The Wabbly Geist

It's a pet boast of theirs, this proud brag about the superiority of German *Geist*, or genius. But when you study some of the German-made sewing machines, typewriters, adding machines, or farm and harvest implements—well, you've got to admit they have a genius, an amazing genius for badly and palpably copying many good things invented by Americans.

In the movie trade, more than anywhere, the free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can grabbing of American stuff has been frantic, ridiculous and shameless. The titles of plays, the films themselves, the business of our famous comedians, even the very names of certain Yankee stars have been lifted bodily. Even our jazz has cursed them. They spell it right, they pronounce it *Yatz;* but they can't play it. Imagine—if you can—anything more grotesque than a sad, bull-necked bass-horn blower bouncing ponderously up and down, wabbling his heavy shoulders and putting jazz in a German march, trying to act *echt Amerikanisch!*

Often this wabbly *Geist* is batted back and forth till you're dizzy—you can't tell whose *Geist* it is, or was. One American investor I know found a likely looking patent in Germany, and plunked down sundry good Yankee shekels for the U. S. rights. In Washington they told him the thing was old—it had been patented here in 1904—patent had run out. The Germans had found it over here, changed it a bit, patented it in Germany, then sold it back to an easy mark from the very land that had produced it. *Geist, Geist,* who's got the *Geist?*

Here, too, the big banks are intimately involved in the affairs of merchants and factories. It is quite common for a bank manager to sit on the board of a manufacturing concern which carries its account with his bank, and to act as its trade adviser. Such banks also often advance large sums to finance an industrial enterprise, and then become actual partners in it.

Bank etiquette is unique. In one great Hannover bank I watched the customers. First they walked to the center of the big marble lobby and hung up their hats and sticks, just as you would do here on entering a hotel dining room. You soon understand why they strip for action when you see what an exhaustive test of endurance it is to get a check cashed. You pass it in at one window; clerks gather, whisper, study the check, telephone upstairs, make notes on its margin doubtfully. *"Augenblick!"* they finally tell you, which means wait an eyewink. You wait. Others crowd about the window. Finally you, too, hang up your hat and coat, and sit down to look at a picture book on the reading table in the lobby. If you glance up suddenly, maybe you catch a bunch of clerks whispering together, looking at you suspiciously. Finally, if you're lucky, you hear your name shouted, and at another window a pile of marks is pushed out. Every deposit account here has a number, and this number must show on your check. Some firms even print their official bank-account number on their letterheads.

Every week is shoot-your-landlord week in Germany. It's a sad day now for the man whose money is invested in houses or apartments. A postwar law, devised to protect the public against profiteering because of the appalling shortage of living quarters, goes to the other extreme. By this same well intended but absurdly one-sided law, it is almost impossible for a landlord to eject a tenant; and even with the best of luck, his rental return is hardly enough to keep up repairs on the building.

The Tick That Sold

The result is that whereas new factories, warehouses and office buildings are rising by the thousands, practically no new dwellings at all are being built. And that familiar American institution, the real-estate agency, is practically unknown here. When I told a German who was house hunting that over here he'd have merely to telephone, to get a dozen salesmen after him with big motor cars, to give him free rides about town and to show him what they had for sale, he only grinned, and reminded me that we are a nation of exaggerators.

The German may lack the dash and pluck of an American to jump—against heavy odds—and take a chance to win or lose all. But in even the pettiest of undertakings every angle of the trade problem is pondered and weighed, to eliminate the risk of loss. The English say that just before the war, when German traders had begun to swarm so thickly in India, they gave—in three or four years—a degree of intense study to the temperament and needs of the Indians infinitely beyond anything the British had accumulated after generations of contact there. In so trifling a trade item as egg cups, the Germans ascertained that hens in India laid smaller eggs than their sisters in Europe, and put out special egg cups for the Indian hotel and mess trade that fit exactly. To these German trade scouts also the Indian religious calendars became objects of closest scrutiny. They learned which were the feast days when natives commonly made presents to one another, and just what sort of articles were in demand at such times of the year—and imported accordingly.

In one African district, cheap British alarm clocks had been in use for years. Suddenly sales fell off—and German clocks took the lead. Why? Because the Germans, after painstaking study, had found that whether a clock kept good time or not made small difference to the childish jungle folk. What they really enjoyed was hearing the clock tick! Having found this secret, the Germans brought the native a nice shiny clock with a powerful tick—a tick so loud that it fairly flooded the leafy forest with its rasping voice—and everybody was happy—except the British traders.

Such is the methodical, prodigiously patient and incessantly industrious German business man. In the face of gravest national perils and an overwhelming poverty of natural resources, he continues to double—to treble his energy and patience, and to keep on producing. He is not quick-witted, unusually resourceful, or even especially daring. But his sheer dogged determination and lifelong training are helping him to keep going in these disastrous days.

Look for This Mark—Buy with Confidence

AT last the public is beginning to find out how to figure the real price of an automobile.

It is more than just the list price of the new car.

It is the list price plus the service cost, plus the depreciation the owner is forced to assume when he brings the car to the second-hand market.

The public now recognizes in the Jordan the highest resale value of any car in its class.

Why is this so?

First—The Jordan is designed and built for lasting service, and is the lowest priced car in its quality class.

Second—Service cost is low. Service parts last year cost less than $10 per car.

Third—Depreciation is low and is fairly definitely fixed for every owner or prospective owner.

Intelligent buyers now ask "What will my car be worth one year from now?" Jordan buyers may have the answer before they buy.

Buyers of Jordans which have seen service should look for the Mark of Jordan Service under the hood.

This mark guarantees to the purchaser that the car on which it appears has been rebuilt in accordance with the National Standard Jordan Policy to which every Jordan dealer has subscribed.

It means that you may purchase any Jordan car offered for resale with the same assurance with which you would purchase a new Jordan. It protects Jordan owners against imposition and, the public against deception.

This is one of the reasons why 99% of all Jordan owners are still driving Jordan cars.

Edward S. Jordan

President
Jordan Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

PALM

A 10c Soap

If Palmolive Soap cost many times this modest price it would be considered worth it by the millions of users who find it the only satisfactory soap. But it is these millions who make it possible for us to offer Palmolive at a popular price. The gigantic demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and allows manufacturing economies, which makes the 10c price possible.

D L I V E

Beauty That Lures

Sometimes you meet a woman whose beauty is so vivid that it seems to exert an irresistible charm. It doesn't depend upon regularity of features, nor the color of eyes or hair. A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always live as the symbol of the all-conquering force of beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

How She Did It

By thorough, though gentle, daily cleansing which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practiced by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

What most interests modern women is—what cleansers did Cleopatra use? How did she free her skin from dangerous accumulations without causing irritations or making it dry and rough?

The answer is—Palm and Olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

Mildest Soap

Palmolive was perfected to provide women with the purest, mildest facial soap possible to produce. The inspiration was the ancient use of Palm and Olive oils which have stood for over 3000 years as ideal natural cleansers.

Their soothing, healing cosmetic qualities are embodied in Palmolive, the gentlest of all cleansers. Its lotion-like action beautifies while it removes the dirt, oil and perspiration, which must, every day, be carefully washed away.

Bedtime Is Best

This thorough daily cleansing is best done at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream should be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face thoroughly in the smooth Palmolive lather, using your two hands to massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, still with your hands, and dry with a soft towel. Apply cold cream if you need it, as dry skins will. Oily skins are often best without it.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then make your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you. Do this a week and you will realize how Cleopatra kept young.

Once Costly—Now Low Priced

When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were costly luxuries. Only wealth could indulge in their constant use.

Today the situation is changed by the progress of modern science. These rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at most modest cost

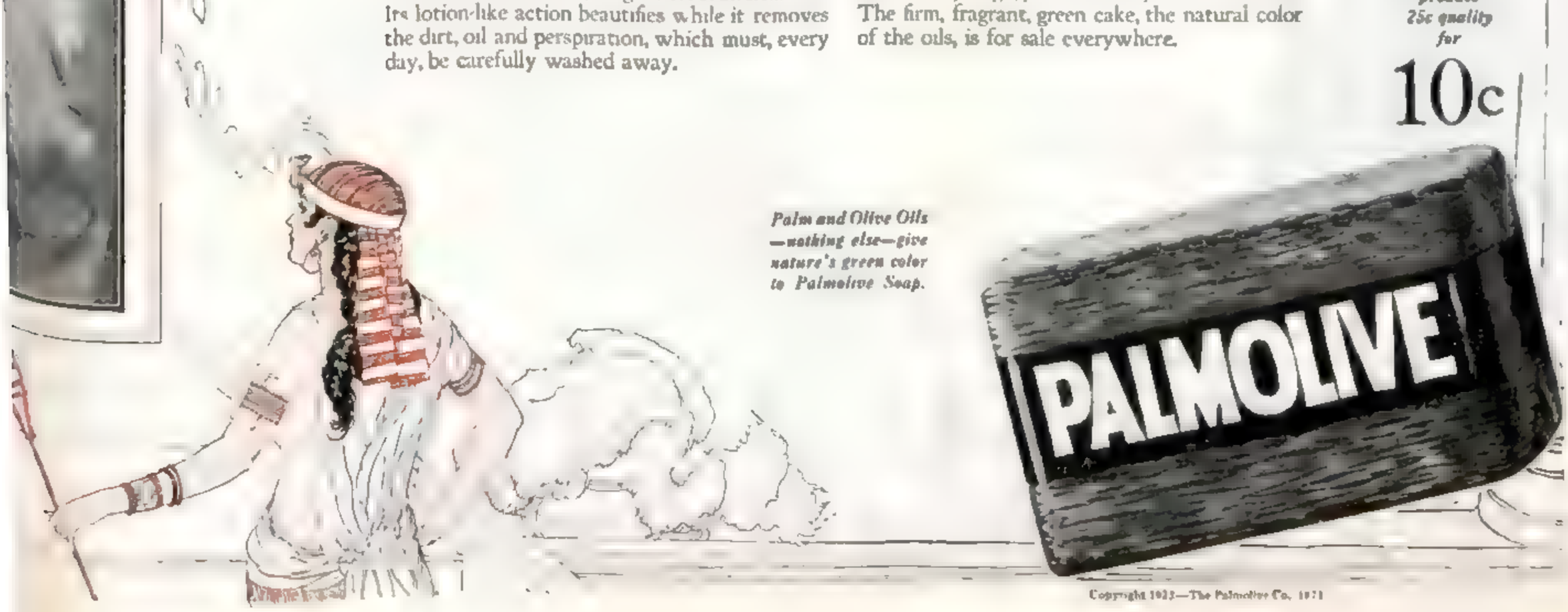
The world-wide popularity of Palmolive has required production on an enormous scale. Palmolive factories work day and night. Palm and Olive oils are imported from overseas in gigantic quantities. Manufacturing efficiency does the rest.

The result is soap for which users would willingly pay 25c, but which costs only 10c, the price of ordinary soap. This puts it within the reach of all for every toilet purpose—for bathing and on the washstand to keep hands white and smooth. And remember—to whatever part of the world you go, you can always find Palmolive. The firm, fragrant, green cake, the natural color of the oils, is for sale everywhere.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.



Copyright 1923—The Palmolive Co. 1971

The Nickel Lunch

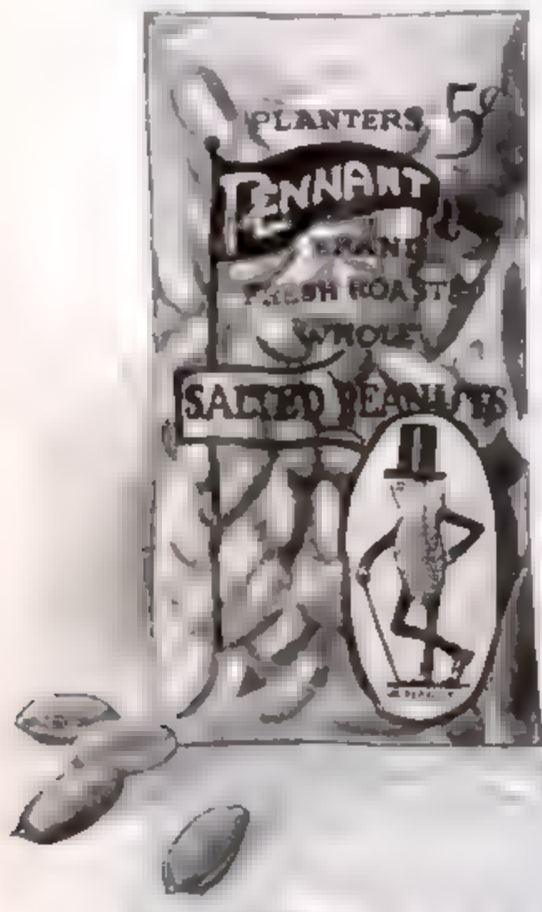
When you spend your lunch hour at the movies

—enjoy the crisp freshness of Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts. "The Nickel Lunch" is nutritious and healthful—good to eat—rich as meat.

At any hour of the day or night—at home, at the office, shopping or at the movies—you will find these golden morsels *delicious*.

Sold everywhere in the five cent glassine bag—always fresh and crisp.

Made by the Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., Chicago, New York, Boston, San Francisco.



Send 75c for a pound of the delicious Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in the blue tin box—sealed to keep the nuts crisp and fresh.

Planters

PENNANT SALTED

PEANUTS

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

(Continued from Page 25)

felt free to speak their whole minds they would say: "Come on now; tell us the whole story. If any of it is confidential we will keep the confidence. We must, at any cost, have the news. Better for you and better for us that we get it straight. If you don't give us the news we will be irritated. That is human. There ought to be very little that the people of the country should not know. There is a tremendous prejudice against secrecy, but if you say something is a secret we will keep it a secret. It is a well-known fact that if any one of us breaks promises of secrecy the others will make him an outcast."

The answer to this argument as made by Roosevelt was once expressed to me by a famous veteran correspondent, who said, "T. R. adopted our plan. But the trouble was that he did it more than 100 per cent!" Roosevelt told a great deal and relied upon giving confidence. It is said that he was able to express his views freely to interviewers, and that having done so he sometimes said:

"What I have told you is absolutely confidential. If you repeat it and quote me you will make it appear that I was not speaking confidentially to you, but that I was transmitting information to others. In other words, you will be misrepresenting the facts, and I shall deny, as I have a perfect right to do, that the matter is as you present it."

From the point of view of fair play and good faith, the man who, fully warned, nevertheless quoted the President richly deserved his membership in the Ananias Club. The results of the Roosevelt method were sometimes laughable.

I remember one crestfallen correspondent of one of the press associations who whined: "I've just seen the President. He told me everything I knew already, and all that I was preparing to write—but he pledged me to secrecy on every fact I had, and now I can't write the blooming story!"

The answer made by Wilson to the argument of the newspaper men was, finally, complete retirement and isolation, followed by the formation of an expensive propaganda bureau for which the taxpayers put up the money.

The answer made by most politicians falls somewhere in between these two attitudes. Some men meet the boys with a flood of talk and balderdash; and others, adopting Root's customary manner, smile or frown or show a poker face and repeat over and over, "I have nothing to say."

After a good many years of clinging to the high ideal of pitiless publicity, as Wilson called it before he had tasted the dish, after a good many years of being on the side of the correspondent, I have gone over to the side of the politician.

Ill-Informed Interviewers

Here are my reasons: First of all, if a statesman has anything to express it is better for him to take the initiative in expressing it. If he is a believer, as I am, in the duty to disclose everything possible he can fulfill that duty on his own initiative much better than he can fulfill it by waiting to have someone hound it out of him, and then loosing it on the world in a hasty answer to a questionnaire, or as a disjointed piece of information often tangled up with such extraneous matters as the interviewer may introduce. The chances are that the interviewer, no matter how good a correspondent he may be, is less prepared to think about the politician's problem than is the politician; the former knows less of the ground than the latter, and it is the politician and not the interviewer who has the responsibility of handling the conduct of the political affair and of assuring the public that if they receive facts these facts will be accurate.

I remember at a critical moment in the politics of one of our Northern states the governor was facing a group of newspaper men who had been firing questions at him in regard to social-welfare legislation.

"But what have you done for a commission to draw a minimum-wage law?" asked one of the interviewers, adopting the well-known savage style. "There was nothing about this in your message. You never lifted a finger ——"

"Yes, governor," cooed one of those who have a petting air when their claws are itching to strike into meat. "I suppose you did not feel that you could even suggest a limited form of such a law say, a commission of investigation."

"No," said the official. "There hasn't been a great deal of talk about it."

"And you would oppose doing anything to create such a commission?"

"There are already too many commissions," the governor said.

"Do you mind being quoted?"

"No."

There was a growl of triumph from the two reporters, who left the group and were off down the marble stairs.

"I suppose," said the governor, laughing—"I suppose I should tell those of you who remain that for seven years there has been on the statute books of this state—almost dead—the very law your two young associates have just become so excited about."

I remember even more vividly the occasion when a correspondent in Washington went to interrogate Roosevelt about the proposal of a Federal incorporation act. When the interview was over, the President said to one of his friends: "It is astonishing how intelligent some of these fellows are; but now and then what one of them really requires of me is to furnish in five minutes a college course in elementary economics; a biographical sketch of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Karl Marx: a short course in constitutional law and a thorough training in modern corporation management. And, you know, it can't be done in five minutes!"

Press Association Standards

Furthermore, it is inevitable that a certain number of correspondents will be of the kind who, if they told the truth, would admit, as some do, that the truth is not enough. One of the vices attending the profession of special correspondent—the fellow who signs his name to his stuff—is that, by the process of human nature, he may for his personal record sacrifice the good traditions of the general newspaper profession. Nine days out of ten there is either no news in his particular field, or else all his competitors get the news just as it is. Neither of these conditions suit the special correspondent. He draws his pay by being different and distinguished from the others. On the days when there is no news he must make a big news story; on the days when everyone else gets the story as it is it is tempting to write a different story. Only a man with a vast supply of conscience can withstand the pressure to be distinguished—at any cost. I know many who do withstand the pressure, and I feel I should subscribe for their memorial tablets. But there are others who do stand up to truth

"You have to write over your own name every day," I said to one of these special correspondents. "What do you do when you don't get any news?"

He was frank; he said, "I write it."

Less a hypocrite than others I have known, this man day by day and year by year sends into the United States from foreign lands a constant stream of rumors of intrigue, of pandering to racial, religious and international prejudices, of facts so perverted and rearranged that no one can deny them categorically, and yet of such a nature as to be pure poison. He is not a somber figure. He laughs and is happy and is rather proud of himself. He himself does not know what he is doing.

Among the tried representatives of our press associations one finds no such men. On the contrary, the vast majority of tried men who have not built a following around signed stuff based on creating a hate, a fear or a suspicion per day are men who hold their jobs by knowing their subjects and keeping their faith in mankind even when they have seen mankind so much. These tried rank and file are not the men who strive to find nonexistent news. It has been my experience that one can give them confidences and draw good values from their information and their personal opinions. They are men who really care more for the news than they do about spraddling out on a front page with efforts which are in reality half cheap fiction and half cheap editorial writing. They are not smart Alecks, although when they look at pay envelopes and reputations of star reporters they may well believe they are living in

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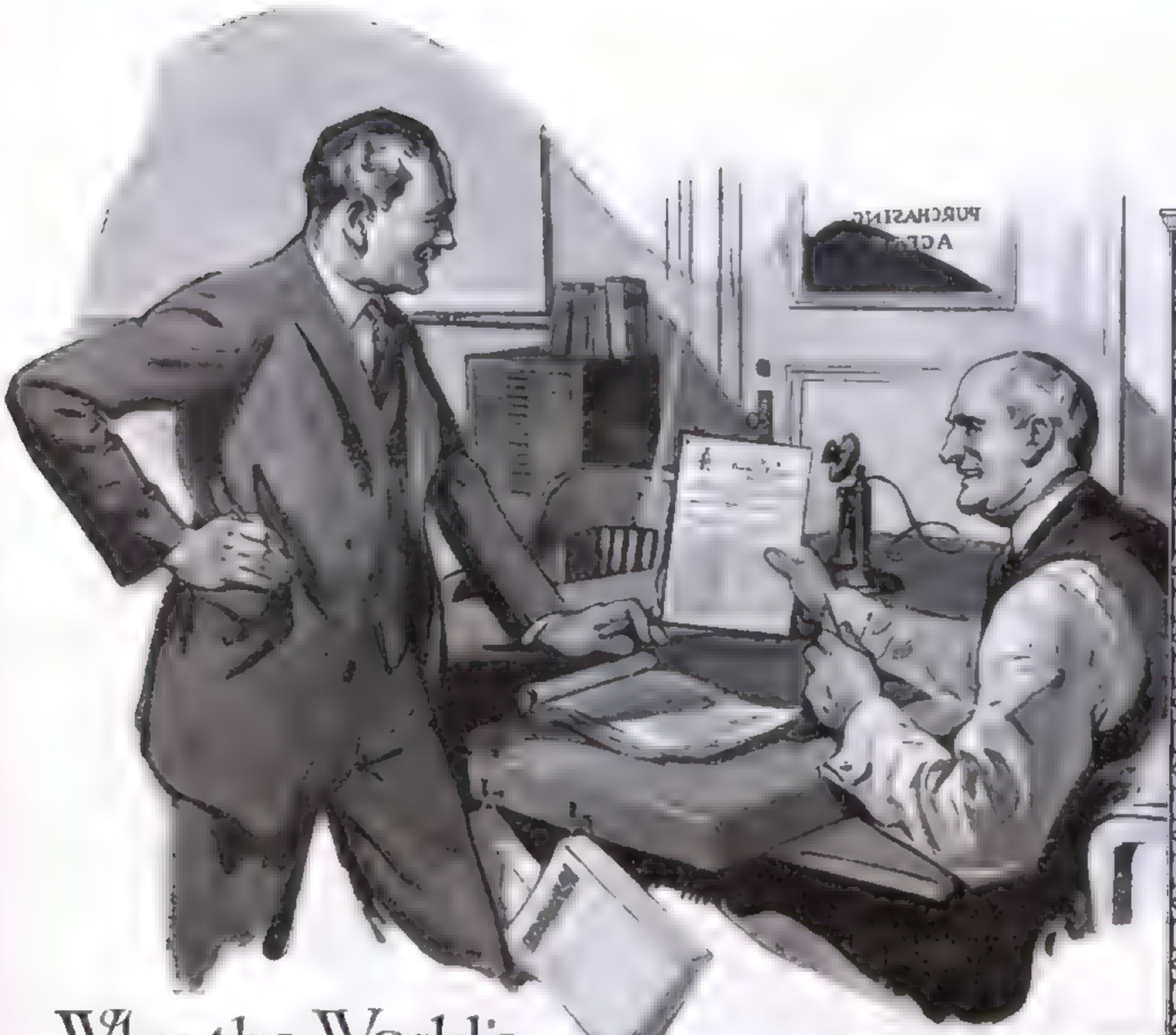

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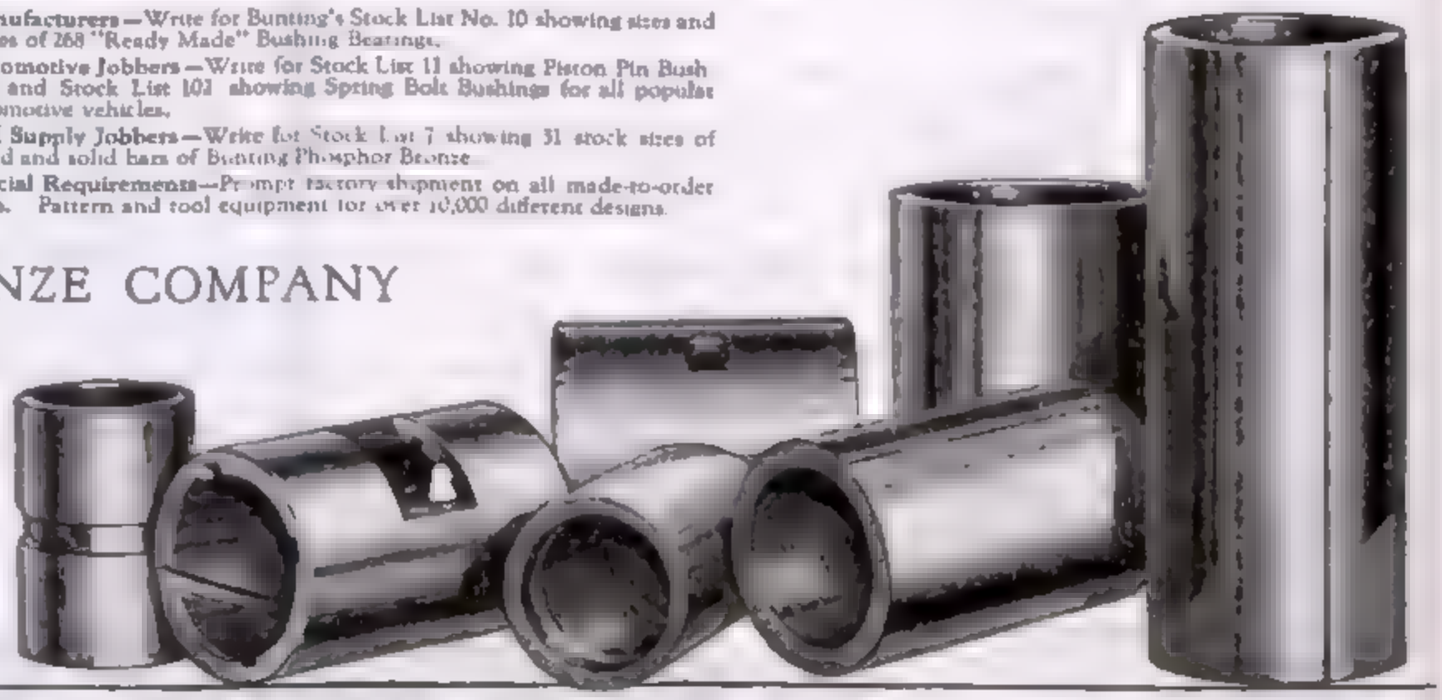

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a day which favors smart Aleck correspondents.

The great trouble is that when a politician goes to meet the boys he often must meet both kinds of newspaper men. It is all very well for the newspaper profession to argue that confidences are wise and will be kept. Perhaps on the forty-first time or oftener the confidence will not be kept. Not long ago one of the older diplomats of the United States, occupying a post in Western Europe, was invited to a dinner given by the pressmen of his own country. It was represented that the occasion would be confidential. It is of no consequence what he did or said there. He did and said nothing much to his discredit; but one of the officers of the press association caused to be sent a report of alleged sayings and doings which was a complete breach of all honorable dealing, all confidence, all the traditions of the profession. Naturally the politician who weighs the possibility of being so treated may be like the negro who, being told that sharks never attack a dark skin, fell to contemplating upon the possibility of an occasional shark being blind.

Not only must the politician weigh the chances that some confidences may be broken; he must also weigh a much more common danger—that of enmity or ignorance. It is not the enmity or ignorance of the majority he must fear; he must measure what he tells the group of interviewers by the enmity or ignorance of the man among them who has the maximum of sophisticated enmity or the maximum of unripe ignorance; or, sometimes, the maximum of some strange, violent leaning of personal prejudice in regard to some question. This is the day of prejudices, and though the older newspaper men know that it is a duty to suppress such prejudices, the world is full of young Don Quixotes who always have some windmill at which they charge with sharpened pencils.

I remember a correspondent who would write a nasty story about any American politician who stopped short of wishing to send the United States Navy to free Ireland. I knew a man who so hated Roosevelt that he prophesied for months that T. R. would do something dramatic, and when Roosevelt was shot in the 1912 campaign complained bitterly until midnight to one of the party managers because the latter would not admit that it was all a rehearsed shooting. I know one now who is so angry because the United States did not join the League of Nations that he attempts to discredit all the present foreign relations of the United States. I know a man who signs his stuff who so hates Secretary Hughes because years ago Hughes, then candidate for governor in New York, spoke crossly to him that he can see nothing but waste and destruction in Hughes. If Hughes gave his clothes to the poor this man would probably believe it was done because Hughes was too pro-Japanese or was preparing to invite Lloyd George to come to the United States.

Submarine Fiction

If anyone has had opportunity of being behind the scenes with correspondents, and behind the scenes also with the politicians, one realizes that the groundless suspicion plays no small part in the difficulty. Some correspondents go a little loony over fairy stories. They have a tendency to see ghosts. These ghosts sometimes take the form of a ghost epidemic. One of them is that the great struggle for oil is the predominant interest of world statesmanship. If a President or a Prime Minister tells these men that he has not even thought of oil for months they do not believe him. Not they! They know that he lies awake thinking of oil. If they do—he must!

So it was during the war with the antisubmarine campaign. Balfour, who was then First Lord of the British Admiralty, knew very well how much nonsense there was in the persistent newspaper men's belief that the British had laid thousands of miles of nets in which submarines would snare their noses, and had found secret electrical devices to locate submarines and draw them by magnetic action into shallow water. To officers of the British and American Navies, too, such ghost-story beliefs were welcome, because when published they tended to create the feeling among German submarine crews that unknown terrors of destruction were in existence. But if any naval official told the truth—the truth that almost nothing had been found in the early years of the war to ensnare or destroy submarines—the newspaper man who wanted to write the great antisubmarine story put the official down as a pardonable liar.

The chief scientific adviser of one of the great Allied naval forces once said to me, "The journalists have destroyed more submarines than the Germans could ever fabricate."

It does not always happen, however, that the politician or statesman who is being interviewed is pleased or favored by the presence of ghost stories. It is anything but pleasant honestly to deny knowledge of some ghost story, and then see incredulity or bitter disappointment on the faces of some hopeful men who have been following some false scent in full cry.

I remember, too, a presidential talk to reporters when an important domestic crisis was rocking the country. One of the men finally said irritably, "Tell us what you are going to do."

The President said, "I don't know."

Later he turned to me and said sadly, "He won't print that. I'm saved because he doesn't believe me."

Rules for Statesmen

Even when there is no ghost story on foot many correspondents are unable to conceive the world of domestic and international politics as a world in a state of flux. There is a tendency to believe that all affairs are settled, that decisions and truths are all black or white, that there is no twilight zone of truth and that insiders know everything and could tell it if they only would. The trouble with this feminine intuition, as one who has long been a correspondent now chooses to call it, is that statesmen—the insiders—cannot always tell if they know; that they know surprisingly little more than outsiders; that what they know is usually gray with qualifications rather than black or white with yes-and-no truth, and that the whole business is in a state of flux, and that its outcome will depend upon what somebody else will do or say.

Therefore, if we go back to the supposition that Harding or Hughes or Hoover or Borah or Colonel House or Henry Ford is being interviewed, they may take counsel from the statesman who, I believe, was more shrewd than any other I have ever known in meeting the boys.

"There are three rules," said he. "One: Be of good cheer and tell all you can in your own way. Two: Ask questions yourself rather than have questions asked you. Three: Listen to the answers."

His first rule is good, because it helps to fill the requirements that the public should be told as much of the truth as possible cheerfully and by the initiative of the one who knows how to tell it. His second and third take cognizance of the fact that one of the chief gains possible in the meeting of politicians and the press is that the politician may learn something.

On the other hand, it will pay correspondents to stop occasionally to realize that it is usually the wise, well-balanced and honest public servant who will meet them with the greatest caution and create among them the greater irritation; a braggart, a hot-head and a wily or oleaginous man has an easier time feeding out a good news story. Furthermore, the man with power and charged with responsibility has every sound reason for a caution which his opponent or snarling critic need not show. One good dependable story from a good man is worth more for most decent papers than ten undependable fat-frying stories from a publicity-seeking and insincere shortweight.

The whole field of the relationship of politicians with the press has yielded endless opportunity for amusement and laughter in my own personal experience. Looking back over it, I remember the Washington correspondent who in Roosevelt's first administration found that the exclusive stories he sent by telegraph to his New York morning paper were appearing with frequency in another New York morning journal. The case was one that seldom occurs in the decent newspaper world; but it was plainly a case of theft. Somewhere between the correspondent's office in Washington and his New York home office there was a leak.

The work of detection of this leak offered the greatest difficulty, but the correspondent found a better method than that of

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detection. He simply arranged a code which, attached to certain stories he sent, would kill them so far as his own paper was concerned. Into these stories, destined never to be published by his own paper, he wrote pure fiction, such as reporting that a fire in the Treasury Building had burned twelve million dollars of paper money and that the President had sent twelve senators on the Mayflower for a Sunday holiday. The thieving newspaper, after having been caught so that it published some of these stories, realized that it had no way to separate his news stories from his creations of gay fiction, and the pilfering ceased. It was not until years later that I discovered that the man who had jokingly suggested this way out of the difficulty was the late Senator Dolliver. It was a case where a politician had taken a hand in a game which was exclusively that of the press.

Often enough the man who is new to politics, or who is shy by nature, is kept in cold sweats by his contacts with newspaper men. Such men almost always consider anything less than complete praise of all they say or do as an outrage on truth. They are far away from the state of a prominent bachelor member of the present United States Senate who said to a younger man about to enter into conspicuous politics, "Remember, there is only one thing evil the press can do to you—it may not mention you."

This same senator, who has grown an armor plate about whatever sensitiveness he may have, said to me not long ago:

"There have been those who have counseled me to marry. One of the reasons I have not done so—if you will believe it—is that I have an idea that if my wife read the newspapers she would cease to love me. She would assume that all the good things said about me come as a matter of course; only the bad things would make any impression on her."

There is something in his theory. One of the cabinet officers under Wilson had a wife who finally refused to read the newspapers or have them come into the house, because she was so upset by occasional comments upon her thoroughly good and well-meaning husband.

For a sensitive nature in politics the morning newspaper may be a great trial. I came into close contact with a case of a presidential candidate who was most sensitive. One of our problems was to keep this fact a secret and to assure the candidate that one of the penalties of exposure to the situation into which he had climbed was the necessity to grow a thick skin.

The Great Man Trapped

One morning among the clippings supposed to be significant enough to put on his desk was one which began in words like these:

"The program which is set forth by the leader of this party which opposes us is one conceived by unpatriotic motives and perhaps deliberately intended to plunge the country into difficulties which may furnish him with opportunities for his insatiable ambition. Born of ignorant parents, possessed of selfish and petty thirst for personal glory, wholly unprepared by education, and unassured by the record established by him in his profession ——" and so on.

The candidate came out of his library office with this clipping in his hand. He was boiling. He used the words "unjust," "scurrilous," "intolerable," and then roared "What paper published this?"

"Don't lose that clipping," said one of his intimate friends, who had perpetrated the joke. "It has a historical value. It is a reprint of an editorial published about Abraham Lincoln."

Not only sensitive natures but those that love fine-cut accuracy are subject to bad moments thrust upon them by the press. Sometimes wily newspaper men, having discovered such a trait, use it for their own ends and to make a victim of unwary public figures. For instance, there still remains as a figure in American politics a quiet, unassuming man who for a long period was notorious for his silence. Somebody said of him that he was the only man who ever listened his way into statesmanship. His experiences became important as news, but he had determined not to publish any autobiographical material.

Now, behold, here comes a newspaper man who says, "Write your life."

The answer is, "No! No! No! No!"

In effect the other then says, "In that case we will write it for you"; and he leaves the great man wondering what horrors of inaccuracy and indiscretion will be published.

As they say on the theater program, "Several days later." Act II. The newspaper man returns. He says that he is worried. The life may contain misrepresentations caused by inadvertence. Too bad! But how can it be helped unless the great man will correct the errors?

Naturally! One knows what curiosity is. There exists no human being who does not have the desire to see how his life reads. Fall of the great man! He consents to look over the manuscript!

Act III. The great man is seen reading the manuscript. It is full of inaccuracies and omissions. He strikes out here and inserts there. He may not know it, but he is engaged in writing his autobiography. The villain takes it away.

Act IV. The autobiography appears in print! Triumph of the villain of the piece! Mild amusement in the audience! Curtain!

Sometimes the innocent politician—the man who is new to the game—finds a strange experience with some of the newspapers. Such a man never reckons on the irresponsible press. He does not know the fact that the public from day to day keeps very little remembrance of yesterday's news.

Killed by Kindness

A man who has since had service in a Cabinet said to me some time ago:

"When I first went into politics I wanted to hang a sign worked in red worsted over my bed saying, 'The Lord will provide.' Now I would take it down and hang up instead, 'The public has a short memory.'"

The irresponsible press, knowing this, departs from the theory held by the responsible press—that reputation for dependability is of high value. The irresponsible newspaper, as numerous instances show, will not hesitate to flash a front-page story of an incident that has never occurred. There are not wanting instances where one afternoon edition has carried a story, say, of a shipwreck of an imaginary ship, with photographs of her hulk lying on a rock, pictures of the imaginary survivors, interviews with them. If anyone were to look in the atlases of the world for the remote coast where the wreck occurred it could not be found. Such newspaper methods, more rare now than twenty years ago, nevertheless are based on the short memory of the public and on the fact that the mass of readers take news as a series of flashes creating fleeting impressions. Therefore it is not impossible for newspapers without conscience to play strange tricks upon candidates to whom they wish no good.

I will not forget the dismay of an innocent candidate for high office who, like many other innocent candidates, was brought forth by a certain shift in American politics not many years ago, when he was confronted by the peculiar action of a certain sensational newspaper. The candidate came from the respectables of his state. He had the burden of wealth and social position. The newspaper in question was circulated mainly among those who enjoyed neither.

For many weeks in the campaign this daily paper published comments upon the candidate which he innocently considered blandishments. He was surprised by the support of this paper, but he was pleased. He failed to see that the flattery and compliments published were all aimed at emphasizing the fact that he was a silk-stocking. The sum total of these favorable comments succeeded in creating among the class of readers reached by the paper the impression that the candidate was a good-natured, innocent old fluff who was too generous with money in the support of his party and spent his evenings introducing his débutante daughter to society. The praise given was sugary. It was too sweet not to sicken. It poured forth like a sirup through gushing news, gushing editorials, gushing society columns. The paper never said that it supported him; it merely covered him with fudge. The innocent candidate, however, said: "It is funny about that sheet. I used to think it was a vile and scurrilous affair and wouldn't allow it in my house." He did not know that every day it was taking votes away from him in hundred and thousand lots.

And then—and then two or three days before election this paper switched. It had discovered new facts. It spoke nobly of admitting its mistakes; it reminded readers that it had never committed itself to the support of his man. Now it was pleased to snatch away the mask and to show his true face.

The innocent are always inclined to overestimate the power of the press in politics. The worst-defeated mayors of cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago have gone down after having enjoyed the overwhelming support of the press. There is no one reason for this fact. Among the many I have noticed, I believe the chief reason is that the public still has an undercurrent of suspicion that the press—particularly the respectable press—is subtly controlled by an aristocracy of wealth and what is called the vested interests. The more unanimous appears the support of the respectable press, the more suspicious become those voters who consider that vested interests and their own interests are in some manner mysteriously and eternally opposed.

"You see it's this way," explained a man who has had a large share in creating a corrupt municipal machine: "Even if the rank and file of the voters believe they have the goods on one of our candidates, they will prefer him to a perfectly honest silk-stocking who represents a style of living and thinking to which the rank and file do not belong."

I may add to this that it is usually the case that the respectables almost never quite have the goods. The strategic situation is this: The municipal bosses and the machine are usually in the hands of others than the respectables, because the respectables will not make a year-round business of municipal politics and only really organize to fight corruption at times of elections. When the election comes the accepted strategy of the respectables is to prove that the machine and its candidates are guilty of something. But good unanswerable proof is difficult to obtain, and so the respectable press is filled with innuendoes, accusations and slaps on the wrist, as my friend calls them. The respectables make the fatal error of hitting their opponents indecisively. In politics never hit at an opponent with anything less than a knockout blow.

In the meantime, what is the other side trying to prove? In the main that the respectables are respectable; that they represent society and wealth, banks and professional academic goodness which masks some kind of a system by which men favored by birth are still more favored. There is almost no difficulty in this task. The respectables do in fact represent wealth and academic culture, banks and society. The machine comes into count and can prove its case 100 per cent; the respectables have the task of proving corruption, and usually barely scratch the ground. The machine wins.

Great—If They Believe It

I was once asked by a chairman of the Republican National Committee why the same limitations to the power of the press do not apply so much to states and still less to national politics. There are two answers and they are easy. The first is that, even if there were a control of the press by wealth or business or the favored classes, it has not and cannot be extended to wider territories, and the people have the feel that this is true. Secondly, if there is any such general control operating, the factor that opposes it in a city cannot operate in a state or nation. That factor is the passage of the opinion of one man to another by word of mouth. If I am a municipal boss I can select the word I wish sent out and have it passed around the precincts of a city during the short period of a campaign. But it is infinitely more difficult to create a nation-wide, word-of-mouth campaign that can compete with printing and telegraphy.

Even in national politics, however, the innocent overestimate the power of the press. I remember a party manager who showed me a huge advertisement that was to have a nation-wide circulation, with the press supporting it by the natural flow of editorial comment.

"That is great stuff!" he said.

"Yes," I replied; "it is great stuff for you. You believe it. But what about the man who hasn't your advantage of knowing it is true? He may not believe it. Perhaps all he may believe is that you have spent too much money putting it out. You may find that all you have done is to cause speculation as to who pays for it all."

That party manager's advertisement remains unpublished; but a little later another was substituted. The second differed

(Continued on Page 79)

Semi-Pneumatic Performance Challenges Comparison

Goodrich Semi-Pneumatic Truck Tires have revised old standards of what a truck can do. Their record of performance stands unmatched.

Their success has written a new word into the automotive vocabulary—Semi-Pneumatic. The truck tire with solid rubber where you need it, and maximum air space where you must have it. Most of the working range of both Solids and Pneumatics without the handicaps of either.

Bear this in mind: If it is not a Goodrich it is not a Semi-Pneumatic. Only Goodrich makes Semi-Pneumatics, and the name stamped on the tire is your guaranty.

Call on the nearest Goodrich Truck Tire Distributor and learn more of this remarkable truck tire.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1870

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Goodrich

Semi-Pneumatic

TRUCK TIRE

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

REG U S PAT OFF

YOU'LL know it's good even before you taste it —because it's Maxwell House.

Such a firm conviction of uniform goodness can only be founded on a continuous record of unvarying flavor. That's the secret of the nationwide demand for Maxwell House Coffee that keeps our five plants working to capacity.

Proof that you are amply justified in expecting remarkably pleasing flavor in Maxwell House Coffee is contained in these few, unvarnished facts:

—only the finest grade coffees of the world are used.

—our method of cleaning, roasting and packing and blending is the development of the combined skill of two generations of two families.

—the sealed tins preserve Maxwell House goodness—retain the flavor we put in it—and keep it clean, and free from dust.

For these reasons we promise you a taste that is "Good to the Last Drop".

Your dealer sells Maxwell House—ask him for it.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

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(Continued from Page 76)

from the first because the first contained material the voter could not know was true, while the second advertisement contained assertions we believed were already in most voters' minds as firm convictions.

The principle just illustrated is the one that gives value to the support received by politicians from the press. If the press takes the ground that Senator A may be our best candidate for President because it will soon be demonstrated that the Einstein theory is vital to our affairs, and Senator A stands for the slogan, The Einstein Theory or Death, the support of the press may be more harmful than beneficial. On the other hand, if the press says that it supports Senator A because honesty is the best policy it will help a lot. In the former case the public must be taught to accept new facts and understand the Einstein theory and grow to love Einstein and all his works before the public can be made to hurrah for Senator A. In the latter case a large—indeed, a satisfactory majority have already subscribed to the idea that honesty —all other things being equal—is the best policy, and if Senator A is for that he is their man.

One of the greatest ghost stories in the world is that the press, as it bears upon politics, is a bought press. Every now and then one of my old friends among the veteran muckrakers endeavors to tell me that there is no longer any place of consequence where a big story of exposure can be published. I believe in the main this charge is true, but I do not believe that the reason given for it—that the press has been bought up by a great conspiracy—has a leg to stand on.

One of the reasons why muckraking, which did a vast good not only to the rakers but also to the raked, died out was that the field had been for that season almost completely raked over. Muckraking comes when it is needed and dies a natural death. It alternates with periods of political development during which honesty disintegrates and skeletons accumulate in the closets. Then the door is opened again, and if the existing press does not suffice to open the door a new press will come into existence to do it. If anyone is in the business of prophecy a reputation could perhaps be made by forecasting the next period of muckraking as being now on the way and as being directed to the exposure of international intrigue: perhaps of showing the people of the United States the true conditions in the statesmanship of foreign countries and the intrigues to get us into the position where a football could be made of our power. It may be that muckraking will be needed to distinguish between our idealism in regard to coöperating with nations which already show a spirit of cooperation and the campaigns of propaganda carried on to enlist us or our Army and Navy or our pocketbooks on one side or another in conflict between countries which are putting up only a shadowy pretense of any true coöperation. In this case, or in any other where exposure is needed, it will come, let us hope, in time.

Banker Control

In asserting this belief and hope it is necessary to admit that certain economic forces—quite apart from any prearranged conspiracy—have been at work on the press of the country. Every year new factors arise that make it more difficult to start new publications in competition with those that occupy the field. Larger capital is needed to put new journals on their feet during the initial period of gaining circulation. Then, too, a pioneer wagon can wander off the track for exploration, but a railroad train does well to stay on a fixed track.

Furthermore, the mere natural development of the newspaper business has tended to associate newspapers with conservative elements in our national life—and make them a part of the machinery of things as they are. All papers borrow money, and those which have their notes called fall into the ownership of banks. Times come when print paper is high and advertising is low, and then the bank which holds the notes finds the newspaper on its hands. I have seen too many bankers in distress over such a situation to believe there is a conspiracy to seize an organ of public influence. Banks do not know much about running newspapers. I have always found that a banker will act under such circumstances like a hen that has suddenly been appointed to nurse a hippopotamus. He does not know how to get rid of it or how to feed its great yawning maw. Naturally he finds a man who knows more about the species and appoints him as a keeper. He may say, and often does say, something like this:

"I don't want to have anything to do with the policy. I don't believe in controlling the policy of the paper. I want it to be independent and get on its own legs."

But it does not make any difference what he says. The fact is that the man he appoints as manager, and everyone else on the paper down to the last cub reporter, is always conscious where the real control of the paper will be found in the last analysis. The fact lingers in each man's subconscious mind and is bound to make him hesitate to write the story, if, for instance, the banker's wife is discovered bootlegging.

It is elements of this kind and no deep-laid conspiracy which produce the situation of the so-called controlled press. These elements are so strong that they even defeat the purposes of men of large means who wish to buy or create newspapers which can give service as free and independent organs. I have known various attempts to make such newspapers. The usual device is to put the policy of the paper in the hands of independent trustees. Nothing of the kind promises any success. A friend of mine who has wealth tried it a few years ago in one of our large cities, and fed money into the support of his plan like a drunken sailor; but at the end he said to me:

"No use! This morning my little son asked me why I didn't make the paper print the report of a baseball game won by his school. Even he won't believe that I keep my hands off. No use!"

The Test for Colored News

The essence of it all is that a newspaper which performs more than good, perfunctory, cautious service must be the expression of a man; and in order to create directly or by proxy an independent and free newspaper capable not only of following public thought but of leading public thought, the man himself must be free and independent.

Occasionally among our larger papers there appear a few which secretly express the propaganda of a group. The result, for instance, may not follow any secret agreement between international bankers to create public opinion in favor of international transactions which will yield them commissions. The result, however, may be more vicious in effect than if there were a real conspiracy. The paper and its management live in an atmosphere that produces a constant tendency to write the news so that it serves a particular end. I have always believed that this type of journalism, which invades the larger rather than the lesser papers, is more insidious and more harmful than so-called yellow journalism, or the vicious savage partisanship of an organ which fights as a brazen mercenary soldier in an open cause, no matter how bad that cause may be.

I have often wondered why newspaper readers did not more quickly see into the hearts of certain great metropolitan dailies. The test is easy. When the reader discovers that news is served with a lot of interlarded editorial comment the chances are good that the reader, who may have swallowed for years pills of propaganda coated with respectability, may have his eyes opened.

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Hopi Woman With Her Hair Dressed to Represent the Squash Blossom

If you see in your paper tomorrow: "Yesterday the Secretary of State reiterated his timid policy in regard to ——" and so on, be sure that you are not reading square news. Square news would be: "Yesterday the Secretary of State reiterated his policy ——" and so on. That is the news. Calling the policy timid, except on the editorial page, is the sign of the big propaganda daily. Look for it!

Every politician will have another affliction which is connected with the press, though not chargeable to the press. This is the publicity agent. In the course of my years in politics I believe I have met almost all the varieties of marketable publicity, and to younger recruits in politics I can say with every assurance, the whole lot is practically worthless.

Behold the man whose head rises above the rank and file in the political field:

"A gentleman is outside to see you, sir—a well-dressed gentleman—Doctor Somebody."

"Show him in."

There enters the compiler of a book which will have steel-engraved portraits or half-tone cuts, together with short and saccharine biographies of Big Men in Our Nation or One Hundred Greatest Leaders or What's What in Our National Ego. A place is open for the politician who will spend from ten dollars up to one thousand dollars.

I often wonder why I cannot find more of such volumes on secondhand bookstalls and conclude that it is because the secondhand booksellers will not take them in as a gift.

The door opens again, and this time it is an agent for a plate-matter personality series. The proposal is that the budding statesman should pay so that the country press may run without expense an outline drawing of one's unattractive face with a blithering outburst about the marvelous record of achievement expressed so eloquently by the subject's magnetic eyes.

The door opens again. This time it is an insinuating gentleman who wants you to take one hundred yearly subscriptions to a certain periodical. He intimates that the periodical has possession of the knowledge that the politician once ate peas with his knife or that while he was in college some young woman slapped his face or that his wife's mother was separated from her husband. This polite form of blackmail still goes merrily on.

European Propaganda

In the main, the American politician can rejoice that his lot is not worse. If he is irritated by the press occasionally let him reflect upon the irritation which his timidity or his greenness or the seriousness with which he takes himself causes to the press and its good-natured representatives. Above all, he can thank heaven that it is the American press with which he is dealing and not the foreign press. The American statesmen who went to the Peace Conference in Paris learned something about how well controlled by governments a foreign press can be. They had a good taste of the system by which governments, unlike our own, dictate what is to be said through some of the press-distributing agencies. They learned that flood of vituperation, villainous attack and deliberate propaganda can be loosed overnight in Europe by a wave of the hand, to serve the ends of the intrigues of those in power. They, and such Americans as have had subsequent experience in Europe, know how much the press is used to keep the peoples of Europe from uniting in the common cause of peace or economic coöperation.

The other day I had to laugh. An earnest and prominent American politician had just come from a visit to Europe and had been skillfully refilled with new thoughts about America's duty to come to the rescue of Europe.

I said, "You know several languages. While you were in Europe, did you read the press there?"

"Constantly."

"And did you come back to America and find that the press here was full of mention of the sincere European desire to stop war, and for international coöperation and for the League of Nations?"

"Of course. Our own papers are full of it."

"How much mention of these noble purposes did you find in the press of Europe?"

"My stars!" he exclaimed. "Practically nothing! The whole charge of powder has been aimed at us! I never thought of that!"

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

She's so tough she eats nails

"Send us 6 Red Edges," wrote a Minnesota coal dealer. "Make them like the one we have now. She's so tough she eats nails. When she hits a nail in the floor she bites its head off. It's rough on the floor but it doesn't faze the shovel. P. S. Send muzzles with the new Red Edges. We don't want them to eat the place down."

And that reminds us of the coal man in Worcester, Mass., who sent the following screed to a Boston hardware house:

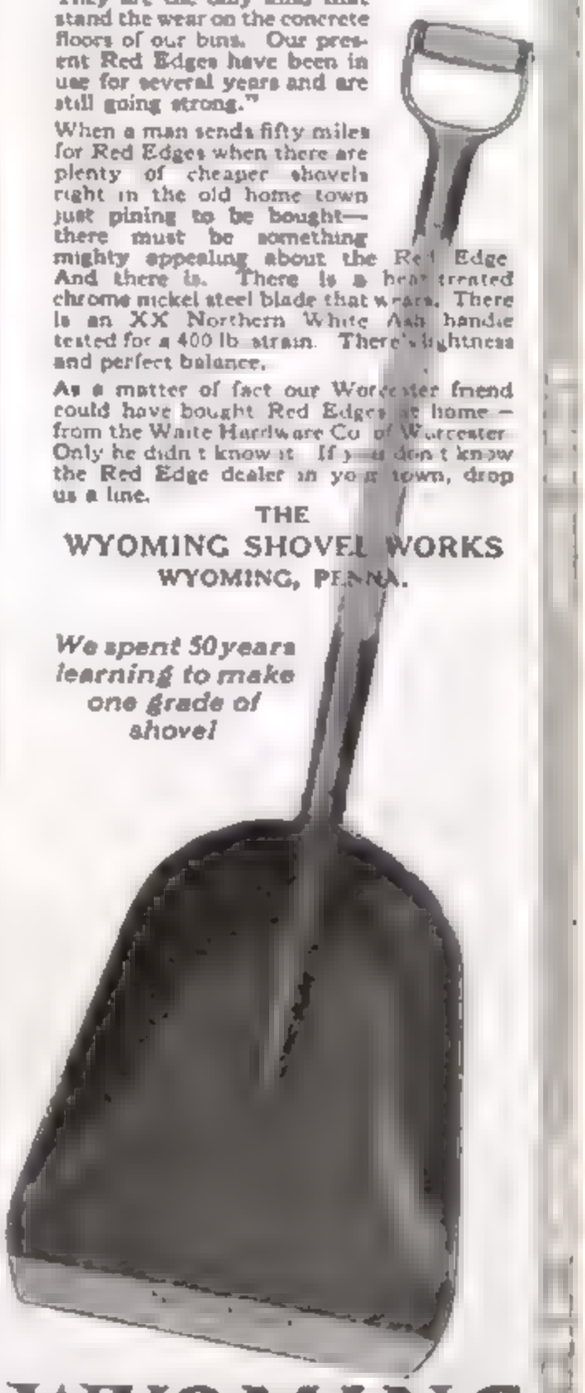
"Send me a dozen Red Edge Shovels. They are the only kind that stand the wear on the concrete floors of our bins. Our present Red Edges have been in use for several years and are still going strong."

When a man sends fifty miles for Red Edges when there are plenty of cheaper shovels right in the old home town just pining to be bought—there must be something mighty appealing about the Red Edge. And there is. There is a heat treated chrome nickel steel blade that wears. There is an XX Northern White Ash handle tested for a 400 lb. strain. There's lightness and perfect balance.

As a matter of fact our Worcester friend could have bought Red Edges at home—from the White Hardware Co. of Worcester. Only he didn't know it. If you don't know the Red Edge dealer in your town, drop us a line.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.

We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel



WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

OH, DOCTOR!

(Continued from Page 23)

After a while he threw the paper aside, glanced with satisfaction at the empty coffee cup, yawned vocally and arose from his chair. He looked idly about him and idly sauntered toward the garage, with the air of a gentleman strolling over his estate after an enjoyable breakfast. He critically surveyed a cloudless sky, breathed deep of the warmed air, stopped to inhale the fragrance of a budding pink rose—rather patronizingly—and continued his stroll until he was well around the corner of the garage and invisible from the tasteful bungalow-villa of Mr. Clinch. He approached the fence and peered with interest into the adjoining alley.

He returned presently to his chair and sat beside the ravished tray. The glass doors of the dining room had been opened, but little he cared now. He resumed his book. A strong, silent man of the open!

A little later he knew that Miss Hicks was doing her work in the room back of him, but he did not glance around, even when he felt her looking at him from the doorway. He wished nothing to prevent her discovery of that empty breakfast tray. She must have looked, but it was like her to suppress all speech. A different sort of nurse would have broken out with words of pleased surprise. She merely went back to her work.

He heard her next in the dining room. Aunt Beulah appeared to be breakfasting there, and Miss Hicks would be sitting with her. They were noisy. The giggle of Miss Hicks and the mellow chuckle of Aunt Beulah came often.

"—— exactly like dancing with one of those overstuffed armchairs."

He had missed the beginning of this speech, but something told him Miss Hicks made a disparaging allusion to the ballroom prowess of Mr. Clinch.

"And fallen arches or something, and big sticky-out lips," suggested Aunt Beulah. "And as long as we got him on the pan, wasn't he peeved when that handsome young cub that knew him came over to our table and hung around till he simply had to be introduced?"

"He'd been staring a lot from the time we got there." The tone of Miss Hicks was one of but mild complaint.

"And you danced with him three times." The obtrusive cub, it seemed, had not transgressed unforgivably.

"Nothing to say for himself, but wonderful on the floor," murmured Miss Hicks.

"A grand night," said Aunt Beulah, "and me not getting to sleep properly, I was so excited. I really got to have a second cup of coffee."

"Anyway," Miss Hicks was breaking in, "the old fresh will quit sistering me. Never again! I couldn't even be his second cousin this morning."

She giggled, chill, relentless, and the listener winced. Miss Hicks herself came presently for the breakfast tray. He saw her regard it steadfastly but with an impassive face. Would nothing impress the woman?

But he knew she showed the tray to Aunt Beulah, for that observer was heard to exclaim a moment later, "Great Godfrey me! And ham, too!"

Not until afternoon was the daily routine recovered. Mr. Clinch had left his mark on the household. At two o'clock Miss Hicks appeared at the door leading to the court and surveyed her charge, still lingering there. He had missed her, but looked up as at someone whose face he but dimly recalled.

"I thought you'd like me to read, perhaps."

She was not stiff or formal now. She stood at ease and looked amiable. She was even showing a faint contrition for having been led by Aunt Beulah to neglect him. Of her earlier puzzling irritation nothing remained. But she was too amiable, trying to make up for something. He had overheard enough from her to distrust that sweetness. Better the formal brusque professionalism that pretended nothing. Still, there she was, with a little waiting smile.

"That's very nice of you, if you're not too tired. Have you something you'd like to read?"

She had. Instantly this showed in her face.

"Yes, I have something; I'll get it in one second."

He understood that look. She had some other portrayal of Stanley Howard in emergencies requiring a shirt open at the neck and rolled sleeves. Yet what she came back with was a magazine picturing another hero of gripping escapades—the girl was inherently polyandrous! She came first to refresh him with the illustrations.

"It's a wonderful article, all about Edgar Wyatt—you know, the human fly. Just see some of the perfectly mad things he does. Here"—she bent above his chair—"this is just a plain picture, of course; but isn't he nice looking—nothing but a great big boy! But look over here! Did you ever see anything so absolutely ——"

"Absolutely!" he agreed, and studied the moment's favorite more eagerly than he had hoped to. Edgar Wyatt rode a motorcycle across a trestle bridge a few yards in advance of an oncoming express train; he was caught in midair as he sprang from the window of a high tower. It would go hard with him unless he clutched the projecting branch of a tree far below. Again, he was about to leap from the wing of an airplane to the tender of a passing locomotive; beneath the ocean's surface, armed with a knife, he battled with a man-eating shark. At the end of a slender cord he swung from the cornice of a lofty office building. Up the front of a similar building he was climbing inch by inch.

Rufus Billop cringed under the fear these feats bred in him. He had felt that way at his first circus when he was seven.

"Absolutely," he repeated. "Makes me nervous to look at them."

"Me too," said the thrilled Miss Hicks. "Isn't he simply perfectly mad? And just a great big boy with it all! Shall I read you about him?"

"Do," he begged. He would much rather hear about Edgar Wyatt than have his scalp prickle from beholding such feats. "But you look tired. Let me bring that other long chair over; you'll be more comfortable in it." He brought the chair from farther along the court—an invalid who yesterday would have thought the feat as far beyond him as one of Edgar Wyatt's! He caught something of this in the surprised eyes of Miss Hicks as he placed the chair for her. "Now you can lean back," he said.

"Thanks. It will be comfortable."

He had waited on his nurse, and she knew it. She was on the verge of a slight confusion. She settled back in the chair and looked secretively at him as she took up the magazine. He wasted no time trying to analyze the look, though he knew it had not said "That's just like you!" She was still covering her surprise.

He sat in his own chair and the reading began. The thrill-a-minute stunt king told how he did impossible things. You had merely to make sure you understood the principles involved. If, in riding your motorcycle through a fence, you approached it at a timid speed of ten miles an hour, you would be bruised and torn, even as Edgar Wyatt had been before he understood the principles involved. But if, after a study of the principles, you speeded up your machine to sixty miles an hour, you would go through the fence without injury.

Rufus Billop squirmed painfully under the acquirement of these details. It had been the same, continued Edgar Wyatt, when he, in a buggy halted on a railroad track, was to be struck by a train. The engineer had wished to hit the buggy at a speed of ten miles an hour, which would have been injurious to the buggy's occupant, who had studied principles. Persuading the engineer, with much difficulty, to rush on at thirty-five miles an hour, Edgar had come off safely.

Presently he was recounting how he speeded his motorcycle to forty miles an hour, stood up on its seat and caught with one hand a rope ladder that hung from a hovering airplane. But here the lively imagination of Rufus Billop stoutly rebelled. Happily, Miss Hicks, despite the curdling things she read, was staying awake with difficulty. It was his chance for release.

"You're sleepy, Miss Hicks; you're a tired out, sleepy girl from last night, and I shan't make you stay awake. You can read me the rest of that stuff another time." He rose. "I'll tell you, I'll just get ——"

Miss Hicks had feebly protested, but he vanished into the bedroom, returning quickly with a pillow and one of his rugs.

"Now here"—he spread the rug over her—"and here"—he pushed the pillow beneath her head. "Go on, catch up your sleep. I'm all right."

She had again begun to protest, but finally relaxed.

"Well, if you say so ——"

"I do: I insist."

Again he received the look, but now it was only almost secretive. She dropped her eyes because they were showing that he had made her self-conscious. A little tremor of this went over her face. She did not look up as she said "Thanks."

"You're welcome!" He critically surveyed his work. "Just a moment! There!"

He moved her head a trifle, his fingers on the sleek black hair below her cap, and made a slight change in the pillow's position. She looked up as she again thanked him. She was not quite startled, he decided, but he knew she had suddenly thought him queerer than ever. He busied himself in his room until an inspection proved that she slept. He watched her thus a moment. There were faint shadows under the eyes. Waking, she had become more and more formidable to him as the days went on and his study of woman progressed. He was aware that he rather feared her, that he must always be on his guard. Now, in sleep, she had lost this power to cow him. In sleep she seemed oddly defenseless.

He tiptoed back to his room, emerging presently with his stick and a light overcoat. He probably wouldn't wear it—strong men of the open would hardly wear overcoats on sunny days—still, carrying one was not weak. After another long look at the relaxed, the defenseless Miss Hicks, he tiptoed off the brick-paved court to the green turf and walked briskly around the house. At the front he stood uncertainly a moment.

In reaching this bungalow-villa the Clinch car had, at some point near by, passed a spacious motor emporium with sumptuous cars in show windows. His eye had caught the glitter, and he now tried to guess the location of the place. He was ten minutes finding it in a populous street four blocks away. And all the time he was conscious of adventure. He, a carefully housed invalid, fully dressed and out there walking a street as if nothing ailed him! He had a sensation of running away—something he had never dared do as a small boy. What would Seaver say? He had even forgotten, in the day's strange excitement, to take two of the important medicines. Suppose Seaver found that out!

He stood before the shop window, studying a car. It wouldn't do to start directly in with a motorcycle; better learn a car first. He liked the color of the car exposed in the second window. It was pale green, like the last night's gown of Miss Hicks. He entered the splendid emporium and a salesman came to greet him.

"Looking for something in a ——"

"How much for that one?" Rufus interrupted, pointing with his stick at the effulgent green car.

The salesman seemed loath to name crude figures before explaining in detail that this car was probably the best buy in the market, bar none, and that for a man wishing to have the best ——

"How much?" demanded the unlistening patron.

He was incisive. The salesman reluctantly named a figure.

"All right, I'll take it."

The salesman was incredulous. He knew a lot of things about that car; he had learned to say them persuasively; he had believed, moreover, that it was necessary to say them—and say them—before a sale could be made. He began once more his impassioned travelogue through the car's intricacies, using terms not only meaningless to his client but irritating.

"All right, all right! I'll take it. Where can I write a check?"

The salesman had been hurt; now he became dignified. A sale was a sale, but all those beautiful things he could say about the car! No buyer with a shred of heart would have shut him off.

"You'll find everything you need right down there at the desk." He stepped along beside the patron and he would accept the check, but their social relations were terminated.

Rufus Billop walked home with much of a sad-dog air, not above the occasional jaunty flourish of his Malacca stick. He went around to the back of the house. Miss Hicks still slept, but now there was more color in her face; the shadows had faded from under her eyes. He tiptoed across the bricks and was safe in his room. No one would know yet of his madness. And Seaver would not be alarmed; he would never know the medicines had been forgotten.

He went back to his chaise longue when Miss Hicks had gone. She found him there at six.

"Thanks for that perfectly ripping sleep," she said.

"Sleep? Eh? Oh, yes, sleep!" He visibly recalled the incident from out his past. "Not at all, not at all; you needed it."

The secretive look was there. She was wondering about him; he could almost say that she was studying him, and she was trying not to show it.

"You'll have your tray in your room?"

"Oh, no, I think I'll dine with you people tonight, a bit of steak or something."

"Very well."

She wanted to say more; he saw she held back the words with stern self-command. No use trying to predict what she would have said. Positively no premises to deduce from!

Rather gruffly, and with a somewhat bored manner, he ate his bit of steak with the others. Aunt Beulah was noisy with exclamations of delight, entirely frank in her approval. Miss Hicks was anything but frank; silent mostly, and laboring under some stubborn suspicion. But suspicion of what? Couldn't a man eat a little food without evoking those half-veiled glances?

"And tomorrow night what'll you want?" demanded Aunt Beulah.

"Roast beef," he said almost savagely.

"Well, bless his heart! That does me good! We'll get one of those nice big roasts that has to have a hatpin shoved through it—good rare roast beef, Mr. Rush always used to say ——"

Roast beef—and rare! Sanguinary! Terrible! He was grateful that the Chinaman could not at this moment renew his own atrocious suggestion.

The day drew in and he was back in his room. How far he had traveled since last night when he fought his way through a miasma of violet scent only to find himself dancing away all his fine philosophy! The day had been a year in his thought, he reflected—perhaps an æon in his growth; and he was to have growth. He no longer doubted this. The fundamental, the genuine, within him—it would work unconsciously to give him a picture; and those efferent nerves, at the picture's bidding, would —— He stared in sudden wonder at the cocoon lying on the table before him.

There was a gnawed rent in the side of it and it lay there empty. He glanced sharply about the room, turning on more lights. High on the picture molding a brown moth clung, its wings moving very slowly to and fro. He stepped quietly over and peered up. Under the molding's edge a row of tiny eggs had already been deposited, glistening as if varnished. The Motion god lost no time, insatiate for cycles. Life was eager, always pulsing.

And here was Rufus Billop knowing better, but submitting to the urge that wrought unconsciously. He looked at the empty cocoon, again up at its late tenant, whose big wings still worked in that slow way, as if the creature deliberated upon the deeper meanings of life and waved the wings unconsciously.

Anyway, it knew as much about the mysteries of motion as any scientist whatsoever. That was clear. And life was worth its pain even if one could have only the frail mechanism of a butterfly. That also was clear. Rufus Billop fell to dreaming of the new green car.

XVIII

HE SLEPT deep. Once, far in the night, he awakened from a dream whose edges faded even as he looked. Only its central drama stayed clear. Standing erect on the seat of a speeding motorcycle, he rushed up the perpendicular side of a handsome, topless office building and, strangely, it had not terrified him. It wasn't nightmarish.

He had, after a while, felt mildly concerned as to how he would get down; but also he had been bored. He at length stepped off, leaving the machine to go its way, and

(Continued on Page 84

Announcing

NASH

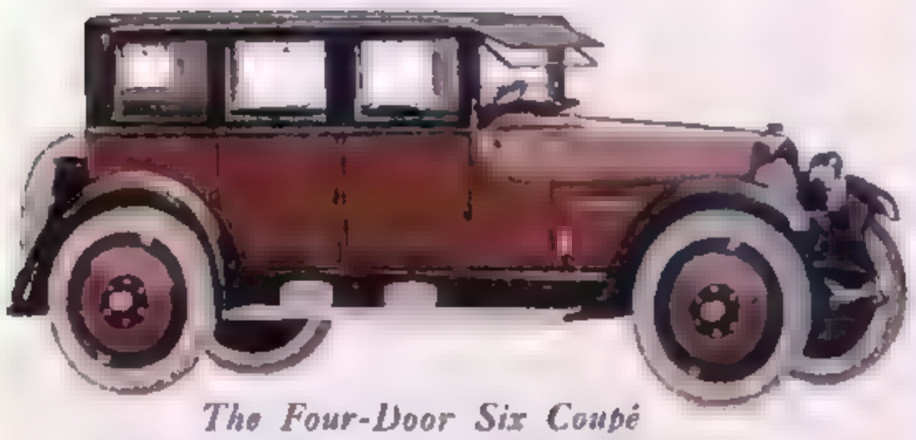
New Models

Open Models *Enclosed Models*

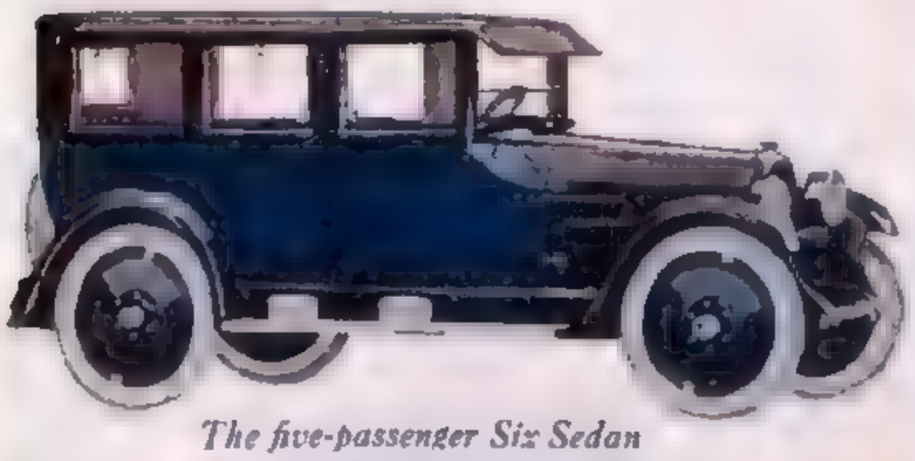
FOURS *and* SIXES

NA

The seven-passenger Six Sedan
Five Disc Wheels and Nash Self-Mounting Carrier, $25 additional



The Four-Door Six Coupé
Five Disc Wheels and Nash Self-Mounting Carrier, Standard



The five-passenger Six Sedan
Five Disc Wheels and Nash Self-Mounting Carrier, $25 additional

A Wonderful Group of

Never before in a long history of fine achievement has Nash resourcefulness and creative originality revealed itself with such downright decisiveness as in this *complete new line of open and enclosed models.*

Their introduction to the American public constitutes in every worth-while sense a new chapter in automotive progress.

They offer in point of appearance a dignity and beauty of body line that is of arresting and distinctive individuality.

They provide a performance so brilliant and so remarkable as to engage your immediate and unqualified admiration.

And from the seriously practical investment viewpoint they can truthfully be said to set a new and far higher standard of motor car value.

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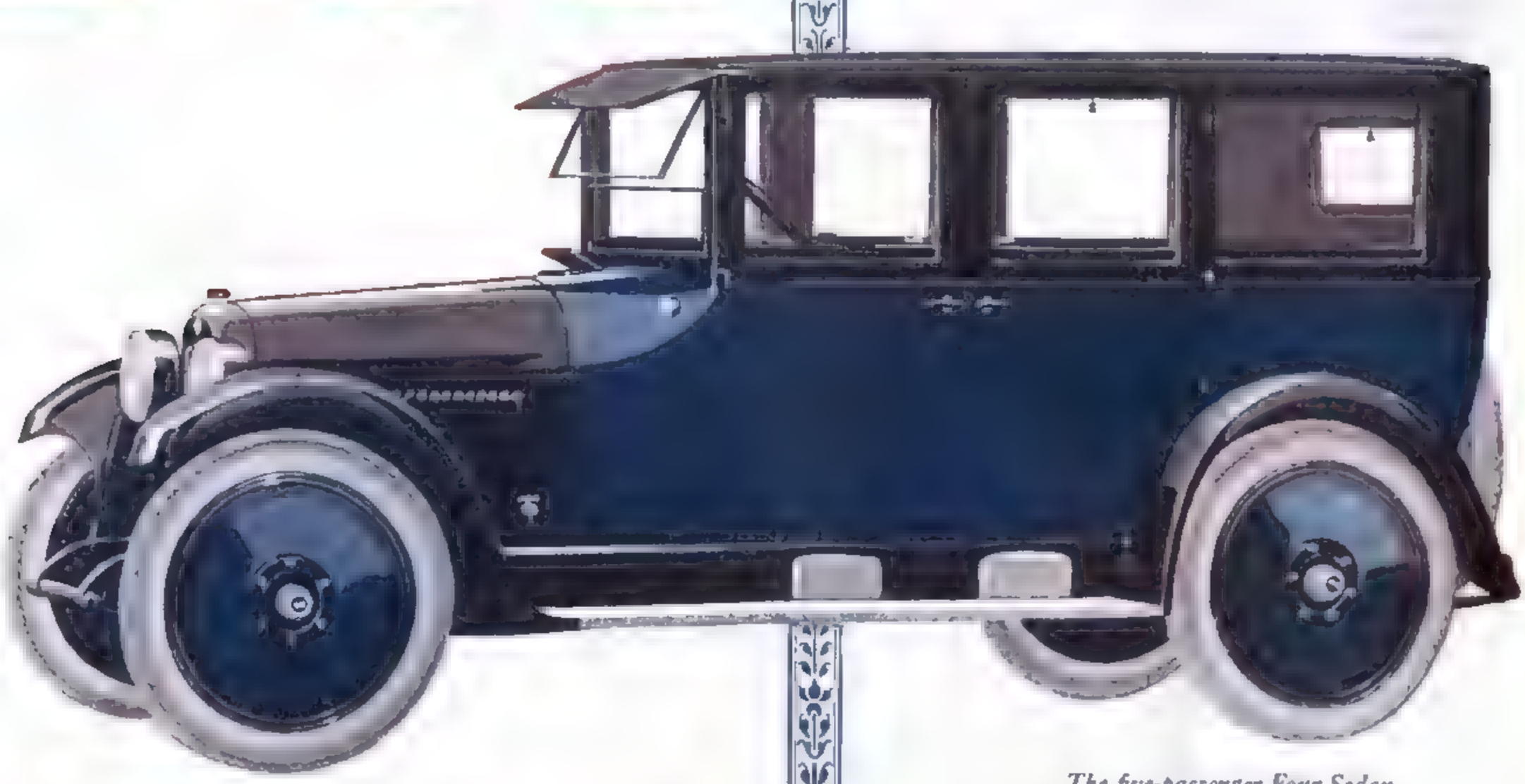


The five-passenger Four Sedan
Five Disc Wheels and Nash Self-Mounting Carrier, $25 additional

New Fours and Sixes

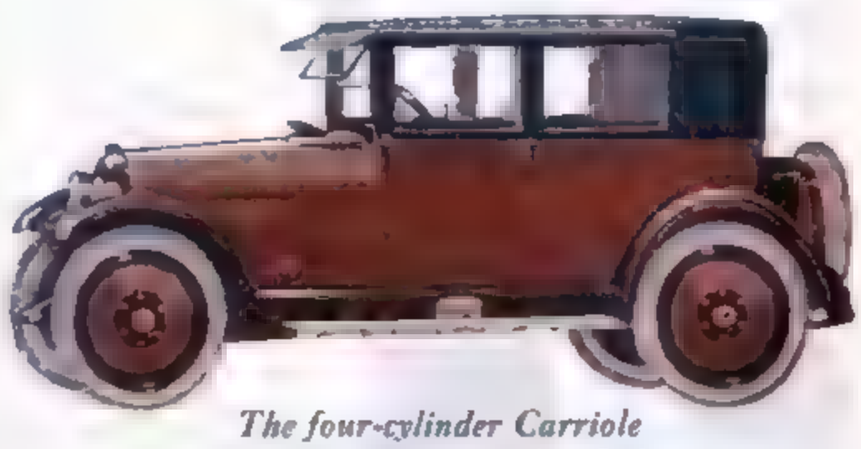
All that Nash engineering stands for, all that Nash factory practice represents in the way of accuracy and excellence, is embodied in these new cars in advanced and distinguished degree.

Nash presents them for your inspection, confident that, with that fairness and soundness of judgment so essentially American, you will accord them the high place in your esteem they well deserve.

The new Six group includes the *Roadster*, five-passenger *Touring*, seven-passenger *Touring*, *Sport* model, *Victoria*, five-passenger *Sedan*, Four-door *Coupé*, and *Sedan* for seven.

And the new Four line embraces the *Roadster*, the five-passenger *Touring*, the *Sport* car, the *Carriole*, and the *Sedan*.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wis.*



The four-cylinder Carriole
Five Disc Wheels and Nash Self-Mounting Carrier, $25 additional

The Six Victoria
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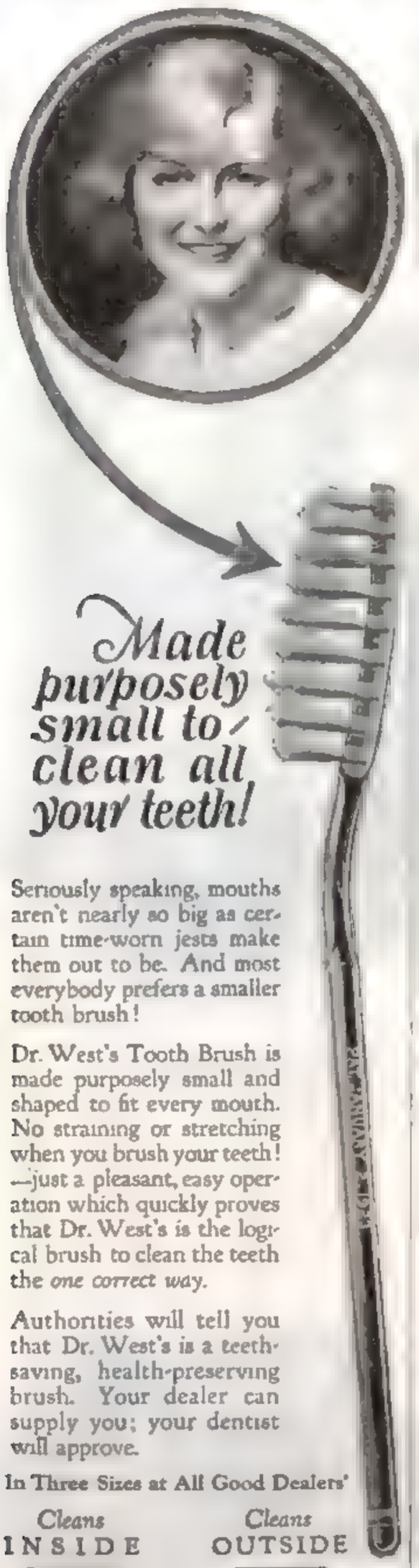
Take your Dentist's Advice!



Made purposely small to clean all your teeth!

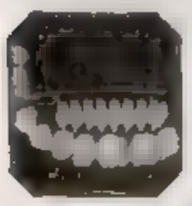
Seriously speaking, mouths aren't nearly so big as certain time-worn jests make them out to be. And most everybody prefers a smaller tooth brush!

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is made purposely small and shaped to fit every mouth. No straining or stretching when you brush your teeth! —just a pleasant, easy operation which quickly proves that Dr. West's is the logical brush to clean the teeth the *one correct way*.

Authorities will tell you that Dr. West's is a teeth-saving, health-preserving brush. Your dealer can supply you; your dentist will approve.

In Three Sizes at All Good Dealers'

Cleans INSIDE



Cleans OUTSIDE

and BETWEEN

To properly brush your teeth—brush down on your upper teeth; up on your lowers—the bristles must reach the gum surfaces. Dr. West's Tooth Brush will for your tooth brush will jump the spots and crevices which are very important.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

With Tuft Protector

Patents allowed in United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Canada. Numerous other patents pending. Our rights will be fully protected.

THE WESTERN COMPANY · Chicago New York

(Continued from Page 80)

floated down, blandly ignoring a certain law of specific gravity that in the dream had been little more than a vague rumor.

He smiled at this exploit of daring—potential daring, perhaps—and, listening to little night sounds that come in a sleeping house, he lulled himself back to sleep with pictures of the new car. It was a beautiful car, a thing of glittering allure; a bit pompous, maybe, yet rather feminine in its lines and in the tricky just-right placing of its minor embellishments. But it looked staunch, trustworthy, quite the car for a man who, before his discovery of women—before he was stricken with madness by the sequence of evils attending this discovery—had distrusted all motor cars and entered them with the most poignant misgiving, only at the sternest demands of necessity. If one must lead a butterfly's little life, driven by the unconscious fundamental within him, better this car than any other he had brought himself to notice.

As to motorcycles—he wondered if they could also be had in a pale green—he had never observed one except in motion; then he always looked the other way as they flew by, deafening with their sharp, exasperated explosions; sounds of pure spite, it seemed. The swathed, goggled, crouched figures that bestrode them appeared like malicious beings from another planet; Martians, perhaps. Knowing them, however, to be actually earth-born, he had supposed them victims of some rabid form of dementia. Paranoiacs, probably, allowed in the course of civilization's decay to infest public roadways and be a spitting menace to the sane; even to themselves.

It was this last thought that nearly tightened his nerves out of their sleepy relaxation. He recalled that these afflicted people seemed always to be colliding fatally with stout obstructions, dashing madly into iron pillars, careening against granite walls, proving their lack of impetus to cleave heavy trucks, and being picked up and searched for clues to their irrecoverable identities. More than once he had read of these humble casualties, not with anything quite so gross as rejoicing, but at least with a melancholy tempered abundantly by resignation. And these were not Edgar Wyatts, perverting their machines to unholy uses. They were everyday people, perhaps using full measures of caution. Perhaps many were even timid. Perhaps some were just learning to ride a motorcycle.

He stirred uneasily and dismissed the sinister mechanisms. He recalled the sheen of the new car, reassuringly stable in that proud show window. He drifted off again on this, and awakened only when a bar of thin yellow light came through the door and lay across his bed.

As he shaved the newly discovered face, he found himself deciding that this morning he would not dress; perhaps later in the day. But he would not be found dressed. It might mislead Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks. They would think him stronger than he was, without excuse for longer continuing the employment of a trained nurse. They mustn't get such notions. For it was no use pretending that his rash behavior of the morning before had been anything but a paltry gesture of bravado. True, the day had gone well with him; it had, indeed, been a wonderful day; he had eaten and slept well after his violent exercise; he still pulsed with the strange influx of life from that new dynamo lately set up within him. But he remained, nevertheless, an authentic invalid. He was weak, frail, still doomed; at any moment the skilled service of a nurse might be required; common sense dictated that one be kept on the spot. Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks shouldn't be given wrong notions about his still critical state. It was simple honesty, this morning, to be found in bed where sickly people belonged and where nurses would suppose them to be.

He paused here between two strokes of the razor, suddenly engaged by a curious flicker of the eyes in the mirror. He studied the eyes. They were opaque with falsity, eyes that any sane observer would distrust at a glance. They might deceive him, but no one else. But neither did they deceive him!

The eyes cleared as he determined this. Very well! He wanted to keep Miss Hicks, let the reasons be what they would. Maybe his need of her as a nurse was not the direst; yet she was of undoubted value in other capacities. Take her as a laboratory specimen; her personality was rich in the problems he wrestled with. Observation—patient observation and experiment—was the only safe method with this enigma of women. Deductions were vain, logic impotent. Women discomfited logic. Take Miss Hicks—logic, abashed, slunk from her presence. She was too valuable a specimen to let go, even were he Stanley Howard's superior in brawn, Edgar Wyatt's envy in daring.

But the eyes in the glass still met his with reluctance. He concluded the debate; in short, he wanted Miss Hicks around. And was duplicity her privilege alone? Couldn't a man, now and then, in real emergencies, be just a trifle disingenuous? What if he did want Miss Hicks around for purely, though confusingly, personal reasons? The eyes in the glass steadied upon his, became bright, candid.

With this candor they now surveyed the array of medicine bottles on a glass shelf at his hand. Here was another deception he had practiced. All day yesterday he had forgotten these helpful drugs, and he had kept it from Seaver. More than that; he knew he had determined that today he would, though not forgetting, neglect them. They hurtfully blurred his picture of himself as Hell's-Fury Brackett. Strong men of the open didn't bother with nonsense like that and he should have the daring not to.

Straight in the face of a life's teaching, a life's bitter experience, he rather timidly renounced his medicines. If fear of results threatened he would think of Aunt Beulah, who had never even trifled with medicine—a dentist once in Syracuse! And she was healthy. That god, Motion, newly presiding over the altar of strict Science, must be having a grand time through the mediumship of Aunt Beulah's sound tissues, finding her an incomparable instrument of delight. In moments of doubt he would bask in the glow of Aunt Beulah's undrugged immunity. Even Aunt Sena had abjured medicines and still lived; lived, moreover, a convinced butterfly, reckless of broken wings, of winter's coming. He paused to wonder coolly if she and that outrageous Cleaver had really found something tangible—some answer to life that was more than death. He could almost believe it.

He reverted to Seaver. Seaver would be alarmed at his fantastic defection—the carefully prescribed drugs going untasted. So Seaver would have to be deceived; he must never know the grave risks his patient ran. Deception was vile, but something was here, living in him ardently; something greater than Seaver, and no mere shuffling or evasion would do. Practical measures would be necessary. He took up the bottles from which he should have dosed himself the day before and carefully poured from them into the basin the quantities prescribed.

He contemplated this trick, then aggravated its evil by again pouring out the dosage for the day he was beginning. Miss Hicks must also be hoodwinked. He must stop her from bringing the stuff to him. He would tell her he preferred to dose himself, and she would note the lowering bottles. What if it was tricky? He couldn't be blamed for that which the unconscious fundamental drove him headlong on to. He finished shaving and went into the bedroom whistling softly—and far off key—one of those delirious cacophonies to which America now danced down the road of ruin. He stepped to it unconsciously.

He began looking for the moth of overnight and found it in its old place, still with slow-moving, meditative wings, as if it pondered the merits of mechanism versus vitalism. He reached it from a chair, gently clutching the brown wings when they came together, and carried it to the door. As he held it up for release he noted that one of the wings was notched at the top; already in some misadventure the delicate fabric had been torn.

But the wing still sufficed, for when he tossed the frail shred of life into the morning air its flight efficiency showed unimpaired. It soared high, circled, then came down to flutter above the opened pink rose. Lightly it came to rest on a petal, and once again the wings moved slowly with their effect of studious contemplation.

He regarded the creature and was suddenly suffused with a feeling that carried queer little values of parenthood for him—he had sent a child of his own out into the open. He drew a long quivering breath, rather fierce with some nameless joy. He glanced at the blue of the warming sky, drew another breath that seemed all of invincible confidence, and went in to his bed.

He pulled the covers up and prepared to seem more ailing than usual. He must be expert in this feigning of feebleness. If he did it well Miss Hicks might even show alarm. He wouldn't mind seeing her alarmed about him. But he instantly remembered that Miss Hicks would do nothing whatever that might be expected from a normal person, even a normal woman. So, whatever she showed, it would not—because that seemed reasonable—be anything like alarm. And yet he laughed softly. Her not being in the least predictable had ceased to enrage him. It was funny now.

Then he laughed at something else. He, the convinced lifelong invalid, a creature of dolors and cowardices, hopeless of any but one end and dreading that—he who had believed himself set for quick destruction, now lay swelling with new strength, yet about to pretend the old *malaise*, the despair that no longer than two days ago had been his sincerest emotion! Softly he laughed at himself; but when a double knock sounded on the door he put laughter away, shielded any that might linger in his eyes, fixed his face as he thought she would expect to see it, and called to his nurse.

Miss Hicks entered with her brisk "Good morning." She looked fresh, finely harmonious, even if her cerebral pattern was indistinguishable. And just now she was a vital creature condescending with her eyes to one perhaps able to think, but clumsy at mere being, a vastly superior art.

With apparent effort Rufus muttered something about not feeling so well this morning. He achieved it with the air of one who considerately holds back the worst. Miss Hicks showed no serious concern.

"You tried too much yesterday I was afraid " But her eyes, which he now met, were saying, "I knew it at the time." A shadow of regret lay in them, minor regret; only that she couldn't truthfully say, "I told you so!" Distinctly he saw her wanting to say that. She came to the bed—marched there in triumph poorly hidden.

"Will you want your breakfast now?" she asked doubtfully.

She was prepared to be told that he would take none at all. Anyway, it was not a morning like foolish yesterday, when anything would do. He was paying for his folly. He considered, at first with the beaten look she anticipated. Then his expression altered. She had enjoyed her little moment of triumph, but his was coming. He'd take that sort of thing out of her, even if he must go on needing a nurse.

"Breakfast?" he said. "Why, of course!"

"Your hot milk and toast?"

She was surprised, he saw, that he could even talk of breakfast.

"Oh, yes, that—and anything at all he has out there." He was calm, masterly. "Some bacon and eggs, perhaps."

She moved slowly off with a little quick nod. He'd taken her down. Now she didn't know what to think, except that he was keeping on being foolish. She brought him the tray, still doubtingly, and watched him with veiled, disingenuous glances while he ate. She pretended to be busy at little tasks about the room, but he knew that he was watched. He ate one of the eggs and enough of the other to make it plausible that one would not have been enough.

Meantime he regarded the two strips of bacon as if they were dainties saved for the last. Why didn't she quit her puttering and go? She continued to putter, and the bacon could no longer be ignored. He seized a piece in his fingers; he could finish the stuff more quickly that way.

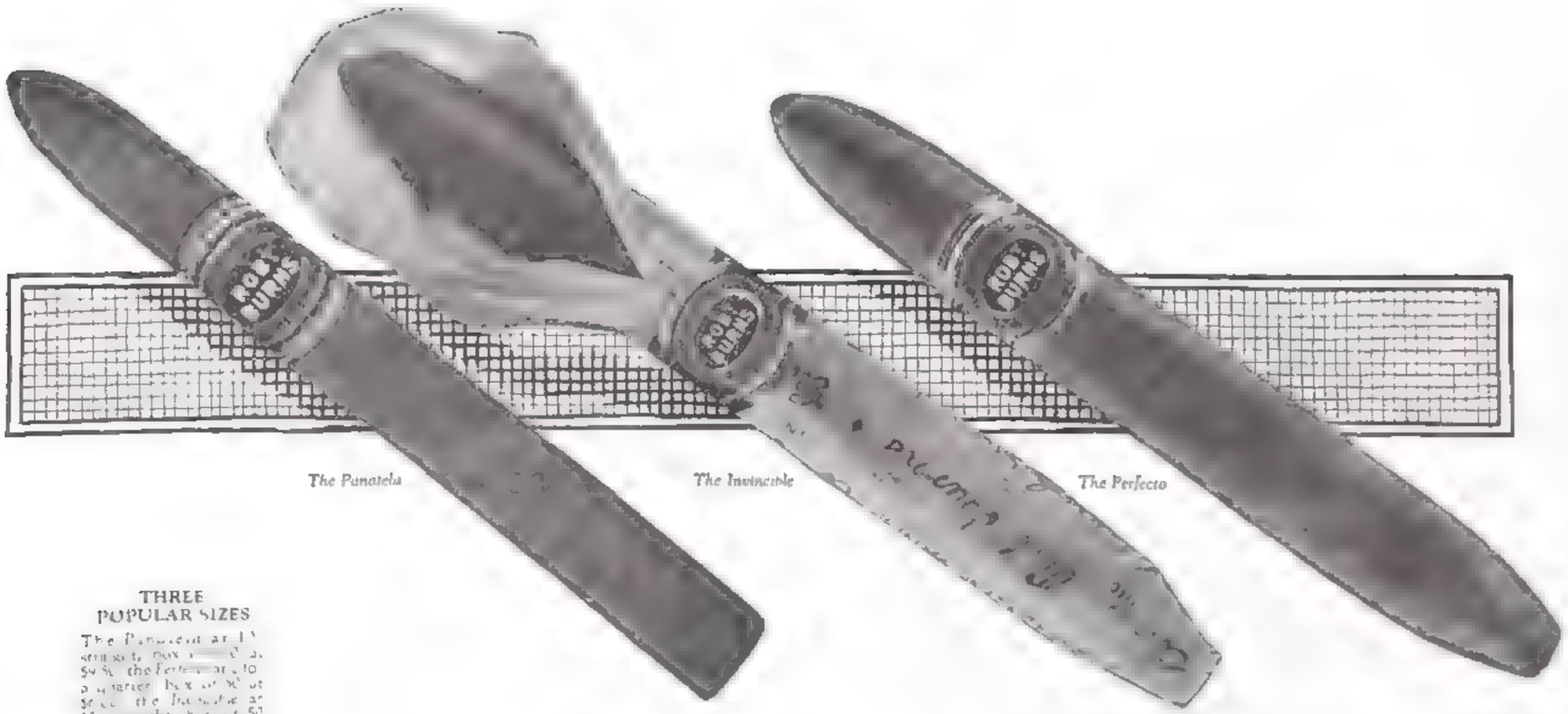
And now he was not dismayed, for he had asked himself, "What would Hell's-Fury Brackett do?" There was but one answer; he rendered it convincing to the meanest intelligence. He ate as a bacon addict of long standing. The last bit of the second slice went, and he chased a broken fragment around the platter till he caught it with a fork. Miss Hicks noted the pantomime.

"I'll have him give you an extra slice tomorrow," she said; but her heart was not in the words, he knew that. They came not from a right-minded nurse, but from a woman, a peculiar individual of a peculiar species, who knew that he knew he should not be eating bacon; that he was doing the rash thing boastfully. Very well, he'd soon be doing things that would cause her to forget a few strips of bacon.

"Thanks," he said. "I could have done another slice, but no matter."

The rebuking inflection was very nicely managed. Here was a man, it said, who could overlook a bit of negligence. But the rebuke was there. Serve her right!

(Continued on Page 87)



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The name of every Robt Burns Cigar is in Havana.

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To the 1,000,000 men of this country who smoke expensive cigars:

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By the standardization of the purchases of our tobaccos; the standardization of our blending processes; and the standardization of the actual manufacture on a huge scale it is possible for us to offer you a cigar of standardized uniformity and distinctive value that is unique in the industry. The unprecedented demand for the *Robt Burns* is evidence that men do appreciate this value.

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When the bright red indicator of a Boyce Moto-Meter begins to creep above or below *Summer Average*, there is only one safe thing to do—*stop and investigate.* If you neglect this warning of approaching motor trouble, damage to your car and pocketbook will probably follow in 10 or 15 minutes.

* * *

Even the most experienced motorist is blind to invisible changes occurring beneath the hood. Long before he can hear or smell trouble the Boyce Moto-Meter will have warned of an overheated motor.

It signals you instantly and accurately whether your motor is too hot, too cold, or operating safely.

The Boyce Moto-Meter is standard equipment on 180 different makes of cars, trucks and tractors—over four million Boyce Moto-Meters are in use today.

By avoiding one repair job you will save the cost of a Boyce Moto-Meter many times over.

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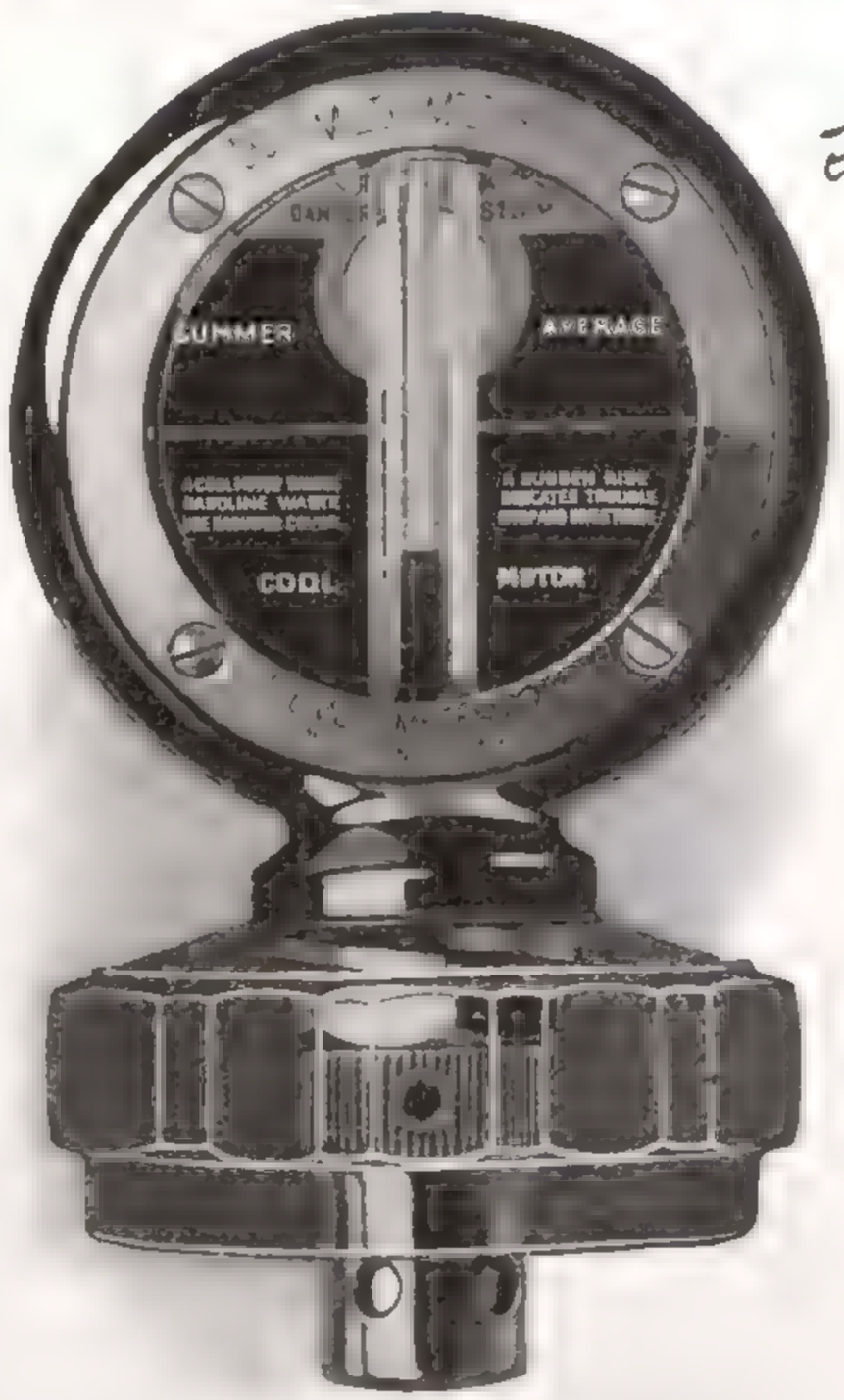


"The Best Sign of a Progressive Dealer."

The garage or dealer you trade with carries the BOYCE MOTO-METER in stock or can quickly obtain one for you.

There are eight models—$3.50 to $15.00

(Continued from Page 84)

Miss Hicks took the tray without showing him her eyes again, but he knew what she thought. She thought he was piling up a bill he would have to pay, soon or late, and she was washing her firm hands of all responsibility for it. Let her think so while she could. Meantime he would play upon her belief.

When she looked in an hour later, humming with averted eyes as she busied herself, he spoke again as a fretful invalid, suffering and weak in decision.

"I think I should like to get up and dress," he said feebly.

Then she looked at him, if not in alarm, at least with concern.

"But I'm afraid you shouldn't; I'm really afraid you should stay right there and rest after your hard day yesterday."

This was satisfying; he had got under her guard. He appeared to accept this advice, and turned languidly on his pillow. But when she had gone, leaving him in a semblance of deep lethargy, he was out and dressing.

Today he chose another suit of tweeds, and was fussy about cravats. He had never paid much attention to cravats before, taking the neutral shades salesmen seemed to prefer for him. He must have some new ones. He ran through his present stock and selected a thing of pale green which he skewered with a modest pearl. Then he tried to make his hair stay in place, for he meant to sit outside without a cap. But his hair had too long followed its own devices to be brought under control at once. It began to break from confinement even before he issued to the court.

When she discovered him there, Miss Hicks extended him one long, blasting look of disapproval, and for hours thereafter maintained a dignified aloofness with an undercurrent of implication that she hoped he would remember, when the crash came, that certain people had warned him. Even when she consented, at two o'clock, to read him further exploits of the careful and efficient Edgar Wyatt, her dignity was chilling; not until these further exploits had thrown both of them into a common emotion proper to such tales did she thaw ever so slightly. This was when she showed him other pictures of the reckless big boy cordially inviting a death of messy violence. When they had shuddered together over these, she turned back to the portrait where he did nothing more hazardous than confront a camera with three-quarters of his face. Miss Hicks studied the result of this venture. She arrived at conclusions.

"Of course, he's wonderful looking; and such nice eyes. But after all"—she meditated, the tip of a forefinger just touching her firm lips—"after all, he's not nearly so magnetic looking as Stanley Howard, do you think?"

"Not nearly," he assented, and had a look from her of friendly recognition.

Magnetic? He was vague as to the precise value of the word in this connection. He absently put his hand up to the green cravat. But, of course, it needed more than cravats to make one magnetic looking. He studied the face. He found in it now some dim shadow of a resemblance elusive yet insistent. He mentioned this with unfortunate results.

"Something about him—expression, I guess—reminds me of Mr. Clinch, as if he were a son or something."

"A son—or something!" Miss Hicks bore all her weight on the last word. The effect was a sneer, and it was not for Edgar Wyatt. "I can't see it," she added; and then with deliberate, evenly spaced words, "That Mr. Clinch is the biggest fish unpickled."

He winced inwardly at this, but maintained a surface of superior calm. What could this child know of men? Let her rave! He smiled with large tolerance.

"You don't seem overly pleased with any of those friends of mine, not with Clinch or Peck or McIntosh."

"If you ask me"—she injected a sort of genial venom into each word—"they're a nice, jolly old bunch of train robbers."

This was going too far; and, besides, he hadn't asked her.

"They've been mighty good friends to me," he said. "Your own friends are undoubtedly a superior lot, but I don't believe you could find three men among them who would come forward as these three did when it was a matter of life and death with me. They did everything for me."

"Really?" Her glance held a momentary interest.

"Really! They're wonderful types, shrewd, but big-hearted men, such as you find only here in the West; generous with their money, and always ready ——"

"What's that money, did you say?" Miss Hicks gave him her full attention.

"Money! Just that! A hundred thousand dollars when I needed money and hadn't that many cents." He glowed in a fervor of defense.

"A hundred thousand dollars?" No question now that Miss Hicks was impressed.

"Exactly that, and they stand to lose it all if I don't —— In the event of a certain happening. That is, it's almost bound to happen."

"Oh!" This was heavy with significance. Miss Hicks shut in her glance. She seemed to have been told a lot more than could be found in the words. "And suppose it doesn't happen—this happening that's almost bound to happen?" Now she looked at him. He thought it would be called a piercing gaze.

"Naturally, I took measures to protect them. If I should—that is, if I don't hold out for three years, until my father's estate is divided, their hundred thousand is gone. Of course, if I should hold out ——"

"Of course—of course! You wouldn't have to tell me that." Her gaze continued to pierce. "And of course you signed a paper?"

"I believe there was something of that sort."

"I'll bet there was!" said Miss Hicks in low but clear tones.

He was irritated.

"You wouldn't understand, of course. Naturally, it had to be in legal form."

"Oh, naturally," assented Miss Hicks. She turned away, meditating so long that he thought she had dismissed the thing, but of a sudden she broke out: "Big-hearted, those old freshes! That pernickety old Mr. Peck—he's a pint of sorghum. Know what that is? It's a kind of sour molasses. And that other old smoothy—old scraggy-face—what's his name? McIntosh! And that Clinch with his big overhanging eyes! Oh, yes, they're all giving money away—jolly old philanthropists!"

"Pretty much that—in my case. You've described them. Philanthropists."

Again she searched his face—her own eyes enigmatic, concealing—till he nervously put a hand up to smooth his hair. At last her eyes left him, their verdict still obscure.

"Isn't that just like you?" she asked. She said it brightly, kindly, as if it were something to which his agreement was inevitable. She might have been saying, "Isn't it a lovely day!"

"Possibly," he answered with rising dignity. "You seem to find a tremendous lot of things that are just like me."

She appeared to ignore this. She drew a long breath as one reaching enforced conclusions.

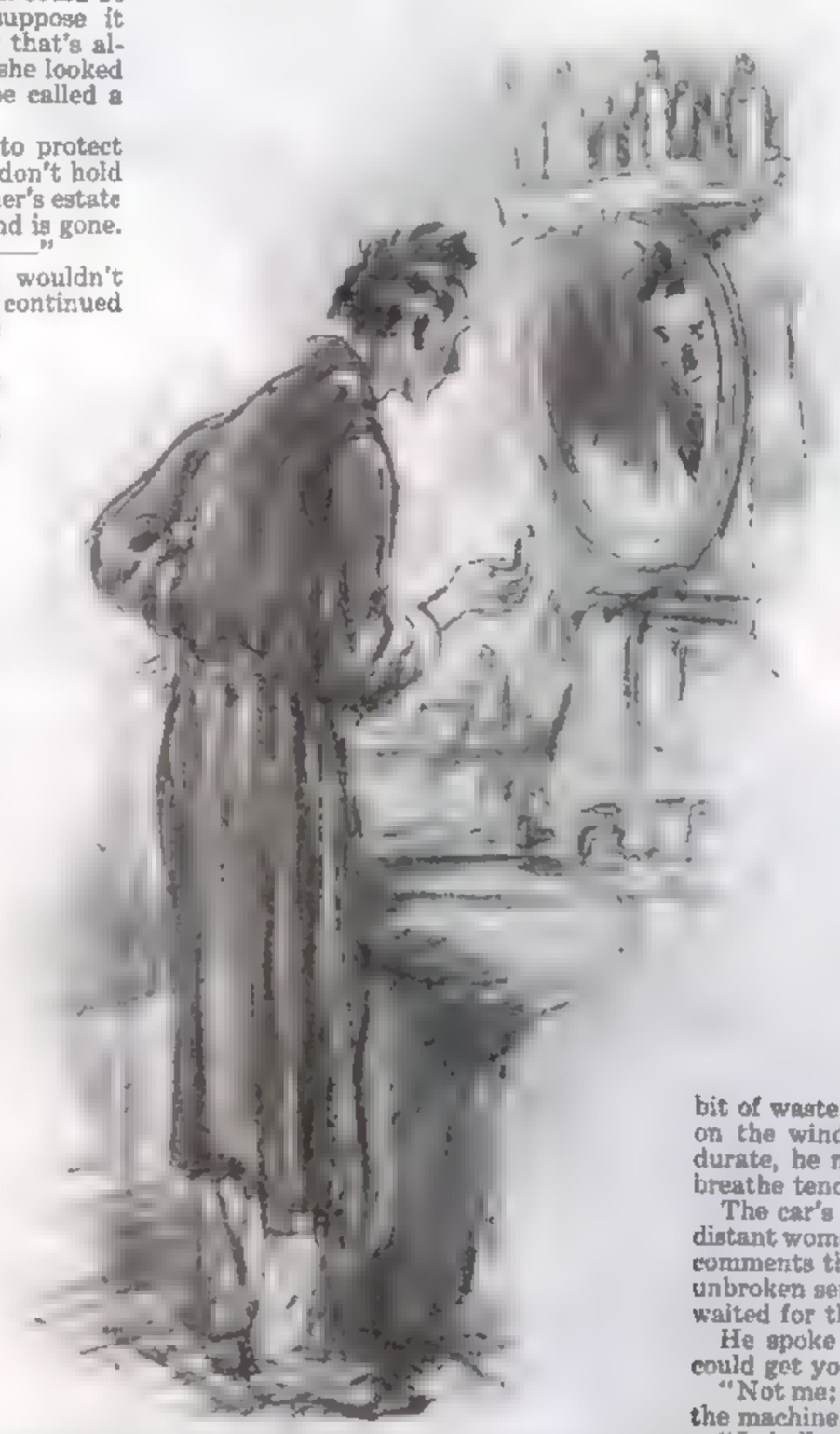
"All right—and of course it's not my affair—it's nervy of me to say what I have"—he expostulated with raised hand and a deprecating "Oh!"—"but all the same, you're simply a child compared to those old wolves. Money dealings! Murder! If it's anything like that, you'll simply be the dripping roast!" She finished this in a glow of lofty commiseration.

"I tried to explain," he said, inexplicably dampened. "But of course it's no use."

"Not a bit," said Miss Hicks brightly. "They are very anxious to see me well."

"I'll say they'd be!" she declared, and instantly plunged into another nerve-racking scene in which Edgar Wyatt, by all the sacred laws of probability, should have been dashed to earth from a height richly sufficient to end his mad career.

The listener had become sullen. He did not listen closely. For that matter, the mind of the reader seemed but partially on the printed words. She read with an irritation they could hardly have called out. But Rufus soon regained the tolerance this girl so often seemed to require. What creatures women were, with their snap judgments on mere fragments of evidence! Of course, lack of training would explain their failure to grasp ordinary business niceties; but how could they be so dense to ethical values, so blind to the spirit that made for generous friendship among members of the thinking sex? Old sorghum! Old smoothy! Scraggy-face! That Mr. Clinch—the biggest fish unpickled! And he, an astute Rufus Billop—the dripping roast! Where had the girl learned such terms—how become so proficient in the urban vulgate? His irritation was succeeded by a kindly pity for her shortcomings. Why expect more from her than from the other



He Studied the Eyes. They Were Opaque With Falsity, Eyes That Any Sane Observer Would Distrust at a Glance

airy thing? He now saw it again with its one notched wing, fluttering in sunlight. Let them both live out their brief day, happy, uninstructed!

From this pleasant musing he wandered into a still more agreeable impatience, for the green car should be coming. By three the man had said. He looked at his watch. It wouldn't be long.

Miss Hicks continued to read as if deeply offended by Edgar Wyatt. Presently she glanced up, listening. The sound of a low, confident purr reached the court, rising smoothly in volume.

Miss Hicks said, "Why, there's a car coming back in here!"

The car came on over the concrete driveway, past the classy Clinch villa and halted before the door of the classy garage. It was a green car, almost excessively green, and new. It seemed to glitter more than was quite necessary.

"A Luxton!" exclaimed Miss Hicks. "My, what a beauty!"

A stout man in the working garb of a machinist incongruously descended from the lordly vehicle and looked about him.

"So it's a Luxton, is it? Yes, I remember that was its name. I ran around to the shop and bought it yesterday."

Miss Hicks studied him.

"Ran around!" she murmured. She threw her magazine aside and herself ran into the house, emerging a moment later with Aunt Beulah, who was clad in a sky-blue kimono, not coiffed for public appearance, and far gone with a gurgling excitement. "Bought a car and never said a word—yes, sir, a Luxton! There it is!"

"Can I have the key to the garage?" he coolly asked. Aunt Beulah stopped gurgling and stared.

"It's just a car I ran around and bought yesterday," he explained.

"Ran around? Rufus Billop, my goodness!"

"Well, stepped around, if you like."

"Clear down to that agency ——" Aunt Beulah was genuinely diverted from the Luxton. An invalid whose only gait familiar to her was a cane-helped totter! And he talked of running! Even stepping was sensational—stepping six long blocks. "Well, I never!" she admitted.

"The key to the garage," he insisted.

"One minute—I'll have it right here."

She glanced back as she fled. She appeared to suspect that the Luxton might fly off again before it could be locked up.

He stood gazing with utter nonchalance at the car, possibly a bit overdone because he knew that Miss Hicks was studying him. At least she wouldn't say this was just like him. Aunt Beulah sped back with the key, holding it out to him in a shaking hand, while the other clutched her kimono with its wandering riot of pink wistaria. The women stood there while he went to the waiting guardian, unlocked the door, rolled it back, and the car, resuming its gentle purr, swept into the opening. The man silenced its activity with, so it seemed to the owner, a magic touch.

"Here she is," he said.

"So I see," assented Rufus, not knowing what was usual on such occasions. The man procured a bit of waste and solicitously rubbed a spot on the windshield. The spot proving obdurate, he mounted the running board to breathe tenderly upon it.

The car's owner glanced back at the still distant women who were rapidly exchanging comments that, he was certain, became an unbroken series of collisions. Neither ever waited for the other to finish.

He spoke to the man: "I wonder if I could get you to run her for me."

"Not me; I'm the foreman back there in the machine shop."

"I shall need someone—anyway till I—till I get a little used to the machinery."

The man looked the speaker over without seeming to. His statement sounded plausible; every bit of that.

"You can advertise or go to an agency—plenty of chauffeurs. Of course, it ain't none too easy to find good ones."

"I want a good one—best I can get. I want a man that can make her go—go fast."

"That won't be no trouble; none in the least."

"I thought you might have someone around the shop."

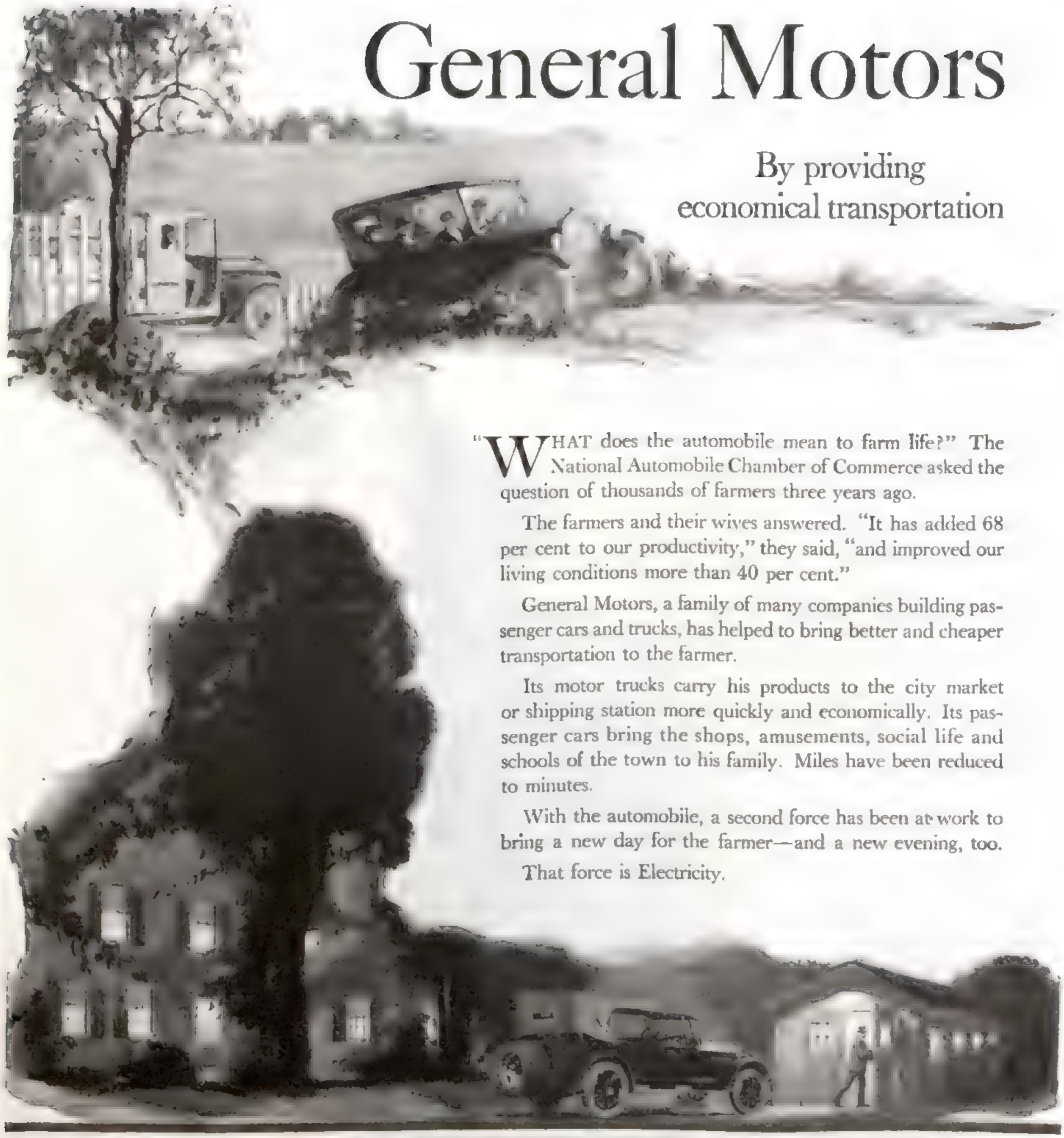
"No, I don't think so; not now. They was a driver loose there last week, but he took on a party up to Santa Barbara." The speaker searched his memory, then brightened. "Say, I know a guy that could take that engine down in the dark and have her all up again in the same, without mislaying a nut. Name's Claude Titus. He'd make her go fast—wouldn't give you the least trouble that way. And I happen to know he's out of a job. Claude Titus, his name is, and ——"

He broke off to study the lines of the Luxton. His look was admiring; he absently polished a bit of nickel with a fondling touch. He underwent a struggle of some sort, and conscience won. This Luxton should not be needlessly exposed to misadventure.

(Continued on Page 90)

General Motors

By providing economical transportation



"WHAT does the automobile mean to farm life?" The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce asked the question of thousands of farmers three years ago.

The farmers and their wives answered. "It has added 68 per cent to our productivity," they said, "and improved our living conditions more than 40 per cent."

General Motors, a family of many companies building passenger cars and trucks, has helped to bring better and cheaper transportation to the farmer.

Its motor trucks carry his products to the city market or shipping station more quickly and economically. Its passenger cars bring the shops, amusements, social life and schools of the town to his family. Miles have been reduced to minutes.

With the automobile, a second force has been at work to bring a new day for the farmer—and a new evening, too.

That force is Electricity.

GENERAL

Maker of PASSENGER CARS AND TRUCKS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

helps the farm

By making farm life more attractive

The Delco-Light Company, at Dayton, Ohio, one of the divisions of General Motors, was a pioneer in carrying electricity to the farm.

Today its organization extends to every rural community, and Delco-Light electric plants are providing the conveniences and labor saving devices of the city for tens of thousands of farms.

Delco-Light transforms dark homes into bright and cheerful homes. It frees the hand that carried the lantern. It pumps water. It turns the cream separator. It churns butter and washes clothes.

Delco-Light lifts the heavy tasks from human shoulders and performs them in half the time

By adding its resources to the strength of the Delco-Light Company, General Motors builds added value into each Delco-Light product, and assists in giving to the farmer the greatest possible value for the money he spends.

MOTORS

Its Divisions and Subsidiaries make ACCESSORIES, PARTS AND EQUIPMENT
which contribute to the merit of many trustworthy cars

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Harrison Radiators • Jacox Steering Gears • Fisher Bodies • AC Spark Plugs — AC Speedometers
New Departure Ball Bearings • Klaxon Warning Signals • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Jaxon Rims • Delco Light and Power Plants and Frigidaire
Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differential Gears • Lancaster Steel Products • Inland Steering Wheels • Dayton Wright Special Bodies

$30 to $38 PER SET OF FOUR
complete with attaching fittings. Special model for FORDS
tings, no holes to drill
$5 set of four Prices
F.O.B. factory. Dealers
everywhere. Satisfaction
or-money-back guarantee.

Tour on Hartfords

IT'S touring time! And you'll never realize how much can be added to its pleasures until you equip your car with Hartford Shock Absorbers.

Mile upon mile, hour after hour, you'll roll along with scarcely a sign of fatigue, hardly a thought of the road. Hartfords bid you relax—enjoy yourself—take in the scenery you missed last year dodging holes and bumps, slowing down over rough spots, tiring your eyes, wearying your arms, racking your nerves.

Eighteen years of continuous, growing success testify to the superiority of the Hartford method. No other principle of spring control so instantly and positively responds to *every* action of the spring. None more gradually and softly checks both its compression and rebound from heavy jolts; none more completely absorbs its myriad vibrations.

In the 1923 Indianapolis Speedway Race

Hartford-equipped cars again captured the highest honors. In every Indianapolis race since the establishment of this famous motor classic, in 1911, Hartford-equipped cars have been overwhelmingly predominant among the prize winners.

Where the utmost is desired—whether in speed or in riding comfort—the necessity for Hartfords has become traditional.

EDWARD V. HARTFORD, INC.
West Side Avenue and Carbon Place
Jersey City, N. J.

The new improved

Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBER

"Makes every road a boulevard"

(Continued from Page 87)

"The fact is, mister, I'm bound to tell you this guy, Claude Titus, he loves to make 'em go fast. He's a good friend of mine, but I'm bound to say it of him. He got to riding motorcycles over in France, carrying telegrams around from one general to another, and so forth, and he went fast because he had to—he had one of the things shot right to pieces under him—and he come back here with the habit. You get him in a car and he forgets the war is over. The best guy in the world; but that's his weakness, and I really wouldn't advise you —— You take a car like that, built like a watch, running sweet, not a sour note anywhere; it's got a right to good handling. That's what I say. This Claude boy ain't just what I'd pick out—mind you, he's game, and all that ——"

"But if it's only because he goes fast—I told you I wanted one like that."

The other deliberated. After all, there were more Luxtons in the world, and the Luxton factory was busy; if this man wanted to turn one over to Claude Titus, after he'd been given the right steer about Claude—but his conscience constrained him to further data.

"It's only right to tell you, mister, that Claude's been fired from four different jobs the last year just for this complaint I'm telling you about. He tries to keep slow; but he gets to thinking he's back in little old France. It makes the ladies nervous; and he's always getting fined for speeding; and that last boss of his, he run him into a big limousine full of Elks that come out of a crossroad, going to a picnic, and got stalled. There was quite some damage to pay for that. Still, if you want to take a chance ——"

"I do," said the car's owner steadily. "He sounds like the man I need. I wouldn't have thought so from his name, though. Claude doesn't sound so ——"

"Aw," the man smiled, "you can forget Claude. The boys call him Buzz. What say I send him around to you tomorrow? I can get him on the telephone tonight, most likely."

"Do, please!"

"Well, I hope nothing happens," said the man, and went thoughtfully away.

XIX

AS HE stalked back to his seat in the court, the women met him on their way to the garage. Miss Hicks gave him a probing look. Aunt Beulah was still electrified by this very common act of purchase.

"Rufus G. Billop, my goodness!" The remainder of her speech passed to her companion: "A man in his state!" Aunt Beulah was not easily persuaded of the unusual. It had taken her weeks to believe that he was sick. It would take her other weeks, he saw, to believe that he was greatly improved—not well, of course; not well enough to dispense with a trained nurse, but vastly better.

Through the garage door the women could be seen inspecting the car; could be heard, indeed. They tried the back seat, then tried the front, blowing the horn from this vantage, a horn keyed to a note of shrill warning, a bugle blast to the watching soldier. They slammed the doors repeatedly, as if incredulous of their nice adjustment. They climbed to the front seat and again worked the horn. They lifted the hood and interrupted each other with hasty pantings and swift comment about items of the exposed interior. They were later seen to be putting doubtful forefingers against the car's polished sides. They behaved like savages viewing an automobile for the first time; or like children. That was it—children. The watcher spiced his nonchalance by getting a book and becoming absorbed in its pages. The purchasing of a car was not sensational. Women must be children about it; but, with the buyer, there would be none of this emotional reaction so absurdly out of proportion to the event—ordinary, even banal.

As he bent over his book, turning a page at plausible intervals, he wondered what explosions might ensue if they knew his real designs. Probably Miss Hicks would explode too. Indeed, they would already be protesting against his choice of a chauffeur notoriously unsafe—one that broke speed laws, one that had in his mania demolished a handsome limousine containing elks. He idly wondered why elks were taken to picnics and taken in limousines. Young ones, doubtless. Anyway, he sincerely hoped Claude Titus had lost none of his spirit. Claude would, if he kept his job, have to make her hum; and after Claude had taught him how to drive, and all about machinery ——

He looked up, as if from a debatable point raised by his author, picturing the green car in swift motion, driven by the owner, already known as a speed enthusiast—perhaps as Hell's-Fury Billop. He would —— His jaw dropped. High under the eaves of the Clinch villa was a superbly built spider's web. Engineering skill of the highest order had been needed to anchor it there. It gave lightly to the breeze with the cunning play allowed its cords. And caught at its center was his own winged child of the morning—he saw that notch. The wings were no longer slow; they were swift in a frenzy of terror to tear free from the silken fetters so fine and yet so strong—yieldingly strong, for the whole web quivered under this life struggle.

Were there silken traps, then, in a beautiful world seeming all of scented blossoms that lavished honey on thirsty moths? The wings beat swiftly, then rested in weariness, in doubt, in despair; then beat again in new hope, as if saying this could be only some stupid joke—could never be what it for a moment seemed to be in a world that for a whole day had been so perfectly a butterfly's world. A long moment he watched the wings, panic-swift, feeling the exhaustion and the dread when they slowed for the next access of strength that must surely bring release. It was a long moment, indeed, before he recalled that he was merely watching Motion play a game with itself; that the victim could feel no terror, only the inconvenience of a strange obstacle impeding flight. He even assured himself there was no way to break up the game; the creature couldn't be reached. The pathetic fallacy aside, it must vibrate there until its little store of energy was spent. That was all; a tiny watch running down.

All the same, he thought, he would have preferred to look upon the struggle at another time. It came inopportunely, because he had pictured Rufus Billop gnawing his way from a cocoon to flutter about roses in a butterfly world; and as a practical measure toward this charming life he had hoped the prospective Claude Titus was taught no caution by a few mishaps. Perhaps Claude Titus would swiftly snare him in some silken web where Motion would again play this game. He toyed with this fear; he put it down. What matter? The moth had lived to the full for a day, had known high rapture on the lifting air; and surely, on the breast of that open rose, an ecstasy so delectable that no cheap bribe of life could buy back the memory of it.

That was the way to play Motion's game. He would hire Claude—Buzz Titus—and, when he had learned the car, there was the motorcycle. That was the one practical word of any philosophy: Be something light and with wings, and die protesting—die hard!

The women had decided that the car was, beyond any quibble, a Luxton; that they liked the color; that it must be easy to steer; and that they had always preferred open to closed cars. Aunt Beulah said, as they halted by him, that inside a limousine she was reminded of a hearse.

She passed on, explaining confidentially to herself other things she liked about the new car. She was last heard to say, "Those perfectly darling wind guards each side of the shield——"

Miss Hicks remained, but seemed about to go.

"It's a nice car," she said primly; "but I should think you wouldn't like it so near that old thing of your aunt's. It might catch the mange."

"Oho!" he laughed.

He couldn't decide if she were pleased with him or not. At least she hadn't yet said it was just ——

"Oh!" cried Miss Hicks, who had followed his glance. "That poor butterfly caught in that horrible old web!"

"I've been watching it," he said. "There wasn't any way to free it."

"Poor, poor thing! How it must suffer!"

"You're wrong there, of course. It isn't suffering, hasn't the machinery for it. If anything, it may be slightly annoyed. You know it's only a tiny bit of motion that has jelled for a moment."

"And beating its wings all the time."

"Time is only one of the aspects of motion."

She looked at him sharply now. He knew what that look meant, and was ready.

"Isn't that just ——"

"——just like me," he finished for her. "I suppose so, but would you mind telling me why? So many things seem to be just like me. Sometimes I'm puzzled."

She shrugged.

"Oh, well, this is like you because everything with you is only something or other."

"Only something or other?" He was truly puzzled.

"Yes; that poor thing up there is only a tiny bit of motion; time is only a something or other of motion; and human beings are only something else; the earth is only the earth, and life is only germ cells." She had grown quite humanly impatient. "Don't you know anything in the wide world that isn't only something?"

He stared at her a long time, oddly, she thought. Her eyes, cleared of their impatience, flew signals of confusion before she let them fall and turned away.

He had not answered her, but as she drew off he said, consideringly, "I suppose I must be that way. Cheap view to take of things, isn't it? But, you see, I've been at it so long. I used to think I wasn't going to live a great while, and I guess I wanted to make myself feel I'd be just as well off—the other way. I almost didn't want to live; now, somehow, I very much want to. But I keep up the old habit of talk—overdo it, I guess. I'm glad you spoke of it."

She had watched him curiously from the beginning of his speech, seeming held by an openness of manner, an earnestness of tone he had never shown her.

"Of course, you understand, I wasn't blaming you. It was just—well, you make me feel sometimes ——" He caught her eyes and she broke off lamely, "Oh, I can't talk to you! I never could! Why do I try? You're so—so different!" She turned again quickly. "That's a lovely car," she called over her shoulder.

Of course she couldn't talk to him; and how had he, even for that moment, managed to talk to her? He'd never be able to again. But there were so many things he couldn't tell anyone in the world—all that strange new life moving in him, driving to courses that already palsied him with fear; all the new secret life that had begun so seemingly without cause or from causes trivial, negligible. He wondered if Miss Hicks could have had some mysterious part in the incredible change beyond, of course, her suspicion of Aunt Beulah when they first met, which had plunged him into the discovery, study and classification of women; and beyond her telling him that things were just like him. Might she not, unbeknown to him, have exercised some unwitting but real influence in the working of this miracle?

The sun had fallen and the court grew chilly. As he rose he glanced again at the imprisoned moth, and as he looked the householder came out of a hidden lair where she had been resting, confident of her structure's staunchness. She stood for a moment, seeming to yawn, then discovered her catch. Her intention was plain before she crossed half the silken floor; she ran with rising excitement and fell savagely to. A mottled brown wing was loosed and fell in little eddying circles. Its mate followed, in an effect of careless, aimless flight. Then real work began aloft. He turned away. Nothing of the Billop touch here!

As he went in he reflected that Miss Hicks had been femininely unjust; she had spoken harshly of spiders. Who was she, to prefer moths to spiders when the Making Power so obviously didn't? He might have reminded her, too, that the builder of the trap was not only a female but one of advanced views, for she would have eaten her mate at the very honeymoon's full rising. He wondered what she would have said to that. But, of course, this was vanity and vexation. No one could know.

At dinner he ate roast beef in a casual, human manner at first sheerly histrionic; later he found he wasn't pretending even to himself. Surely he was a mechanism with unsuspected energies just developing. No longer was he to be dismayed, appalled, by unprecedented foods. He could rule his emotional reactions in their presence. He went to extremes, boldly he jested about the servitor's earnest urging of wildcat flesh suitably prepared. Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks made lively grimaces of repulsion.

"I didn't fancy it so much myself," he confessed. "It didn't make my mouth water, exactly. I'll take another bit of that beef, Aunt Beulah, please—not quite so rare this time."

After dinner he listened, and with nerve-pricking feet, to a series of Aunt Beulah's

(Continued on Page 93)

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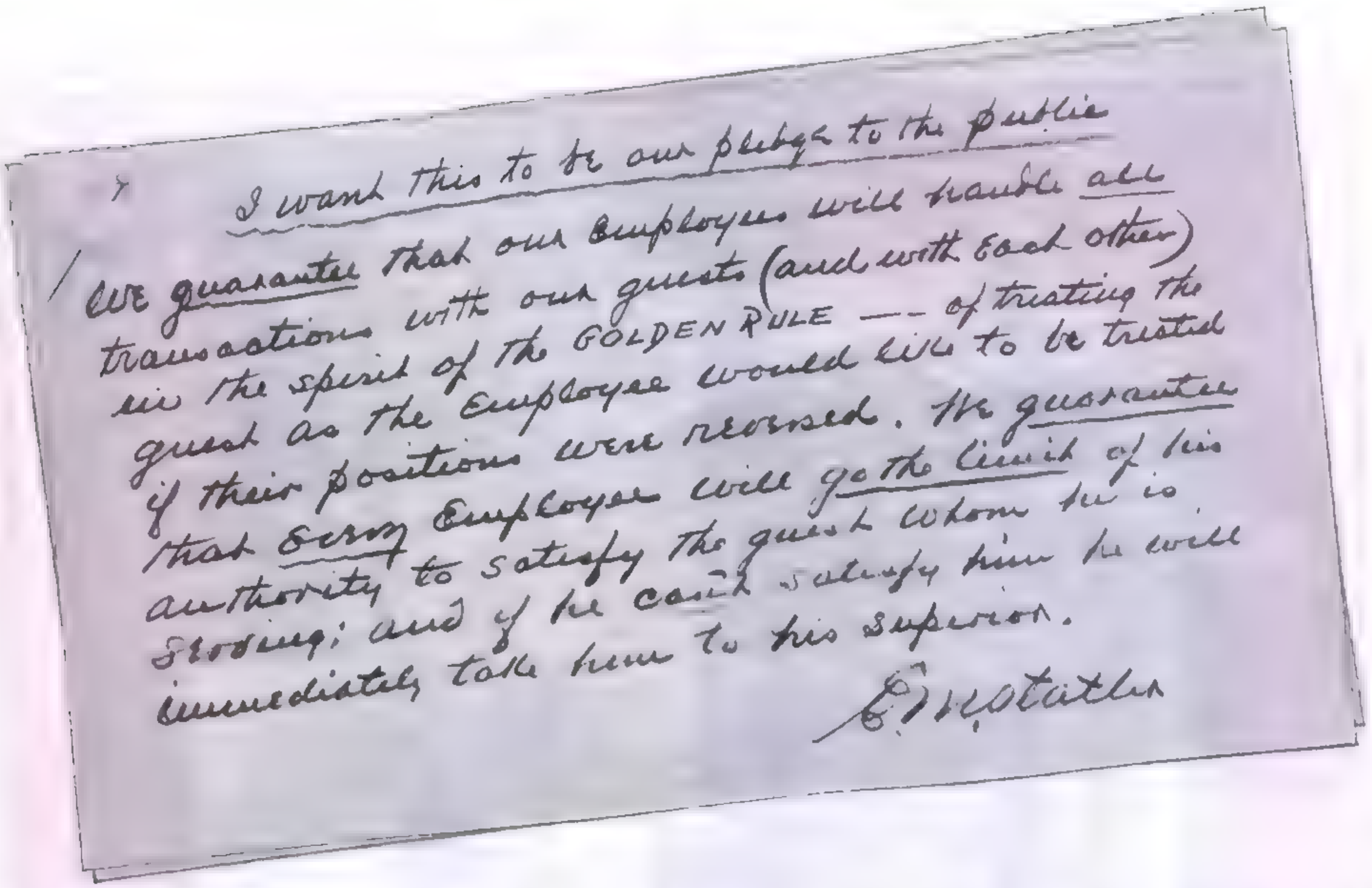

I want this to be our pledge to the public

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the GOLDEN RULE — of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he can't satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

E. M. Statler

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These hotels have reached a point in the development of the Statler service-ideas, where they believe themselves justified in promising *and guaranteeing* satisfactory service from every employee to every guest.

The manuscript note reproduced above states the case as put by the company's president; and behind that pledge is the company's guarantee to make good to any guest who does not get the satisfactory service which is promised him.

I want this to be our pledge to the public

We guarantee that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will *go to the limit* of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he *can't* satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor on us if you will write to *me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

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(Continued from Page 90)

favorite dance records, sitting aloof in a shaded corner while she and Miss Hicks compared their merits. To one of especial urgency they danced on the rug until Aunt Beulah began to breathe noticeably. The persuading rhythm would steal through his own resurgent body, massing the attack on his already weakened feet. He fought it off with iron restraint. Not yet; but he would find time from his other studies to freshen up his technic in an art requiring more finesse than courage. He couldn't do everything at once.

He awakened slowly the next morning. Yet half asleep, he was aware at first only of his old mental habits. He was still sick, still a consenting prisoner of the bed; his mind ran dully on symptoms and drugs and his imminent, meager, medicinelike breakfast. Then his arousing memories destroyed this antiquated machinery of habit. He blinked happily, stretched, yawned; his body came alive with a tingle, like a foot or an arm that had been asleep. He hurried from bed and was presently emptying the day's medicines out, methodically.

Miss Hicks found him back in bed, a well-mannered, conscientious invalid.

"There's a boy wants to see you," she announced. "He's at the garage."

He remembered to keep down his eager-

"It's the chauffeur. I suppose I shall have to get up."

He made it seem a hardship, a feat he shouldn't undertake in his weakened condition.

"Oh, very well," said Miss Hicks.

She went out after a significant, swift glance at the Schopenhauer. It intimated that suicide could be managed in more ways than one.

His conviction at first sight of the caller was that Claude Titus had sent a boy to say he couldn't come. He had deductively portrayed the applicant as a desperate-appearing man, wild of eye, tense of posture, alert, a hardened demon, more or less hirsute, already tugging at fetters of convention that held him to low speeds. And the caller was conspicuously none of this; a slight, pale youth, pale of eye and hair, placid of exterior, mild, reassuringly composed, revealing no least hint of wayward tendencies, save perhaps in a certain restrained but eager competence with which he chewed gum. Nor did his soft, slow voice inspire doubt of his conservatism in all vital matters. He was lean of build, rather carelessly groomed, in gray cap, a green sweater and trousers of a suit originally marketed, beyond a doubt, for the high-school trade. He did not look like a demon driver; he looked like a nice boy whose most hazardous sport would be the collecting of postage stamps. He smiled winningly upon Rufus Billop, who was disarmed and disappointed.

Then it appeared that this was, indeed, none other than Claude Titus himself who had heard about this job of driving a car, and it would please him well to have a chance at it. As for recommendations from his last employer, this had been a grouchy old tightwad who screamed like murder every time he had to pay out a few dollars' damages. Anyway, he had slowed his car down to fifteen miles an hour and couldn't be blamed for it. He'd have to admit he'd had a little bad luck with two or three parties before this last one—peevish parties that wouldn't give a recommend even if he'd asked for it, which he never had. Anyway, he'd never been to blame for these little run-ins and spills and so forth.

The boy had simply been misrepresented by that man from the agency. The possible employer was discouraged. He wanted the kind of driver Claude had been said to be, and here was one who plainly lacked daring, who was, on his own frank confession, not only careful but actually timid. Never in one of these regrettable encounters had he failed to slow his car down to fifteen miles an hour; always the real culprits had been going a good forty, maybe forty-five; in addition they had invariably been road hogs, crowding into the gutter a car that was giving them all the room in the world and only trying to get around the speeders safely—creep around at fifteen or even ten miles an hour.

Claude wouldn't do at all. This was evident. The car owner decided he would tactfully lead up to this disclosure. In a glow of genial certainty he opened wide the garage door. They would talk a little about the new car, and then he would let Claude know the worst. Probably he would be afraid to drive so splendid a car, anyway, even at his customary speed of fifteen miles an hour. The owner looked at Claude patronizingly, while Claude glanced furtively at the car. He gave it no more than a glance. He was overcome, Rufus realized, by its magnificence.

"You see, my boy, what I want is someone who can make her go. I'm afraid ——" He paused in kindly hesitation. He wanted to let Claude down easy.

"I could," said Claude, but with no fervor of assurance; there had been scarce a break in the rhythmic kneading of his gum.

"Are you sure now? Don't you really think ——"

"I could make her go," said Claude in the same colorless tone.

The unaffected owner considerately diverted the talk to the car itself.

"Rather good cars, those, aren't they?"

"Yeah—good," said Claude, with a veiled side glance at this one.

Claude, in the very presence of an intended mistress, was being cold, guarded. He hadn't been accepted yet. He was not going to betray his ardor, then be rebuffed.

"What's that little jigger for?" demanded the owner.

He cautiously touched a bit of shining metal. Probably the boy wouldn't know.

"Juice," said Claude.

The thing hadn't puzzled him, seemingly. The owner was a little impressed.

"Do you know all those other jiggers, too—every last one of 'em?"

Claude came to life. He opened a door and was in the seat. He seemed to have been wafted there. His hands flew knowingly among the jiggers; he pulled and pushed and turned and stepped on things with soundless, bewildering swiftness, his fingers needing not even a corner glance of guidance. With rapt, unseeing eyes, he wrought upon the car as a master performer upon an intricate organ, testing stops, making little adjustments with blind, sure fingers. Then a deft foot unerringly found a pedal, and the instrument responded with its confident purr; Claude listened, fingering the keys.

"Sweet!" he announced.

The purr gradually swelled to a roaring crescendo, from the rear issued volcanic vapors. The thrilled owner stood farther back, glancing with some concern at the rear wall of the garage. Perhaps the car would get beyond the boy's control. But the crescendo diminished under a master's touch, the melody hung a moment on the original purring motif, then died at the artist's bidding. And Claude had been, during this, another being: his face had changed, his listless manner had become charged with mysterious high-power currents. He no longer looked like a contented collector of stamps. He did not look even like a driver who always slowed to fifteen miles an hour. He again became inert, except for the jaws, when he climbed from his seat; but the owner was persuaded. This, after all, must be the Claude Titus of common repute the one the boys called Buzz.

"When can you start?" he asked.

"Now," said Claude, and dropped upon the wheel a hand that was all caress.

"Half an hour," said the owner.

"Good!" said Claude, and became a relaxed, pale boy, mildly chewing gum out in the sunlight, while his present employer with a springing step went in to demand a hurried breakfast.

Aunt Beulah exclaimed; Miss Hicks was even more eloquent with mute, tightened lips. This morning he was genuinely careless what he ate. The flesh food, bacon, had become an unnoticed familiar, nor did he merely trifle with the second egg.

"You better rest this morning and ride around the block this afternoon," warned Aunt Beulah. "Kind of go at it by degrees. Mr. Rush always used to say ——"

"I'll rest this afternoon."

He did not mean to rest that afternoon, but it would be inept to say so. It might occur to someone that this would be no talk for a pretty sick man.

As he left the table Aunt Beulah again found voice.

"Better wear your heavy overcoat. This air ——"

"My light one is warm enough," he flung back.

He got the light overcoat from his room. As he stood by the door, putting it on, the voice of Aunt Beulah reached him.

"He's kind of inflexible."

"Obstinate," said the other voice.

"Real mulish sometimes."

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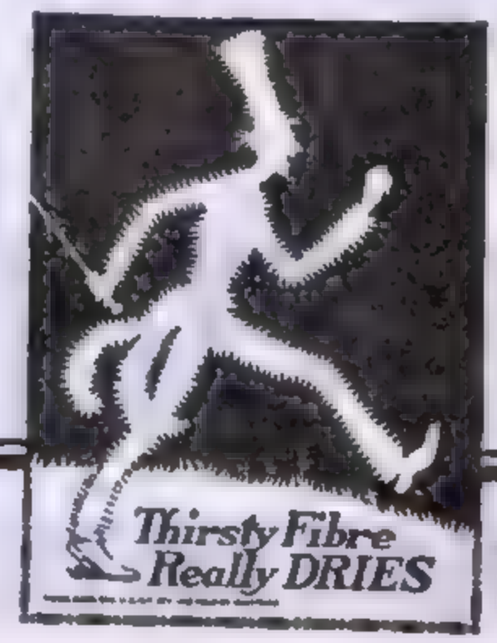

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Miss Hicks spoke on a rising note of satisfaction: "Mulish! The very word I was thinking of!"

He smiled. How far they were from knowing it all! He went out to find his new employe wiping the motorcycle upon which he had arrived. He stopped to inspect this. It was like seeing motionless on the ground, close at last, some mysterious bird that with fleet wings had always before eluded any near approach. Its present inertia seemed abnormal. Curiously he examined, touched. The thing inspired no confidence whatever. How could a man adhere to that slippery flat seat? How keep an equilibrium? He touched it again, timidly. It was like poking a just-killed lion.

From the car issued a purr that seemed now to tease. He took his place beside Claude, recalling, as the car backed out, the utterly dreary tone in which the man yesterday had hoped that nothing would happen.

"She goes sweet," said Claude in a burst of garrulity.

She went sweet; and Rufus Billop, who, at need, had ridden in cars from his earliest days, now had his first happy moment in one.

"Now make her go," he commanded.

"Can't," said Claude, and suffered instant mental discharge from his post.

"Why can't you?"

So Claude, though still sparing of words, conveyed to him, in what was rather a broken succession of clauses than a speech, that she was new out of the shop and shouldn't be made to go till after she'd done a thousand miles at about twenty-five an hour. Then there would be something that sounded like draining her crank case. Then she could be made to go if you wanted her to go.

"I'll tell you, Claude, while we have to go slow, before we drain her crank case, teach me to drive."

"Good!" said Claude. He pulled to the roadside and stopped. "Get over here," he commanded.

Claude was a teacher of few words. He taught by pantomime. His pupil presently felt the rhythm of certain operations necessary to endow his car with life. The rhythm impressed itself, while words were forgotten. He knew what things to do without knowing why. He was doing them instinctively.

Twenty minutes later he was guiding the car not too certainly, and a little too tensely, along a happily deserted highway. Of course he would never be able to turn her around. But for straight driving on a vacant road —— He stopped her not too neatly, for he had been appalled at sight of another car a mile ahead coming toward him.

"Good!" said Claude. "You'll learn to do it without thinking—hands learn to do it—drive a car in your sleep. I have."

"Unconscious direction, automatic response to efferent nerves," suggested the proud pupil.

"Sure!" said Claude. The oncoming car passed them. "Start her," he added.

She was started, not smoothly enough, but started. An hour later they returned through thronged streets.

"Wait till we can drain her crank case!" said the pupil joyously. He regarded the street crowds with keen satisfaction. Not a man of them—or a woman—could suspect that he had become a good straight driver in no time at all! All at once he called to Claude to stop. Claude pulled her expertly to the curb. The owner stepped out and from the pavement's edge looked up at a sign across two windows: Ritz Dancing Academy. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Private Lessons Given.

"Back in a minute," he said, and ascended a narrow stairway on a mean street. He was back in five minutes, and in thirty more, at the luncheon table, was explaining that he must keep an engagement at two o'clock. "But if you ladies would like a spin, say, at four, Claude and I will come back for you."

Aunt Beulah accepted with manifest delight. Miss Hicks was noncommittal. Either she was not keen for a little spin or was borne upon by some weighty negation that kept her silent. Or else she was —— But he gave it up and went back to sit in the car, earnestly practicing on the jiggers the exercises of his morning lesson until Claude sputtered in on the motorcycle.

"No thought process involved," he said to Claude; "at least none above the conscious level. I'm already establishing correct response models."

"Sure!" said Claude. "Where to?" Rufus issued a direction.

At 3:30 he descended the narrow stairway in the mean street. In a bare room, its polished floor rimmed with rows of empty, staring wooden chairs, he had just left a thin woman in black with white collar and cuffs and a wealth of yellow hair like Aunt Beulah's, who said at parting, "It'll come back to you; you got such a good sense of time. Same hour tomorrow."

He now said to Claude, "We'll go back to the house, then take a little run around with my aunt and my—nurse," he had been going to say, but found he couldn't make it sound right to Claude—"and Miss Hicks," he concluded after the interruption of a slight cough.

"Good!" said Claude.

Aunt Beulah stood watchful at the front door, hailed him by waving what she called "my fur piece," adjusted this and came down the walk. He anxiously searched the dusk of the entrance back of her until Miss Hicks appeared, in the serge skirt and jacket of blue that fitted her as if with cunning, conscious intention, and the small hat that perched as if but momently on her black hair. He went through the form of helping them in—a mere gesture in the case of Miss Hicks—solicitously tucked a rug about them—a strong man of the open, protective to weaklings; and Claude, under his attentive eye, made familiar moves.

"We can't speed her up now," Rufus courteously explained. "She has to go about a thousand miles pretty slow—oh, about twenty-five or so an hour—then we must drain her crank case."

He spoke with the air of a master machinist. Miss Hicks looked at him with a sudden faint respect.

"She must steer easy," said Aunt Beulah. "I bet I could drive her as easy as the little bus. Maybe some afternoon ——"

Alarmed mother instinct thrilled every fiber of the car's owner.

He quickly broke in, "Oh, I wouldn't ask you to drive her, Aunt Beulah; but Claude will take you everywhere you want to go—Claude will be right here." What he meant was that, if Aunt Beulah made it necessary, Claude would sleep in the car and have his meals brought to him.

After miles of triumphant progress they topped a long incline.

"There's the ocean," announced the owner, pointing helpfully.

He hadn't quite the thrill of a discoverer; but at least he had never seen the Pacific Ocean, though he had known it to be in the neighborhood; and seeing it from the first car he had not been afraid to ride in made the occasion memorable. It even placed the sea in better standing with him. He liked its appearance for the first time. Heretofore the mere sight of ocean waters had rendered him uncomfortable. They not only menaced death, which might conceivably be avoided, but extreme nausea, which he had never escaped. Now, from the new sweet-running car, he forgave all.

As they sped on, his genial tolerance widened to embrace the world, especially the green vistas through which they ran. From time to time he pointed out particularly good bits to the ladies. From time to time the ladies pointed out to each other various places where the orchestra was good. Back at the bungalow-villa they all rode into the garage before descending. Claude left his seat and lifted a side of the hood upon the still throbbing motor, listening, with a trained ear bent low, as if for some secret note. Miss Hicks, impressed, stood by to listen with him.

"There's her crank case," said the owner, pointing instructively. "Wait till we've drained that, then we can really go."

Miss Hicks looked at him with undoubted respect.

"Drain it?" she echoed.

"Drain the water out," he explained.

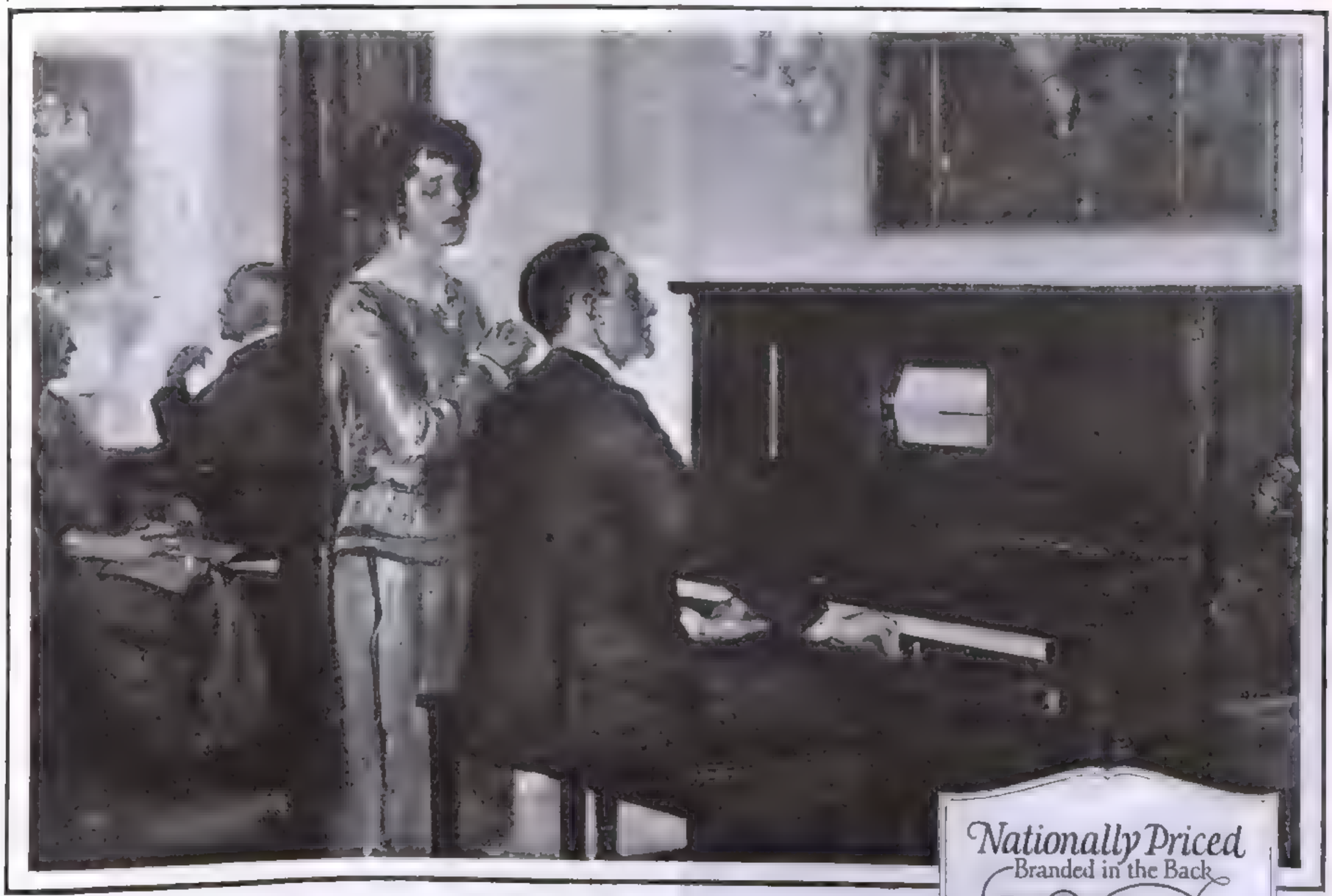
"Oh!" Miss Hicks deepened her now entirely respectful eyes and left him with the look. But he caught another look from the listening Claude, hardly more than the quiver of pale lashes, that was less easy to read. He waited after the girl had gone. Claude silenced the motor and pointed at it.

"That ain't the crank case," he confided, "and you don't drain water out of one—just oil."

"Oh!" Then in a tone of mild injury, "Well, how was I to know?"

Claude didn't tell him. Silently, with a bit of waste, he was wiping little spots on what was to Miss Hicks indisputably a crank case.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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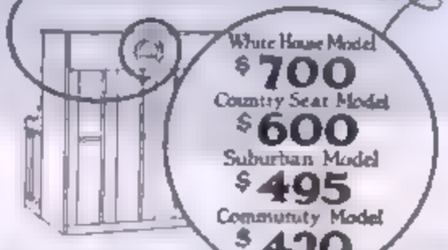

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CAT'S-PAW

(Continued from Page 7)

But you couldn't make Ben Murchison see it. It was all foolishness to him.

"You can't make the tropics healthy; you just got to be copper riveted inside, that's all. And you waste your time tryin' to do anything for these people, anyway. Babyin' 'em up! Even our consuls walk pigeon-toed these days, they're so scared they'll step on somebody's feet. It makes me sick."

"I can imagine you find it dull," I said politely.

"Oh, well," said Ben Murchison gloomily, "I'm gettin' old. And the Secretary of State, he done put me on notice I had to behave myself if I wanted to go on bein' an American citizen. Though what good it does me I don't know."

I pretended to take it in—that about the Secretary of State; and sincerely enough I agreed that it was nothing much to be an American, in these countries, anyway.

"Over in Mexico," I fumed, "potting Americans is a sort of popular outdoor sport; perfectly safe so far as the State Department is concerned More than a hundred murders so far and nobody caught, nor one cent of indemnity. They don't kill many Britishers or Germans, you bet! It's too expensive; but the open season on Americans goes the year round. More than one American has learned to hang out the British flag when trouble starts."

"It's the same down here," said Ben Murchison. "Let a Britisher get pinched, and his consul gallops right down and offers bail; and they take it, too, or a British gunboat'll be bulgin' in to find out why not. Let an American get pinched, and what happens?

"Why, our consul writes a note, respectful, sayin' he hopes his man'll get a fair trial, and the judge says he will, and he does—maybe—after stayin' in jail six months. Yeah; lots of times I felt like claimin' to be a Britisher myself."

That tickled me—Ben Murchison claiming to be a Britisher, when even his Spanish was colored by the speech of his native Alabama. But solemnly, first pausing to look for the waiter, he went on to relate instances. He never lacked for instances of anything; he was a regular Sindbad for tales.

I listened just as solemnly. Not for worlds would I have hurt his feelings.

"I've heard of soldiers of fortune," I told him, "but I never expected to meet one."

"Oh, I never got no fortune out of it. Handled millions of pesos in my time, but all I got to show for it is a little sawmill down in Peten."

A sawmill in Peten! Now I was getting at something real.

"Mahogany?"

"Mostly."

"Shipping to the States?"

"I tried that, but there ain't no money in it. You got to have capital, or somebody to carry stock for you. Lumber freight eats you up, and if you don't exactly hit the market ——"

"Sawed lumber? Sure," I nodded wisely, quoting now what I had learned from Petersen. "You ought to just square the logs and ship 'em that way. Log freight is cheap; you never miss the market with mahogany logs, and the American mills can cut it to better advantage than any mill down here."

"Oh, well," sighed Ben Murchison, "I just about quit tryin' to export. I got a little trade, enough to live on; can't get up much interest in it, anyway. I always feel like I'm askin' favors, tryin' to sell my stuff."

"You'd better come out of that," I said practically, "if you depend on lumber for a living. I don't know of anybody that's in the lumber trade for charity. They get what they pay for, you can bet on it; more if they can."

How much it would have saved me if I had taken those words of wisdom to myself!

"You in the lumber business?" Ben Murchison asked me.

"Well, I'm not a lumberman myself; a trader, rather. I'm connected"—a good safe word, "connected"—"with a big lumber company that has sawmills in Texas and Mexico. Came out ahead to get a timber concession for them. Mahogany, too, by the way, right down in your district."

"Gover'ment timber?" He seemed impressed.

I nodded carelessly.

"Seen the pres'dent yet?"

And to keep from spoiling the impression, I had to look for the waiter myself. I had not seen the president.

I had seen the Minister of Hacienda, which shows how green I was. The matter was in his department, yes; but I ought to have known that these republics were one-man affairs. I should have called on the minister for politeness' sake, but at the same time I ought to have laid my plans to reach the boss—the president.

It dawned on me finally; but it was more easily said than done. The Minister of Hacienda promised to get me an interview and didn't. It was very difficult, he told me.

I found it so. Fretfully, one day, I said as much to Ben Murchison.

"Well," said he, "if you'd been shot at as often as the Old Man has, you'd be bashful about strangers too."

His mild eyes looked at me and then away, fixing, possibly from force of habit, on the waiter. Obligingly I hissed and ordered.

"One time," said Ben Murchison, "they tried to blow him up right here in front of the hotel. Had the street mined and touched it off while his carriage was goin' over. Killed the coachman all right, and the horses, and they found a piece of the carriage on top of the hotel; but come to find out, the Old Man was standin' on the sidewalk fifty feet back all the time. Five minutes he had the gang rounded up and shot. Found their battery in the very room you got now," he said solemnly, looking at me.

It was a realistic touch, that last detail; otherwise it was regulation stuff. I grinned and nodded. There are such tales about every president of any of those countries.

"Another time they was goin' to shoot him at his own inauguration. They dip the flag, you know, and they was goin' to shoot while his face was hid; some of his own guard. Didn't have the nerve to do it while he was lookin' at 'em. Well, that pretty near come off; only the flag bearer got rattled and dipped the flag too low and bumped the Old Man's head. So he knew somethin' was wrong and dropped flat on his face and let 'em empty their guns, and then he gets up and has the rest of the guard shoot them. He don't waste no time, the Old Man don't; he does a thing while he's in the humor.

"But he never said a word about assassination; he's kind of touchy that way. He just had 'em executed for shootin' the flag full of holes."

Yes, the entertainment was cheap at the price. I hissed for the waiter again.

"Much obliged; the same," said Ben Murchison. "Well, another time his secretary loaded the Old Man's private telephone, the one that don't never ring unless the secretary says so. Well, it rung; but the Old Man sort of felt somethin' funny, the way the secretary looked or somethin', so he just jerks a thumb at it ——"

Realistically jerking his own thumb, he had to interrupt himself to stop the waiter, who thought it was a signal to take the glass away.

"Jerks a thumb at it and says to see who it is. The secretary tries to stall out of it, and then the Old Man knows there's somethin' funny, so he just sits and looks at him till he does it. Course, that feller knew it was all day with him, anyway."

"Must have a compelling eye."

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison. "Peaceable-lookin' feller too."

He said it with such a convincingly casual air that I couldn't resist.

"You know him personally, I suppose?"

"Well," he muttered, not looking at me, "I used to. Why?"

"I was thinking you might introduce me," I said gravely.

Then I was ashamed. It wasn't sporting to ask for tales and then bait your Sindbad. He was so uncomfortable that he wouldn't look at me, only sat tracing circles on the bleached table top with a square forefinger; I remember the faded freckles on it, somehow a pathetic symbol of the man's fading, shabby years.

"Don't bother about it," I said kindly. "I'll get to him."

"Well, you know how it is. He's the president of a country; you can't just bulge in and see him like he was runnin' an ice factory or somethin'. Fact is, I haven't

seen him myself, not to talk to, for—well, a long time. I like you all right, but ——"

"Thanks," I said. "I quite understand."

Then he looked up at me and grinned.

"Well, come right down to it," he said, "how do I know you don't want to take a shot at him yourself?"

"Fair enough," I admitted. "Have a drink!"

Yes, it was regulation stuff, that about the president—the Old Man they called him; you rarely heard his name mentioned aloud. Walls had ears and all that sort of thing. Good advertising, though; as a practical man I had to admit that. You'll note that every one of those tales had a moral attached: The Old Man was a sort of invisible, all-seeing, all-hearing power, very unhealthy to oppose. He certainly had them bluffed. From the bootblacks in the plaza to the mustachioed dandies in the cafés, to a man they looked scared if you spoke of him.

It didn't awe me. I was a practical man here on important business, not only to make my fortune but to do the country a service, developing resources they hadn't the energy or the brains to use. As a practical man I camped daily in the palace, but I did not see the president. I saw the secretary of the president's secretary; I saw him many times.

"Today it is impossible, señor. Perhaps tomorrow?"

V

TOMORROW! If I hadn't been a hardened and cynical old-timer it would have driven me crazy. It was like doing business with children; you couldn't pin them down. They wouldn't even take business seriously. Once, following too close on the heels of the buttoned flunky who announced me, a half-baked youth with a face the color of pale gingerbread, I heard him snicker:

"Here is that American again!"

And entering, I saw the secretary of the president's secretary straighten his face just in time.

They didn't laugh at Britishers or Germans—not in those days! The British and the Germans were at war; their consuls took no nonsense and their subjects walked boldly, conscious of strong policies behind them. Only American consuls walked pigeon-toed for fear they'd step on somebody's feet; only Americans were fair game for anybody that felt like laughing.

In Milo, Indiana, I had firmly believed that an American could go anywhere, protected and upheld by the greatest nation in the world. Bitterly, as instance followed instance, it came to me that there was a difference between bigness and greatness. In the soft hands of politicians the big stick had turned into a ridiculous stuffed club.

Bitterly, writing home, I spoke of these things to Gus Hardy. Also, as one hardened and cynical old-timer to another, I told him about that thirsty and diverting old liar Ben Murchison—expecting Gus to enjoy the joke.

His answer jarred me considerably:

Dear Buck: You are the luckiest guy I ever heard of. General Murchison can give you more dope on those countries than any man alive, only I read in the papers that he was dead. But he has been getting killed in the papers for twenty years. I might have known nothing would ever get that old war horse; he will just have to dry up and blow away.

Yes, that's right about our consuls; they are scared to do anything on account of the politicians they take orders from. Teddy Roosevelt was the boy. He was always looking for trouble and so he never got any back talk.

Tell General Murchison hello for me. He may remember me; I was with him in one mix-up in Honduras and he sure is one Foxy Grandpa in a scrap. If you can get him interested he can pull wires for you with anybody down there unless he happens to be fighting them at the time.

We are all well, and Martha says tell you hello.

Ben Murchison was real!

To show you how jarred I was, the matter of getting him to pull wires for me didn't even occur to me at the time. Humbly I looked for him in the bar of the Hotel Central, just to buy him a drink and get him to talk some more.

He wasn't there. Neither was he in the plaza, nor in any of the cafés along the Calle Central. Looking for him, slowly something came to me. It had been there all the time; I had seen it and heard it every day with one eye shut and my tongue in my cheek, too wise, you know, too wise to be taken in! I was nearly thirty years old and I knew what was reasonable—in Milo, Indiana.

Grow up with a point of view and it takes a jolt to shake it off.

Now I felt it, an invisible, almost tangible something that meshed this ancient city on its sunlit hills, a mental something, none the less real. Mustachioed dandies who looked furtively over their shoulders; ragged, half-naked bootblacks in the plaza who dropped their voices and watched you from the corners of their eyes as you passed, a stranger; the uneasy silence that fell anywhere if you spoke irritably of the administration—that was fear! No man knew what careless word might reach the president, that mysterious Old Man who never appeared in public yet had eyes and ears everywhere—sitting invisible at the center of his web of espionage and power; himself afraid, knowing the fate of presidents.

The Mayas in the market place—strange remnant of America's most ancient race; unlike all other Indians; stunted, flat-faced, slant-eyed Orientals, here in the Western world; before recorded time their fathers built monuments to bearded kings—what did a president mean to them? A vague, harsh demigod, perhaps; but in their history greater gods had died.

Insecurity, that was the word. A million sullen brown men, whose minds no white man ever reached; a few thousand white men, held in fear by one old man, himself unceasingly afraid.

I didn't think it out as I have set it down; I only felt the reality of it; felt it with something of Ben Murchison's own philosophical detachment. And that evening I looked for him in the dim, stone-flagged barroom of the Hotel Central, to buy him a drink and get him to talk some more.

He hadn't come.

Two strangers sat at our usual table, a fat smooth one, very sluggish, and a scholarly one with eyeglasses and a cropped black beard; both natives of the upper class. I was turning away when the bearded one looked up.

Beards are common enough in that country where every man grows hair on the face if he can; a sign of virility they call it, though probably the real reason is to deny their Indian blood. It changed this fellow more than you would think; made him look bigger somehow.

But I knew those eyes, too soft and liquid for a man. Just for an instant his hand went thoughtfully to his face—hiding his mouth in a gesture I had seen a thousand times.

"Señor Pressley! What pleasure!" cried Anselmo Palomar.

VI

HE DIDN'T wait for me to speak. With flattering cordiality he jumped up and held out both his hands, his white teeth showing pleasantly through his new black beard.

"Your grace does not remember me? I am Antonio Pérez Verdia, who had the honor to know you in the City of Mexico."

Quickly and clearly he said it; rattling on about imaginary incidents in the City of Mexico, giving me a chance to get it—this soft-eyed fellow incredibly called The Butcher, who had come ashore in the canvas wrappings of a dead man. I had to laugh, seeing him there well groomed and smiling.

"Certainly I remember. Did you find the voyage—hot?"

But what iron nerve it must have taken, eh? to lie so long stiff and motionless, mastering the pain of that careless bayonet jab; stifling and helpless in the very hands of the soldiers who hunted him; wondering if he could escape before he was discovered or buried alive! Here was a romantic figure second only to Ben Murchison himself.

Yes, he had courage, that Butcher. Even afterward I had to admit that.

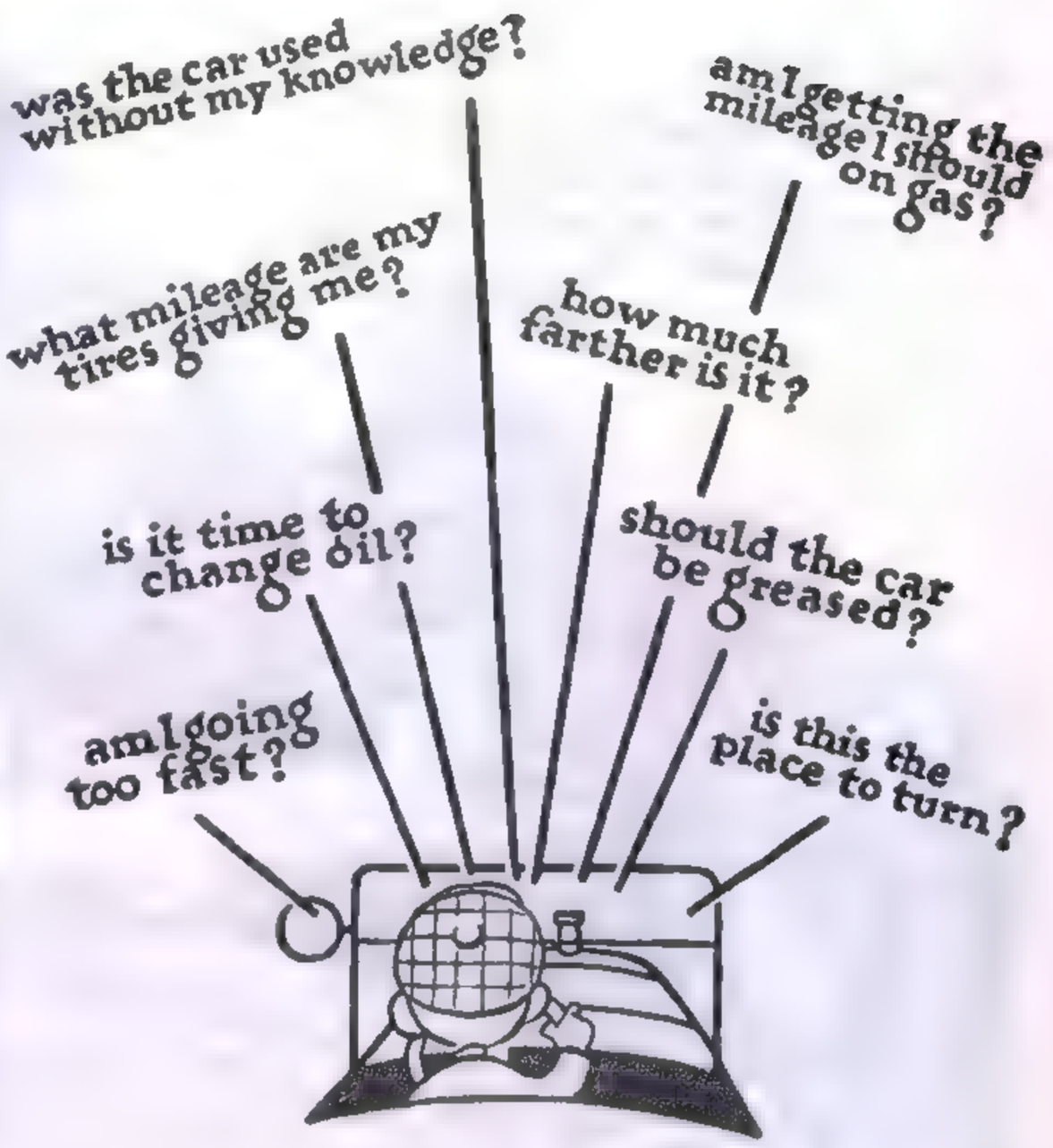
"I present my friend," said Palomar, alias Pérez Verdia, introducing me; and the fat man rose and bowed and murmured his own name, as the custom is.

Borrego he called himself. Borrego means sheep; maybe it was the name that suggested it; he was fat and he moved seldom, like a pale Buddha only half alive; but he reminded me somehow of a sheep—a sluggish, wicked ram, deceptively mild. I didn't like him at first.

"We expect your friend Don Benjamin," said Palomar, urging me to a seat and hissing for the waiter.

And quietly, openly he sat there in the crowded barroom, sipping his drink, saying polite nothings; men passing all about

(Continued on Page 100)


was the car used without my knowledge?
am I getting the mileage I should on gas?
what mileage are my tires giving me?
how much farther is it?
is it time to change oil?
should the car be greased?
am I going too fast?
is this the place to turn?

It's no pleasure to drive a car by guess!

How many times a day do the mental worries pictured above go through your mind if you have no speedometer?

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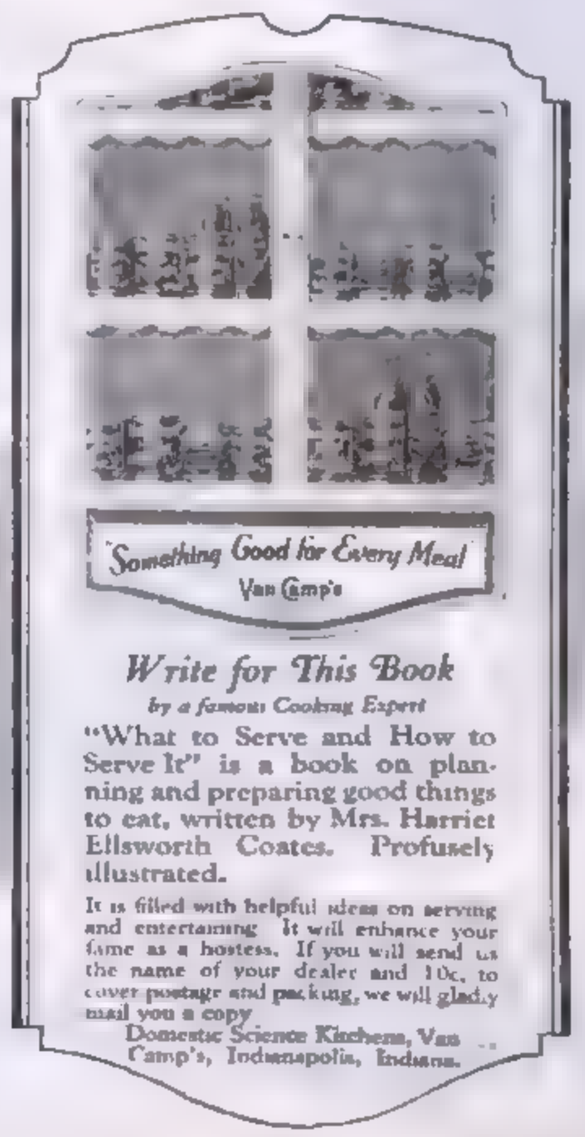

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(Continued from Page 97)

him, any one of whom might betray him to his death.

"How did you escape being buried?" I asked him guardedly.

He answered carelessly, lifting a well-groomed shoulder.

"Everywhere there are those who sleep with open eyes."

"And here? You are safe here?"

He shrugged again.

"The waiter with the scar on his chin is an agent of the government, but he does not know me. The rest are friends, or strangers—so far as I know."

"Was the bayonet wound serious?"

"Troublesome. It has delayed us, but I am quite cured now."

His eyes strayed often, impatiently rather than anxiously, to the door. He had said he expected Ben Murchison. And it came to me that it was too late to think of getting Ben Murchison to pull wires for me with the president. Gus Hardy had said it:

"Unless he happens to be fighting them at the time!"

A ruddy, middle-aged man with bleached mustaches, Norwegian he looked to be, came in and took a place at a neighboring table. As he sat down he glanced curiously from me to Palomar; and Palomar nodded almost imperceptibly, as if vouching for me.

The bar was unusually full and noisy. Cigarette smoke fogged the air; through the clatter of dice and hubbub of voices nothing less than a shout was likely to be overheard. Afterward I understood this. Noise is a good screen for stealthy things; and if public violence becomes necessary, how can you cover it better than with a drunken riot?

Ben Murchison came in, unpicturesque as ever. He looked no part of the dashing adventurer, the stormy petrel of the tropics; he was only an elderly man in decent if shabby black, his stringy jaws clamped on a cigar and an elderly bulge under his belt. His mild eyes narrowed a little, surprised, I thought, to see me already thick as thieves with his fellow adventurers.

He shook hands with Palomar and Borrego and nodded to me, but did not sit with us; Palomar, murmuring an apology to me, rose and went with him to the table where the Norwegian sat. I didn't mind, being no adventurer myself. But Borrego seemed to think I might; surprisingly he roused himself to entertain me.

He was surprisingly well informed. Like most Latins in those days, he openly admired Germany.

"Of the greater nations," he said, "she alone has vision, is the only forward-looking one. England is decaying. You will not take offense, Señor Pressley?"

I grinned and told him he needn't apologize to me. I was American, and by proclamation of our own State Department we were neutral; you remember.

"American!" he echoed, a curious fire waking in those sluggish eyes of his. "Tell me, my friend, by what right do the Yanquis claim that name? Are we not all American?"

Many Latin-Americans are touchy on that point; indulgently I admitted it. Certainly there were other American nations, some of them having more or less united states. Borrego argued that we properly had no name at all.

"A name," he said fiercely, "no nation has a right to claim unless it reaches from Alaska to Patagonia, frozen north to frozen south, taking in the whole world that is America!"

"Some of our neighbors," I reminded him, "seem to think our State Department means to do just that. Though on what signs they base their fear I have been unable to find out."

"Your State Department!" said this fat Borrego. "There is not a statesman in it. Merchants, preachers, petty lawyers and politicians; diplomats, no!" And then, abating his fierceness, he added, "You will not take offense?"

He got no argument out of me there.

It's odd how, thinking back, you can see where you missed things you ought to have noticed. I don't know just when I began to like Borrego better. We hissed often for the waiter and grew genial and friendly. At times he almost leaned on my shoulder, so confidential he became.

He knew my business in the country; no doubt Ben Murchison or Palomar had told him.

"And the Señor Petersen, you left him well?"

"You know Petersen?" I said, surprised.

"But yes; he was here two years ago."

Petersen hadn't told me that. Didn't want me to know he had tried for that concession himself, eh?

"He was here surveying certain timber tracts," said Borrego; "mahogany, I believe. Are those the same that interest him now?"

"No doubt," I said, and you may believe that I was thoughtful.

So that was how Petersen got his figures so complete. I had supposed he got them from the government, which shows again how green I was. Would any government carefully survey resources it hadn't the energy or the brains to use?

So that was why his proposition had been so liberal; he himself had tried and failed; he knew what chance I had, that canny Swede! And I had played into his hands, betting my time and expenses on the chance of winning! If I won he won; if I lost I lost.

"But you," said Borrego, seeming to read my mind, "will succeed where he failed; I, Joaquin Borrego, promise it. This administration has been criminally stupid, discouraging foreign capital; but a change is coming—you have guessed it? soon!"

I nodded, hissing for the waiter.

"And Don Anselmo esteems you very much."

It came to me that Gus Hardy was right. I was a lucky guy! In the future, when Ben Murchison was mentioned, or that other romantic figure, Anselmo Palomar, I would say casually, "Yes, I know him well. Was with him in one mix-up down in Guatemala. Got a timber concession out of it."

"In the district of Peten," inquired Borrego, "near the mountain Tsuncal?"

"There is a mountain," I said, "but it is Chimay, I think." And I took out the map and glanced at it. "Yes, Chimay."

"But here is Tsuncal. It is the same."

And he laughed at me because I had inside pockets in my vest.

"Your own invention, Señor Pressley?"

"Mothered by necessity," I grinned. "Your countrymen have light fingers, Señor Borrego!" And mocking his own anxious courtesy, I added, "You will not take offense?"

He laughed.

"On the contrary, my compliments. I have your permission to instruct my own tailor?"

Yes, we were genial. Revolution? It didn't shock me. It was only their way of changing administrations; one revolution had occurred while I was in Mexico, passed invisible and harmless like a noise off stage, merely tightening money and stopping trade. War? Great nations were at war; this would be a trifle by comparison. Chiefly I felt curiosity to see how it worked.

The party at the next table was breaking up. Ben Murchison came over; I got the odd impression that Borrego was annoyed.

It passed quickly, though. Genially he clinked his glass on mine. Now I was fairly well hardened to the indoor sport of the tropics; but that last drink seemed one too many. Dimly I remember that Borrego embraced me at parting.

"I never can get used to men huggin' each other," observed Ben Murchison. "I never do it if I can help it without hurtin' a guy's feelin's. It makes me sick."

I wasn't drunk. I have been, I admit, but this was different; as if I, far inside myself, had to fight hard to know what happened outside.

"Hey!" said Ben Murchison. "Straighten up! You come on to bed."

"Wait minute," I insisted vaguely. "Somethin' show you."

I could see him, but I couldn't feel my own hands. For a moment I forgot what I was looking for—Gus Hardy's letter. Then I found it in a side pocket of my coat; I saw it in my hand and remembered. It was terrible labor to keep awake.

"Letter. Friend of yours." I gave it to him.

He seemed chiefly interested in the last line.

"Well, well, and so Gus has found him a nice girl and settled down! That's fine, that's fine! I never thought he would."

"Remember him, do you?" I managed the syllables one at a time.

"Sure, I remember him. Easy-goin' young feller, but hell on wheels when trouble catches up with him."

Dimly but wistfully, far inside the heavy body that was myself, I knew that nobody

(Continued on Page 102)

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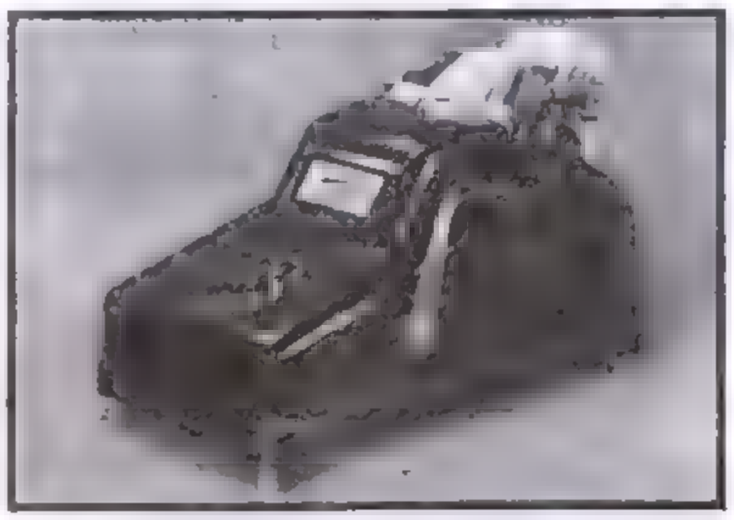

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Continued from Page 100)

would ever call me hell on wheels. I had a gift for buying and selling things and that was all. Here adventure was going on around me and it was all I could do just to keep straight in my chair. Couldn't even carry liquor like a man.

It didn't occur to me that I had been drugged. Why should anybody drug me? I set my numb jaw with the effort to keep awake.

"You come on to bed, Buck. Stand up! Walk!"

I made a prodigious effort, pleased to be called Buck. Nobody but Gus Hardy had ever called me Buck. In Milo, Indiana, people called me by my first name, Howard; in Mexico they called me—let me confess it now—Alice.

I remember that I undressed myself, refusing Ben Murchison's help; remember realizing that he was in my room, that as his host I should be sociable.

"Had to get back in ole game, huh? Good ole rev'lutionary game," I said, and was ashamed that words should sound so thick.

No amount of liquor ever seemed to affect Ben Murchison, except sometimes to make him gloomy. He was gloomy now.

"Oh, I don't know, Buck," said he, sitting gloomily on my bed. "I must be gettin' old. It makes me sick."

Something did that very thing for me, and I felt worse before I felt better. I could feel my hands then, tingling.

"Sorry," I mumbled, crawling into bed. "Must—been somethin' wrong that liquor."

"Yeah; the amount, likely," he grunted. "Say, Buck, don't talk if you don't feel like it; but who is this guy, Petersen?"

"Fellow hired me come here," I muttered, my eyes shut.

"Humph!" said Ben Murchison. "And Hartz?"

"Who?"

"Hartz. That fox-faced feller."

"Don't know him."

"How about this Portugee; what's his name? Barbas."

"Don't know any Portugee."

"The hell you don't! And him Petersen's own shadow?"

"Never saw much of Petersen," I explained laboriously. "Only around American Club."

It seemed after a disconnected time that I heard Ben Murchison snort, "What you tryin' to do, Buck? String me?"

"Huh?" I said vaguely.

"If you saw that guy in the American Club I'll eat my hat!"

"Why not? Old member. Big lumber man."

"I'd give four dollars if you was sober," said Ben Murchison, very gloomy. "There's some shenanigan about this, and I'll be durned if I can figure out how a nice young feller like you come to be mixed up in it. If you want to throw a bluff you ought to pick out somethin' you know somethin' about."

"Wha'd d'ye mean, bluff?"

"Petersen don't know no more about lumber than a hog does about salvation, and neither do you. I knew this gang was draggin' out awful big guns for the size game they claim they're fixin' to shoot. Too durned many cooks for one revolution! Listen, Buck ——"

I must have dozed. I heard his gloomy voice continuing some train of thought I must have missed.

"Yeah, Gus Hardy's got the right idea. Get you a nice girl and settle down and behave yourself, while you ——"

"Comes well from you," I muttered.

"——while you still got a chance to fit in with folks that can think as fast as you can. I don't know what it is, Buck; a feller gets used to bein' a high-jumpin' frog in a mud puddle like this, and sooner or later he goes home where all the frogs jump quick and far, and he can't stand it. Makes him dizzy. Makes him feel rusty and slow in the head.

"Oh, I tried it, two-three times. First, I used to get mad because reporters kept followin' me around takin' pictures of me and printin' all kinds of fool stuff about me; and then I got awful lonesome because nobody paid any attention to me at all. When you get to my time of life, Buck ——"

The sense of it reached me dimly and the steady sound of his voice put me to sleep. But I remember him sitting there, chewing a cigar stump and gazing at the plastered wall, looking more like a tired, broken-down storekeeper than a veteran of many wars—this soldier of fortune who had got no fortune out of it; this shabby, thirsty Ben Murchison, lonely and sad and old.

VII

WHEN you have been drugged with laudanum you may fight off sleep for a while, but your memory seems to slip a cog at the point where you began to go under. Like a man stunned by a blow on the head, you wake confused, wondering, "Where am I? What happened? How did I get here?"

Peaceful sounds of a chamberman mopping in the corridor, the wet slap-slap of his mop and the grating noise of his bucket dragged on the stone floor. Unhurried wheels and hoofs in the cobbled street; the distant musical cry of a street vender; the city going drowsily about its business. It seemed unreasonable somehow. What was this feeling of something about to happen?

I struggled out of bed. Regularity and punctuality were major virtues to me in those days, and trying to see the president had become an occupation in itself. By the high and placid sun at the barred window I was due at the palace for the daily "Today it is impossible, señor. Perhaps tomorrow?"

What made my tongue and brain so fuzzy? Where had I been last night?

Ah! I remembered. The familiar stone-flagged barroom fogged with cigarette smoke, loud with voices and the clatter of dice; the fat Borrego and I very genial, hissing often for the waiter; at the next table Ben Murchison and Anselmo Palomar and their fellow adventurers, plotting revolution!

And I grinned, thinking, "Tomorrow, eh? How many tomorrows are left to you and the rest of the small fry who ride on the coat tails of importance, O secretary of the president's secretary?"

It's odd. In Milo, Indiana, nothing could have got me even into the fringe of such a thing. I, Howard Pressley, was a plain and serious business man; I had come here with a plain business proposition, and in days and weeks of cooling my heels something had happened to me. Impatience? Resentment? Yes, but there was something else.

It's hard to put a name to. Black beaches and the wash of giant seas, drowsy heat and wild and sudden storm; poisonous, creeping jungle, and mountains rising huge, blue, silver-headed, painted on the sky—plateaus where clouds roll vast below you and the sun burns you through icy air—something that lifts you from the things you knew; great monuments sticking up through jungle rot, the bones of cities dead two thousand years; switch engines clanking past them with bananas for the States. Men fussing about their small affairs under the very nose of Nature, immense and violent, blind and invincible; men living briefly and the green jungle creeping to swallow the things they do.

You know? A feeling that nothing matters much. Something that makes you different from the man you were.

Coffee cleared my head and I began to wonder why my memory of last night trailed off so queerly. I had been drinking, yes; but everything was clear up to a certain point: Borrego proposing one last drink; Borrego, strangely affectionate, embracing me at parting. After that—what?

Ben Murchison, soldier of fortune who had got no fortune out of it, gloomily giving me good advice. Hazy, disjointed bits of it came back to me out of that overpowering fog of sleep. Ben Murchison seemed to think I was mixed up in the revolution myself!

What was it he had said about Petersen?

"If you saw that guy in the American Club I'll eat my hat!"

But I had seen him there many times. Why not? Petersen's standing in Mexico City was of the best. Everybody knew him, the manager of an important American lumber company.

Then out of a vague resentment I remembered something else. According to Borrego, Petersen had been here in Guatemala two years ago; had tried to get this mahogany concession himself. Why had Petersen sent me here without telling me that? Had he done something scandalous here?

What were those other names Ben Murchison was asking about? I couldn't remember. Some shenanigan, he said, something about guns too big for the size of the game.

It needed explaining and Ben Murchison was the man to do it. I found him in a shady corner of the patio, his chair tilted comfortably back against the wall. Comfortably he greeted me.

"Mornin', Buck. Drag up a chair."

In the thin, clear light of reflected sunshine he looked less than ever the dashing adventurer, the stormy petrel of the tropics. His faded, freckled hands, sleepily folded across that elderly bulge at his middle, were the hands of a mechanic, not a killer. The set of his stringy jaw, clamped as usual on a frayed cigar, was mild; his brows were sandy and unimpressive, his blue eyes kindly. He wore a belt and suspenders. There is something indescribably harmless-looking about an elderly man who wears belt and suspenders too.

He seemed to have forgotten all about the revolution. We talked a little, idly, and for some reason I found myself calling him Uncle Ben; I don't know why. Maybe it was because of that fatherly lecture he had given me last night; maybe it was because he called me Buck.

"By the way," I prompted him, a little sheepishly—still thinking, you know, that I had drunk too much last night, "I seem to remember you were asking something about Petersen."

He smoked a while before replying.

"Buck," he said, "I reckon I ought to tell you I ain't made up my mind about this thing. I admit it gets awful dull, just settin' around foolin' with a little lumber business. I been wishin' somethin' would happen, I admit that. And when these fellers first come around with their war talk I let 'em talk, just for the sake of old times, all the time tellin' myself I wasn't goin' to have nothin' to do with it. Like I was tellin' you, I promised the Secretary up at Washington I was goin' to behave myself from now on."

Yes; he had told me and I hadn't believed him.

"But the more I heard about it the funnier it smelled. So I let 'em keep on talkin', and even yet I can't figure out what it is. Maybe you know. But I just thought I'd tell you I ain't made up my mind, so you wouldn't spill nothin' you didn't want to."

"About the revolution? I won't," I grinned, "for the simple reason that I don't know a thing—except what I heard last night, and what anybody can feel in the air."

He stopped in the act of relighting his cigar to look at me.

"Didn't you say you was workin' for Petersen?"

"Yes. What's Petersen got to do with it?"

"That's what I want to know," he said, puffing, still looking at me. "Him and all these other fellers bobbin' up."

"Last night?" I stared at him. "Why, man, Petersen's in Mexico City, a thousand miles from here!"

"He got there awful quick then. He was settin' within fifteen feet of you."

"Well," I said practically, "you're talking about some other Petersen then. That explains it."

"Maybe so, maybe so," he grunted. "Say your Petersen's a lumber man, and sent you down here to get this mahogany concession?"

"At last!" I grinned. "You have guessed my secret!"

But Ben Murchison didn't smile.

"Buck, you know what that concession's worth?"

"Two or three million, I should say."

"And you mean to tell me they sent a green kid after it?"

I was still young enough to be a little sensitive on that point. I asked him, with dignity, how old he thought I was.

"You could be ninety," he grumbled, "and green." He looked at me very thoughtfully. "Or else you're a wonder at puttin' on. No, I don't believe nobody could be that innocent and live."

"Innocent?" I wasn't hurt. I really wanted to know.

"Bulgin' in here," said Ben Murchison, "makin' a play to see the president, with nobody to stand for you and not even a credential to your name."

I had to laugh.

"You've lived down here," I said, "so long that you suspect everybody that plays a lone hand, haven't you? I'm young, I admit, but I've handled some sizable deals; not as big as this one, but sizable. As far as credentials go ——"

I reached into the right-hand inside pocket of my vest, where I carried the papers I hoped to need any day at the palace; the map and the plats of the timber tracts, with the name of Petersen's company on them.

The pocket was empty!

"Any company that does business in Mexico," said Ben Murchison, going on, "ought to know better. Sendin' a green man down here, 'specially when Mexico and Guatemala are just about as friendly as a hawk and a chicken. Yeah, it sure smells funny. I bet I have to buy me a stack of chips and take a hand in it yet, promise or no promise."

"Wait a minute!" I said, and bolted for my room.

My map and my timber plats were nowhere to be seen. I pawed through my trunk, hastily, then carefully. The bulky sheets of the timber cruise were gone too. Even my contract with Petersen was gone. Ben Murchison was right; I hadn't a credential to my name!

What were those papers worth to anybody but myself? Anybody could have robbed my trunk; Borrego could have picked my pocket—the fat and smooth Borrego, embracing me in the fog that came on me after that last drink. Was Borrego in the lumber business? Ben Murchison was.

But there were a thousand miles of mahogany in Peten. Why should he want mine?

Thoughtfully I started back to the patio. Rounding a turn in the corridor I came on a sudden commotion in the entryway: an officer with clanking saber, striding on very military heels: behind him a squad of sandal-footed soldiers whose crossed belts bristled with cartridges, their blue-denim legs flapping ridiculously in the German goosestep. The officer barked; with a final scissors swing of legs and a crash of rifle butts on the pavement the squad halted before Ben Murchison. Scissoring again, the officer faced him and saluted.

"General Benjamin Murchison!"

Ben Murchison, his mild face all at once bleak and grim, returned the salute.

"Speak, captain!"

"It is my duty to place you under arrest."

Ben Murchison's hand at his side was warning me to keep back.

I hurried up.

"What have they got you for? What's the charge?"

He sighed.

"What do you think a revolution is, Buck? A picnic? I told those fellers they was makin' a fool play, comin' here. The Old Man'll have the whole gang rounded up by night."

"What'll I do? Tell the consul?"

"Save your breath," said Ben Murchison. . . . "Well, good-by, Buck. You take my advice and don't you know a durned thing about this."

They marched out.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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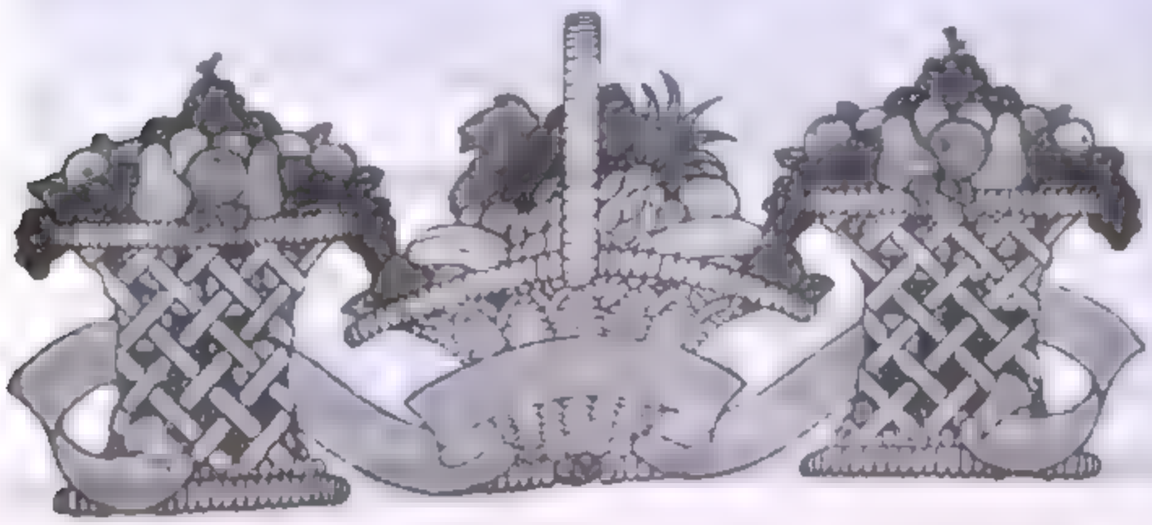

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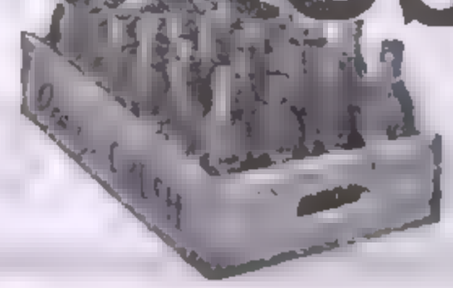

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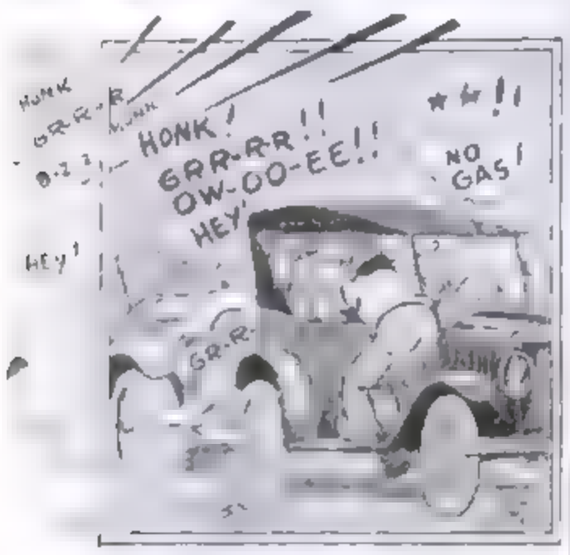
—a real presentation on the screen of the life of Hollywood as it is lived today, with the absorbing story of the girl who went there seeking fame and fortune!
Angela, the heroine, is the counterpart of a million American girls, and she leads a life that a million girls will envy, and that will make every patron laugh and thrill.
This is not an exposé of Hollywood, but the genuine picture-story of screen-ambition's appointments and disappointments—all in an atmosphere of melodrama, love, mystery and humor.
Does Angela reach stardom or not?
There's a lot of comedy and real thrills in the picture's answer to that question, and a still deeper feeling in seeing so many famous people of Hollywood at work and play in this greatest comedy-drama ever made.
A James Cruze* Production
By Frank Condon Adapted by Tom Geraghty
Presented by Jesse L. Lasky
*The Director of "The Covered Wagon."
Here's part of the cast
C. B. DeMille
Pola Negri
Thomas Meighan
William S. Hart
Agnes Ayres
Jack Holt
Leatrice Joy
Walter Hiers
Nita Naldi
Jacqueline Logan
William deMille
Lila Lee
Betty Compson
George Fawcett
Theodore Kosloff
Lois Wilson
May McAvoy
Mary Astor
Noah Beery
Ricardo Cortez
Jack Pickford
Baby Peggy
Viola Dana
Owen Moore
Will Rogers
Bull Montana
Ben Turpin
Lloyd Hamilton
Anita Stewart
Estelle Taylor
Bryant Washburn
Anna Q. Nilsson
Eileen Percy
T. Roy Barnes
Fritzi Ridgeway
Sigrid Holmquist
Stuart Holmes
J. Warren Kerrigan
Hope Hampton
Julia Faye
Ford Sterling
Robert McKim
and forty other screen celebrities
Picture
TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
Famous Players-Lasky Corp
Adolph Zukor—President
New York City
Hollywood, June 30, 1923.
The picture, "Hollywood," shows better than words can tell, that marvelous spirit of friendship that binds together the great artists of our community. Without that spirit the task of making "Hollywood," the picture, would have been insurmountable. It is with a keen and deep appreciation of my debt to them that I wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those many great artists of the screen who appear in this photoplay and who by their generous and untiring effort have enabled us to give to the world some insight as to what life in Hollywood really is.
Jesse L. Lasky.
If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Get a Gas-O-larm!



The Wise Guy Who "Never runs out of gas"—

HE figures he can get along without a Gas-O-larm. Thinks he is saving money—while he wastes time and temper continually measuring his gas supply. He spoils his driving pleasure worrying about it.

Then.....it happens to him—just as it happens to everybody else who hasn't this wonderful invention—he runs out in the most humiliating place possible. Don't let this happen to *you*.

Don't Confuse It With Gauges or Reserves!

With the remarkable Gas-O-larm in your Ford you don't even have a gauge to watch or wonder about. No reserve tank to forget to fill. You don't give your gas supply even a thought until your engine goes "put-put"—(the ordinary sign you are out of gas). But you aren't out—you have a twenty mile supply left. You don't stop—don't even leave your seat. Just reach down, pull out the neat, nickeled Gas-O-larm button—and drive merrily on until you get to the next filling station on your way.

Guaranteed for the life of any Ford. Always works. Nothing to fill, bother with, or get out of order.

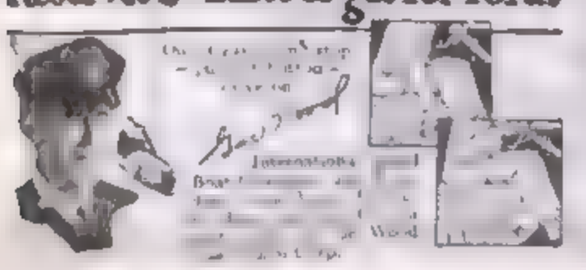
Demand the Genuine Gas-O-larm at Your Ford Dealer's

Your Ford dealer has, or can get you this boon for Ford owners that Gar Wood says is "even more efficient than the reserve system on my Packard." Have yours installed before you stall. Installed in five minutes, $5 complete.

Wood Gas-O-larm Corporation
Division of Lochtite Patch Co.
4196 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

FORD DEALER—haven't you a stock of Gas-O-larms yet? Don't miss this real opportunity to serve your customers. Get our unbeatable proposition.

Gas-O-larm
Reserves 20 miles of gas for Fords



THE CONFESSIONS OF A RACE DRIVER

(Continued from Page 13

driver and that one in a mild way for not going ahead and taking the leader when he had the speed to do it. They tell of watching a certain driver skid and of wondering whether he was ever going to straighten his car up. It must be remembered here that even though speeding along at 100 miles an hour, all the cars are going fast, so that it often takes considerable time to pass a car, and everything that takes place can be plainly seen.

I read in a newspaper recently that drivers are brave and skillful men, but that they are not men who take the best care of themselves. Some of them drink a good deal. Their big money is quickly earned and it is enthusiastically spent. How they retain their nerves of steel it would be difficult to explain.

Now, if the article had said that some race drivers do these things it would have been more nearly right. I guess the writer only intended the remark as human-interest stuff, as the newspaper men call it. As a matter of fact, race drivers are not a class apart. They are average men, just the same as a group of newspaper men, lawyers, bankers, salesmen, would be. Some of them take a drink occasionally, and it may range from pure Scotch—if there is such a thing now—down through home-brew to the rottenest bootleg stuff. Some drivers may at times take drinks enough to make the world teeter a little bit. Some of them may earn their money quickly—not easily, however—and just as enthusiastically spend it. But not many of them. I don't know any big money-makers in the racing game that spend all they make, especially in riotous living. If a man has the business ability necessary to make good money in racing, he has the common sense to save a fair part of what he makes.

There are drivers who are successful and who probably have qualities that would make them successful in any business. There are others who are existing in the racing game, but only existing, just as they would in some other business. They are originally drawn into racing by the natural excitement of any red-blooded young man for things that thrill. They stay in the game, just as the bank clerk or anyone else, either because they like it, because they make money at it, or because, once in, it is all they know or all they care to do. That is the case in all jobs.

Steady Living Essential

A driver, to be continually successful, cannot be in poor physical condition. If he is he shares his success with some other driver who relieves him at the wheel. I make the following statement without any fear of having to back up on it: All the biggest drivers, the first-place winners, are in such physical condition that they can drive the toughest race in the world without relief—I refer to the Indianapolis 500-mile race. Really successful drivers do not let pleasure interfere with business, any more than any other successful business man does. When we get into a city three weeks ahead of a race date, we may keep late hours and enjoy ourselves, but not in a disastrous way. But ten or twelve days before a big race the smart driver will begin to get eight hours' sleep every night, unless through some misfortune he is forced to work long hours just before a race. The time was, in the racing game, I understand, when accessory and other men thought it the proper thing to provide the drivers with all the liquor they could drink. Today I know of but one accessory man who attempts this, and he does it because he doesn't know he is ten years behind the times. His superiors will discover the thing for him some day, let us hope.

Most of the indications of fast living among drivers are only surface indications. I know a young driver, fairly successful, single, who has many female admirers. He has the reputation of being a gay young blade. Instead of being a gay blade, he is really a sharp blade, being one of the closest business men I know. I'll bet he has cans of money buried all over his father's back yard. Yet when his name is mentioned it is generally connected with something that means spending money.

Things don't just happen in the racing business, any more than they do in any other business. There are no results worth while without a lot of hard work, and for every minute of applause a driver gets, you can figure hours of hard work in the garages, the machine shops and on the tracks.

Race drivers may be divided into three classes: Those who own their own cars, pay their own expenses and get all they win. Those who drive for an owner, who pays the expenses and gives the driver approximately 50 per cent of what he wins; and in an arrangement of this kind sometimes the owner and sometimes the driver pays the mechanician.

The third class consists of the drivers who have no car of their own, nor a job as a driver for someone else, but who hang around race courses, almost sure that by the time a race is started they will have a job as a regular or a relief driver. So that when the public reads that this or that driver won first place, with its prize of $20,000, it is necessary to know in which of the above classes he belongs to know how much money he really has made.

Possible Winnings

Racing is an expensive business. Suppose I own my own car. A race car today will cost approximately $12,000, including the necessary spare parts. I employ a mechanician at fifty dollars a week and in addition I pay his railroad fare. He takes care of his personal expenses. When we win I give him, in addition to his wages and expenses, from 7.5 to 10 per cent of the prize money. If I am very lucky, and do not have a bad smash-up, my outgo for a year will be something like this:

Original cost of car . .	$12,000
Car incidentals, tires, bonuses to pit crew, and so on	[illegible]
Cost of shipping car	[illegible]
Driver's personal expenses . .	[illegible]
Mechanician's wages	[illegible]
Mechanician's railroad fare. . . .	[illegible]
Total expense first year	$[illegible]

A racing car can be campaigned for less money—much less money—but not in a first-class way, and a driver makes money when he spends it on his car. I know of one driver—and he is one of the greatest who ever held a steering wheel—who goes to the expense of carrying two mechanicians with him.

Last year I drove in twelve races on tracks at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Fresno, Cotati, Indianapolis, Uniontown, Tacoma and Kansas City. Had I won every first place I would have had an income of approximately $90,000. If I had won only every second place, my income would have been about $49,000, while all the third places would have made me about $28,000. This refers only to the actual money offered as purses by the speedways.

But the place prize money, *per se*, as a newspaper friend of mine is fond of saying, isn't all there is to racing. For instance, at the Indianapolis 500-mile race this year the lap prize money totaled $12,300. That means that the leader at every one of 123 laps for which $100 was offered carried away that amount. The winner of the race received $20,000 first-place money and $8700 for leading eighty-seven laps. He is said to have been paid various substantial sums for using certain types of accessories. His total winnings in the one race were said to be $18,700 more than first-place money, or a total of $38,700—not a bad 5 hours 29 minutes 50.17 seconds' work.

If a good driver wins enough firsts and seconds, it is possible for him to have a bigger income than the President of the United States—not only possible, but it has been done.

As the Indianapolis 500-mile race, May thirtieth of each year, is the biggest race in America—in fact, in the world—I try to get to the Hoosier capital three weeks before the day of the race. Between the time I arrive and the race, my mechanician and I spend most of our time getting ready. I have been racing in the 500-mile grind long enough to know just about what my problems will be. The gear ratio will be different from what I use on the boards, where speed is the primary requisite. The Indianapolis track is four-cornered and the driver must slow up for all the corners. Acceleration is a big item under these conditions. This means getting your carburetor set just right. Tire sizes must be worked out if the car size has been changed, as was the case this year, the piston displacement being limited to 122 cubic inches and the ruling made that the bodies could be single-seaters if desired. This change in size and weight brought on the problem of figuring out the proper springs to make the car ride easy and not pound itself to pieces.

After having made the necessary changes and made the car as fast as possible, I qualify the car by driving it four laps of the track at a speed of over eighty miles an hour. The driver's position in the starting line-up of three cars to a tier depends on the speed he makes in qualifying, the fastest man getting the pole position. Once having qualified, we go over the car thoroughly, sometimes tearing it down and rebuilding it, sometimes making only minor adjustments. I find that there is always a little work to be done up until the day before the race, though I try not to drive the car much after I have qualified it.

If we have assembled the car well, if no material develops a flaw, if the motor motes perfectly, if we have lots of speed, if we do not blow a tire and hit the safety wall or slide in a pool of oil and hit the wall, if we are the fastest car on the track, if we—well, if a score of ifs are not working against us, we have an even chance to win the race; for be it always remembered there are several other good drivers on the track.

The American Automobile Association is the governing body of organized racing in America. All drivers must pass an examination to get a license from this body. The drivers and cars must be registered with the Three-A, as it's called, and in return the Three-A issues sanctions for all authorized races, looks out for the safety of the drivers and spectators through enforcement of rigid rules. In addition to having under its jurisdiction every speedway in the country, the Three-A also sanctions meets on some of the dirt tracks.

The Three-A Regulations

A Three-A card is the hope of every dirt-track race driver. And once the Three-A card is obtained, woe to the driver who drives in any unsanctioned races! The penalty is expulsion from the Three-A, and few will risk this, since the big-time circuit is all Three-A controlled; and once outside the fold, it is almost impossible to get back. Some of the drivers kick against the interference of the Three-A, just as some baseball players crab against the national commissioner; but regulation is necessary, and the American Automobile Association has done more for the driver than any other agency. It makes safety rules mandatory, and in addition has ruled that the speedways must have the prize money in the hands of the Three-A representative before a race is run, so that no driver can be cheated out of his share. It also requires that the purses shall be of a certain size. This rule is, roughly, that there shall be $100 of prize money for every mile of racing. The total prize money at Indianapolis under this rule is $50,000, divided as follows: First place, $20,000; second, $10,000; third, $5,000; fourth, $3500; fifth, $3000; sixth, $2200; seventh, $1800; eighth, $1600; ninth, $1500; tenth, $1400.

The life of a racing car on the big-time circuit is necessarily short. The changes in specifications, principally in piston displacement, have made a car useless after two years, even though it is not worn out in that time. The Indianapolis race—and all the other tracks follow Indianapolis, just like the rest of the world follows Paris when it comes to clothes—has been run under the following piston displacements in recent races: 1914, 450 cubic inches limit; 1915, 1916—no races being held in 1917 and 1918 because of the war—and 1919, 300 cubic inches; 1920 and 1921, 183 cubic inches. This year it was reduced to 122 cubic inches. At the risk of getting tireseme right here I am going to say that this reduction in piston displacement has been followed by the Indianapolis speedway because its owners—all of whom laid the foundation of their fortunes in the automobile business—have used racing as a means to aid the automobile manufacturers in reducing the size of the motor without reducing the horse power. That may not mean much to the automobile owner, but when he knows that maintaining a high horse power with a motor of small piston displacement may

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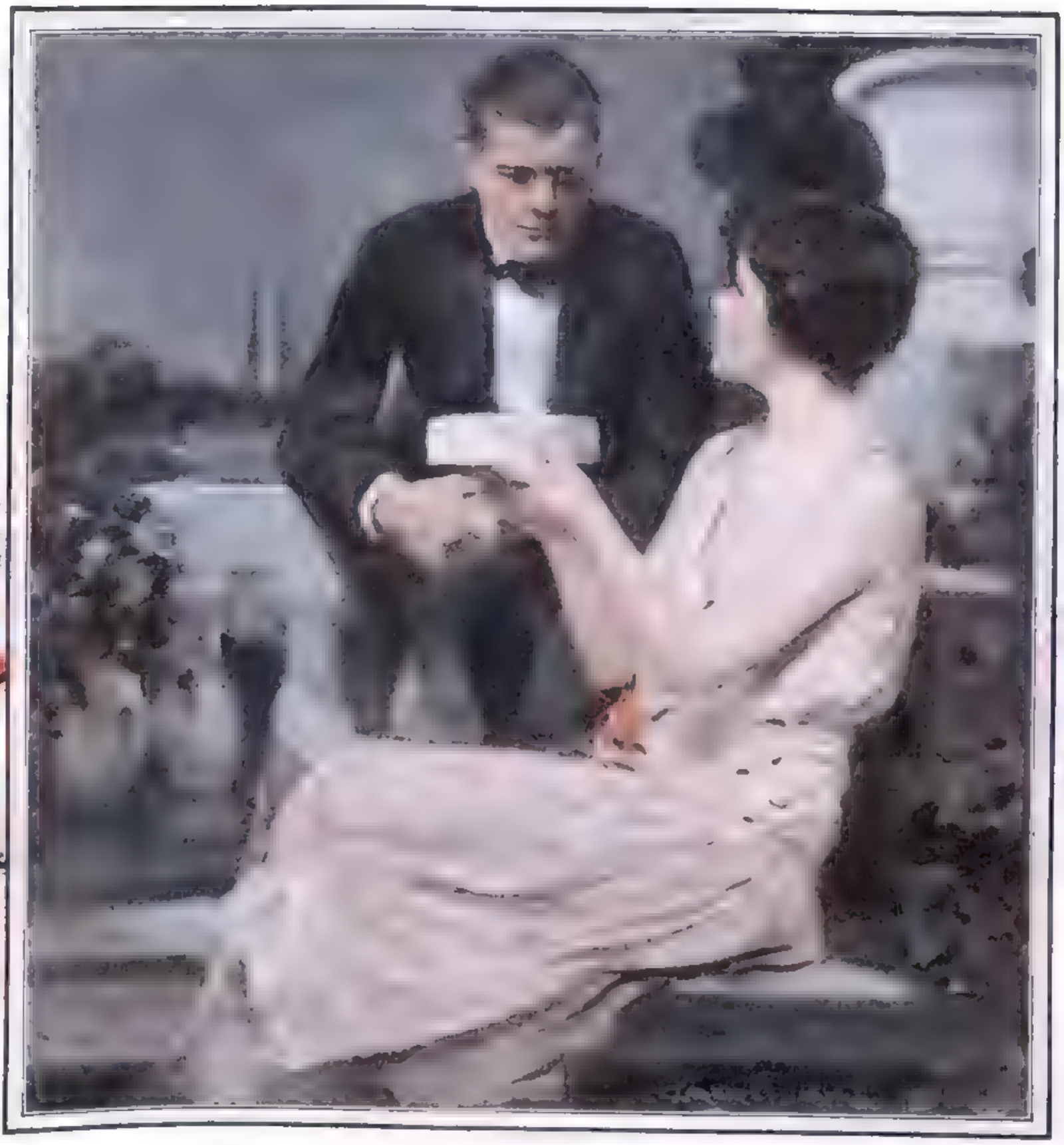

At a time like this—

Nothing short of this will do

Purity

Johnston's chocolates are *famous* for their purity.

Made to the most exacting standards, even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

You are choosing carefully when you buy

Johnston's

That subtle *something* which stamps some men as different—that priceless intuition—is really but a matter of good taste.

The man who chooses well his gifts is credited with a wisdom beyond his generation. "Sweets to the sweet" sang the poet, but he never visioned sweets so intriguingly good as Johnston's.

And the man who gives the Choice Box compliments the lady's preference by offering, not what he likes best, but an assortment of two and twenty delicacies for her to choose from—for next time.

A little card directly beneath each piece describes just what that piece is. Watch which she seems to like best. Then in the attractive little book which comes in each packet you can pick the box to bring her next time.

Johnston's

JOHNSTON'S
Milwaukee
Dept. O

If your dealer cannot supply you with a regular size package, we shall be glad to send you a Miniature Introductory Choice Box. Just pay the postman 50c on delivery.

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

Address_____

(Use margin if necessary)

Untwist the strands—the "Blue Heart" shows. Our pledge of high grade pure manila fibre, skilled workmanship, and strength you can depend upon

On this job—20,000 feet of rope

and the "Blue Heart" running through every inch of it!

IN all construction work on the new $8,000,000 plant of the Corn Products Company at Kansas City, H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope was used *exclusively*.

More than 20,000 feet was employed in such uses as anchor ropes on steel construction before riveting, hoist ropes, guide ropes, swing lines, guy lines, blocks and falls for hanging concrete chutes, painters' swinging scaffolds, etc.

The "Blue Heart" is depended upon

"We have learned to regard the thin blue thread which runs between the strands of H. & A. 'Blue Heart' Manila Rope as the sign of rope which can be *depended upon* to deliver unfailing strength as well as long wear," says the Bedford Construction Company, which built the plant.

This is but one of many examples of the reliance which is every day placed in the "Blue Heart" trade mark as a pledge of the manufacturer's faith.

Wherever men use rope, the "Blue Heart" trade mark is an unfailing pledge of certain, definite things to be confidently expected from the rope it identifies.

The "Blue Heart" Marker assures you of these three essential qualities:

(1) That the rope is genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—spun from high grade pure selected manila fibre.

(2) That it is spun by rope makers of the highest skill, possessed of the accumulated experience of more than half a century.

(3) That, in any size, on any job, it will deliver without fail the strength you have a right to expect.

In addition to its great strength, you get a rope that will outwear the ordinary kind. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather. And a rope laid so that it is very pliable and easy to work with, even in very large sizes.

Buy rope scientifically. Know what you are getting. Look for the "Blue Heart" trade mark that assures you of dependable rope value.

GUARANTEE!

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced.

A rope for every purpose

Where manila rope is not required and a high grade sisal rope is wanted, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

Whatever may be your need, you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm implement stores, builders' supply dealers, mill and mine supply concerns. Our full line of Oil Well Cordage is distributed through regular representatives in the oil and gas fields.

We also manufacture a complete line of the following items:

Fine and coarse commercial twines of jute and hemp
Hard and soft fibre balings
Clothes lines — Lath yarn
Tarred twines — Packing and Oakum
H. & A. "Star Brand" Binder Twine

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

Reg U. S. Pat. Off

©by The Hooven & Allison Co. 1923

(Continued from Page 106)

make it possible for him to get twenty-five or thirty miles to the gallon of gas where he is now getting twelve, it makes a noise like dollars and cents. The races this year have proved that these small motors do develop as much horse power as the large motors, and they do it on considerably less gasoline. That's what racing does for the millions of private owners in the United States.

After their short life in the hands of speedway race drivers, race cars pass into the hands of dirt-track racing drivers, who find them very fast for their work, and in addition find considerable value in using the former owner's name to advertise the car. Occasionally a racing-car motor finds its way into the hands of some racing fan and is put into a roadster or touring car chassis.

A race is never won until the first man gets the old checkered flag across his radiator. The biggest hero in American racing today is a driver who was leading the 1912 500-mile race twenty miles ahead of the second man when something happened to his engine and he began to slow down. The second-place man, seeing the plight of the leader, began driving the track like a madman, hoping to overtake the first man. The leader's speed dropped from ninety miles an hour to eighty, seventy, sixty, fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, ten, five. The second-place man caught up with the leader and went ahead and took first place. The former leader's pace became slower and slower until finally his car died within a mile of the finish line. The driver got out and pushed his disabled racer for a mile in the hot sun and came across the finish tape in second place. But even after this game fight he was disqualified, for the rules say that a car must move the entire distance under its own power. The loser got the greatest ovation in the history of racing: and today, though I win more races than he does, I can't compete with him in the matter of applause every time he appears on the track. He is a symbol of a fighter who never knows when he is licked, and he will always be that symbol if he drives until he is ninety. The racing public never forgets that heroic fight back in 1912, when I wasn't old enough to drive a race car.

When a race is close a slow tire change may lose it for the leader. A stop to take on gas may let the second man slip into first place. I was out in front in the biggest race of the year, and came in for gas and decided to let my relief driver take the wheel for 100 miles. In the hurry of taking on gas at the pits the leather gasket on the cap of the gasoline tank was broken. The cap was tightened, but it was not air-tight. That meant that the relief driver could not maintain air pressure enough in the tank to travel at top speed, since the gas must have the aid of the air pressure to get to the carburetor in large quantities.

Value of a Heavy Foot

The man in second place had a chance to win the race right there—if he had known what we knew. For he had enough speed, which he wasn't using, to pass the first man. We worked hard making a new gasket, but it took time. And all the time my heart was missing beats. If the second-place man's pit crew had once got wind of the shape we were in they would have given him the word on the blackboard as he went by. But they hadn't seen the piece of gasket fly off as the car left the pit and we didn't make a new one in sight of them. So the second man lost the chance he didn't even know he had. We made the gasket, called the relief driver in, fitted it on while making a tire change, and won the race.

The reason three or four drivers do most of the winning of first place is because they are just naturally first-place drivers. They know that a heavy foot means a fat purse, other things being equal. They step right out in front at the beginning and they try to stay in front, unless they have mechanical trouble. If another driver tries to go ahead he has a real speed battle on his hands. The drivers I am thinking of don't lie back and wait for something to happen to the fast boys so they can make a last-minute spurt and come in at the head of the line. They are the head of the line at all times.

There are other drivers who are second, third and fourth place winners as much by choice as anything else. They just don't have it in them to be first-place winners, just as a lot of fighters don't have it in them to be champions. When it comes to that extra punch it takes to be a champion they aren't at home. They are runners-up, and that is all. These second-place drivers may have the speed and the breaks in the luck, but if they have to extend themselves the least bit to take first they prefer to stay in second place.

The questions I am asked the most are: Are you afraid? Would you quit driving if you had a bad smash-up? How does it feel to win a big race? When a driver is in a bad smash, is he a good driver after that? How do you feel when you know you are going to hit something? Do your folks worry about you? When are you going to quit?

I know they would like to ask me how much money I make and what I do with it. I invest most of it in real estate, because I know it can't get away from me. I take a little flyer in something else once in a while, but I don't risk any big amount.

Prepared for Emergencies

I am not a bit afraid. Anybody who is couldn't be a winner. Automobile races are not won by being cautious, but only by being as careful as you can. If I am cautious, other drivers won't be and I'll finish way back in the rear. I have never been afraid of the car I was driving. If I had been I wouldn't have driven it. The experienced drivers are sure, everything else being equal, that they can handle their cars in any emergency. If a right front tire blows, the car tries to turn to the right, just like it would if it were on a car on the road. If the race driver isn't right on the job with an iron grip on his wheel to hold the car when it starts to veer, he'll have a hard time checking it at all. Suppose I am passing a green driver. His right front tire goes. He is slow in handling the car. It will likely tangle with my car as I go by. Or suppose I am right behind a driver when his steering knuckle breaks or a tire lets go. I am pretty likely to smash into the wreck. You can't change the direction of a racing car moving along over 100 miles an hour as easily as you can one moving thirty miles an hour. If you turn the wheels too quickly the car will keep right on straight ahead because of its terrific momentum. An experienced driver can be expected to take care of his car and keep it under control, say, when a rear wheel collapses, especially if it happens on a straightaway. But any kind of break is hard to handle on a turn. The old heads in the game keep a close eye on the green drivers and manage to pass them on the straightaway, where we will have lots of room to miss them if something happens.

I don't know how a bad accident would affect my driving. I have never been hurt very badly, though I have been in two or three jams. But there are several drivers who have almost been gathered up on dustpans once or twice, and they are still winning drivers; so I think I would be too. Then, too, I know of a couple of drivers who have been in bad smashes who are still driving, but they are no longer dangerous competitors. Still others have been in bad wrecks and have never gone back to driving. I have had several narrow escapes.

I think a driver's actions in a close squeeze are automatic. I don't believe a man could think fast enough to reason out a course. When someone tells me how a driver figured out that one car would do this and he would do that, when a smash-up looked to be sure, I doubt it. Accidents on a track, with cars going 100 miles an hour, don't take much time. If a man can do a lot of reasoning in the thousandth part of a second, then you can believe that a driver can figure out what is happening. If I saw a car bust up 200 feet in front of me I could easily avoid it, for that would give me plenty of time to think and act, even if I am traveling 160 feet a second.

My folks probably do worry about me. But they never tell me about it. If I go out of a race due to an accident I wire right away that I am all right, before a press report has a chance to tell what has happened. That settles that.

I haven't the slightest idea when I am going to quit, any more than the clerk in the bank has. I'm young enough to get a kick out of the excitement of racing. That's what drew me into it, and in addition I am making money. When I no longer make money I may decide to quit. But as long as I am making as much as I am, I should worry about when I am going to quit. I certainly owe the game a lot for getting me out of a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job as a repair man in a garage to where I am able to spend that much in a day for personal expenses and not worry about it.

There isn't a thrill in winning that some think there is. As you fly by and get the old checkered flag that tells you first place is yours you feel like a million dollars. Then you make an extra lap and stop at your pit. The strain is all over, mental and physical—and don't think the mental strain is a small part of it. You are all dirty, and as hot and dry as though you had been driving across the lid of hell for several hours. Your body knows it is through, and it relaxes. You're tired, I don't care who says you aren't. All you want is to get through with the photographers, the back-slapping and the newspaper men and get into a nice good old tub of water and lie there and soak and soak and rest and rest. My, what a wonder the old boy was who invented a bathtub!

After a bath it is time to eat, because no smart driver eats much before a hard race; he'd be as sick as a horse if he did. This is especially true of a 500-mile race on the rough Indianapolis track. Bed doesn't feel so bad about ten o'clock that night, and if I have to stay up longer than that it isn't much fun. The next day you wake up a little stiff and sore, but you begin to wonder whether the Fixem Ignition Company really is going to come through with a generous check like it did last year. You know what the tire company is going to do, for Waldo has slipped that dope to you. You've got a pretty good idea as to what the battery company will hand you, even if no one has made any promises. The spark-plug representative has already told you—strictly on the q. t.—what the winner may expect. And the thing you like about it is that you used the ignition and the tires and the battery and the spark plugs because you thought they were the best to carry you through the race. Then comes a whole week when you don't have to think about racing. And beyond that you can't see anything but a lot of hard work, because your car has to be right. I'll say it does!

College men in racing? Not so many. You see, most of us start racing too early to get a college education before we start. I know of one or two who started to college, but quit to race. I know of one or two who are graduates. But mostly drivers are not college men. But they are none the less clever for that. Where there is the competition there is in racing, a man has to be on his toes mentally and physically to be at the top. And there are so many opinions as to whether a college education along certain lines is an asset that I hope the public won't look down on us if we haven't been able to go. I wanted to go hard enough, but found it impossible to make a living for my folks and go to school. But then again, if I had gone, would I have had almost $100,000 salted away—and me not yet thirty, and single at that?

Cross-Country Driving

Another phase of speed which is as interesting as track racing is that of cross-country-record trips. I once was associated with a young man who specialized in managing cross-country-record trips. I was one of seven drivers. My previous racing experience prepared me for close attention to details, but I learned a lot on that trip. We spent two months in getting ready, and when the first driver was ready to leave the Pacific Coast for his leg of the New York journey, provision had been made for everything, from a driver getting the toothache on up through suspension of the railway traffic.

The route was divided into seven zones of about 500 miles each. In each of these zones a local man was put in charge of the run. Gas and oil were placed at every possible stopping point. We had a water tank in the rear of the car, and when we needed water in the radiator we pumped it in on the run. We added oil to the crank case in the same way. Tires mounted on wire wheels were distributed along the route. We never stopped to repair a puncture. The zone managers all had a schedule of the car from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The driver and his mechanic were expected to be at the western end of the zone eight hours ahead of schedule time. The car moved day and night and the only stops permitted were to change drivers, make repairs or take on supplies. Any eating a driver did en route was done while the car was moving.

I left the West Coast at midnight. The minute I was under way the word was flashed to every zone manager. Tourists who have driven from San Francisco to Ogden, Utah, in four days and thought they were moving, will wonder how we did it in less than a day and a half and still had any of the car left.

When I arrived at a point where another driver was to take the car, the clever manager of the trip had so arranged the schedule that a cross-country train was due along about that time. I piled aboard in a compartment reserved for me, had a good meal and slept like a log until we reached the next point, where I was again to board the automobile.

We reached a little mountain stream about two o'clock one day when we should have been there several hours later. The stream was bank full and no bridge. I thought we'd have to wait until the snow quit melting up above and the water went down, as it always did about four o'clock. But the manager, who happened to be on the car with me, waded out into the ice water and found that it came barely to his waist. He took his raincoat off, tied it over the radiator, told me to back up the road for a 100 yards and hit the creek going forty miles an hour. It was his funeral and I followed directions. When I hit the water it felt like hitting a solid wall, but it finally gave way and shot into the air for twenty feet. The car swept a path across the creek, the raincoat kept the water off our hot engine and our speed kept us from getting much water around the engine from underneath. It was all over in half a second and we went on our way. A strong brain is worth more than a strong back, especially when it comes to fording mountain streams and not wasting any time.

Phantoms of the Desert

Cross-country driving is harder work than track racing. The relays were made as long as possible so that as few men as possible would have to be trusted with the car. Once when it was inconvenient to space the distance properly, I had to take the car through for thirty-five hours. For the first few hours it is fun. This long stretch wasn't on the asphalt roads of the East, but in the very wild and very rutty woolly West, where the roads were often two deep ruts. It took something more than a feather finger on the steering wheel. Wrestling was what I called it.

After the first twelve hours I was glad every time we had to stop for gas. The longer I drove the tireder I got. It was a hard job to keep awake too. My brain were out along with my body.

I wonder if anyone else ever saw a woman out on the desert hanging up clothes on a clothesline. I did. And I saw her holding the clothespins in her mouth, just like my mother used to, as she went along the line and pinned the clothes on. I saw a circus parade go by that night, and I could almost reach out and touch the big elephants as they joggled along, with the gold-and-red harness on. I saw a big hotel right ahead in the dark, with lights shining from every window. That almost got me crazy. A hotel meant a bath and two clean sheets and sleep. Cities jumped out of the road ahead of me and I drove right through them, because they weren't there at all. I knew what I was up against, and I kept telling myself that all the funny things I saw were just bunk and I was seeing them because I was so tired my brain was only hitting on five cylinders. It isn't an easy job to convince yourself that what you see you don't see at all, but only think you do. When I couldn't stand the strain any longer, I would stop the car at a stream and stick my head down into the cold water. This would wake me up for a minute or two.

All the nerve wasn't on the side of the drivers, either. I remember once we missed train connections and had to carry the driver who had just finished his stretch with us on to the next town. He was dead tired. He weighed 170 pounds, but the manager of the run carried him in his arms for three hours so the motion of the car over the rough ground wouldn't snap his head off while he slept. It isn't an easy job to hold a 170-pound man on your lap in a car making a record trip, because you have to hold him at a tension all the time. The manager who was doing the holding had been on the car as long as the driver he was carrying!

But I'm cured of cross-countries. It's too hard work. I'm going to stick to the track—it's easier and they can't pinch you for speeding.

Nothing takes the place

$5000.00

in cash prizes

for the best Letters about Leather

$2000.00 in cash will be paid for the best Letter about Leather which complies with the simple rules published on this page.

$500.00 for the second best letter.

$200.00 for the next best.

Five awards at $100.00 each for the five letters adjudged next in merit.

Ten prizes of $50.00 each.

Twenty prizes of $25.00 each, and eighty consolation prizes of $10.00 each.

One hundred and eighteen cash prizes **all told, amounting to $5000.00, for Letters about Leather!**

Leather has been serving you all your life. From your earliest childhood you have trod on soles and heels of honest leather. To make hundreds of the necessities, comforts, luxuries you daily use, whirling belts of leather have driven all manner of machines in your service. Harnessed with strong leather, sturdy horses plowed the land and helped garner the crops that provide the very food that keeps you hearty.

You have accepted the usefulness of leather as a matter of course. But it will pay you to think now! Rich prizes await your Letter about Leather.

The letter must be about sole or belting leather. Such leather is made from selected hides of cattle, tanned to keep all its natural toughness and to gain added strength from the tanning process.

What is "Sole Leather"?

The thinnest soles on a débutante's pretty slippers are sole leather. So are the strong soles of marching boots, the sturdy soles of work-shoes. The belt of a sewing-machine is heavy leather; traveling bags, trunk straps: there are many other uses of sole leather besides the soles of shoes and belts for machinery.

You know of these uses of such leather. Think about leather's wonderfully wide usefulness, and—put what you know into a letter!

This Contest is open to everybody

The plainest, simplest tale of sole leather's familiar service may win the principal prize. Two thousand dollars in cash!

That $2000.00 may go to some busy mother, for a letter telling how honest leather withstands the scuffing of children's shoes, keeping little feet dry-shod—and keeping the family footwear budget down.

Or the winner may be some business girl, managing to be trim-shod on her modest earnings. Of all people, she knows that leather soles and heels are essential to maintain shoes style-fresh and shapely.

Everyone can write about leather

A veteran policeman may write that first prize letter, with his experience of reliable shoes that have borne him loyally, with ease of foot, over the tedious miles of his beat. Or some soldier might capture the big prize, for soldiers know that for long marches "nothing takes the place of leather." Nothing else has that firm flexibility which makes walking a joy; nothing but leather gives the feel of comfort and lightness and coolness afoot.

It may be that some physician will win the chief award. No one is better aware than the family doctor what freedom from foot-ills good leather insures by keeping the feet so cool, healthy and dry!

An engineer, or some able worker in the industries, might earn that first prize. Such men daily see great leather belts which have given years of service driving machinery, saving power, saving dollars.

Use your own experience with leather!

Read what "The Old Shoemaker" says about leather on the adjoining page. Add your every-day knowledge of leather's goodness.

Then write your letter. Write more than one letter, if you wish. But keep each letter brief, and deal with facts you know. There are 118 Cash Prizes to be given for just such letters as you can write! The best of them will win Two Thousand Dollars. Why shouldn't that letter be yours? Write it and send it in now. Address it thus:

Contest Judges

American Sole *and* Belting Leather Tanners

17 Battery Place, New York City

The Rules

They are few and plain

1—Letters must be written in the English language, and on only one side of the paper.

2—The competitor's name and address must be written at the top of the first page of the letter.

3—The letter must be mailed in a sealed, stamped envelope. NO POST CARDS WILL BE CONSIDERED

4—There shall be no limits to the length a letter may be; and any competitor may send in as many letters as desired.

5—This Contest shall be freely open to anyone, anywhere.

6—The first prize will be awarded to the contestant whose letter on the subject, "Nothing takes the place of leather," is the best in the opinion of the judges.

7—The Contest opens officially June 30, 1923, and closes October 31, 1923

8—In case of tie, both or all tying contestants will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

Write this address on the envelope:

CONTEST JUDGES

American Sole and Belting Leather Tanners

17 Battery Place, New York City

# of Leather

Who knows more about leather than The Old Shoemaker! In his little shop, for generations, boys and girls—and their elders as well!—have profitably tarried to hear his homely comments and practical philosophy as he added many extra months of wear to their shoes through the use of leather soles and heels. In the side streets of cities, in towns and villages everywhere, The Old Shoemaker has endeared himself to multitudes, for his philosophy as well as his honest workmanship.

The Old Shoemaker says—

"If I was writing a letter to win two thousand dollars or so, there's so much truth to tell about leather that I'd hardly know where to begin.

"People don't always realize that leather is produced by Nature and improved by man. Nature puts it on the animal for protection; and nothing else has ever taken its place to protect the feet of man. Cavemen found that out, thousands of years ago, when they bound sun-dried hides around their feet.

"Making leather—which is what tanning is—has progressed a long way since then. Leather is tanned to-day so it keeps the springiness and flexibility and lively feel which Nature gives it.

"In my own time, I've seen lots of improvements in tanning. Leather to-day is better than ever—tougher, more uniform, lighter, yet gives far longer wear.

"Nature is responsible for leather being so comfortable to the feet. She gives the animal a hide that has millions of little fibres bound together, flexible in every direction, yet firm for all its 'give.' It has to have that 'give' so the muscles can move freely under it; and the tanner keeps it all in good shoe leather.

"Nature makes the hide waterproof, and yet porous. That's why leather soles let the feet breathe. Ask some policeman, or some letter-carrier, or soldier, how much that means to his ease afoot. I've soled many a pair of shoes for men who walk all day. They know about leather soles and heels! Or ask some regular golf-player, who knows how leather soles keep his feet from getting tired, and help them stay cool and comfortable in the hot sun on the links.

"I've never seen shoes that would keep their shape without they had the good foundation only leather soles and heels can give. Many's the pretty slipper I've repaired for ladies—and when the sole is good leather, they stay pretty and shapely till they wear right out. And they're easier on the feet, too!

"And children's shoes—that's where good leather soles are more important than almost anywhere else. 'Nothing takes the place of leather' for keeping little feet dry and helping them grow shapely and healthfully.

"I suppose because I'm a shoemaker I think first of shoes when I study about leather's uses. But a man was in here the other day who runs a factory.

"He said they had a leather belt running in their plant that his grandfather bought more than fifty years ago—and it's a good belt to-day! Leather belting, it seems, helps you to get more power out of machinery, because it doesn't slip and doesn't have to be pulled tight to make it grip the pulley. Fact is, he says that a leather belt is the most efficient thing in a machine shop—bar none! Some fellow who knows leather belts will surely win a prize telling us why.

"Whatever you use leather for, you can be sure there's nothing like it for long wear and solid value for the money. I certainly would get that into my Letter about Leather, if I was writing it. And I'd be sure to tell why 'nothing takes the place of leather.'"

Address your letter to Contest Judges

AMERICAN SOLE *and* BELTING LEATHER TANNERS

17 Battery Place, New York City

The American Sole and Belting Leather Tanners is a group of independent sole and belting leather tanners formed for the purpose of public information. It is not a company operating for a profit. Its primary object is to explain to the public, by means of national advertising, many of the highly interesting facts about leather and about the tanning industry.

The Committee believes that everyone who buys shoes, or belts, or other products of leather, will welcome these facts as a sound, safe guide to satisfactory buying.

The Judges

The Cash Prize awards will be made in accordance with the decision of the following named:

Martha E. Dodson
Associate Editor
The Ladies' Home Journal

President Frederick C. Hicks
of the University of Cincinnati

President Frazer M. Moffatt
of the Tanners' Council

The Cash Prizes will be paid to the winners immediately the judges render their decision. The names of the winners will be announced in these columns as soon after October 31, 1923, as practicable.

Write a Letter about Leather! Write it and mail it to-day!

The precision with which this famous service has been operated night after night for 21 years is the high mark of rail road achievement

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BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

"Have a good time?" asks the Wife.
"Fine," I say. "Met a lot of the boys I hadn't seen for a long time, and heard some dandy speeches. Dinner was good too."
"That makes it unanimous," replies she.
—*A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.*

The Latest Industrial Menace

A Rimed Editorial

IN A REEKING den in a city slum sat
some Anarcho-Bolshevists.
They needed a shave and a face massage and
soap on their necks and wrists.
And as they drank from a samovar its boil-
ing of hellish brew
They plotted and planned to plunge the
world in an equally hellish stew.

Up rose the black-browed Bombkewicz and
"Comrades all!" he said,
"The time is ripe to lay the curse of capital-
ism dead."
"Hear, hear!" cried Zomsk and Aspirin.
"Yes, yes, go on!" bawled Pskoff.
"Continue!" howled Rywiski and "More!
More!" shrieked Killemalloff.

"I thank you, friends," said Bombkewicz,
"for this reception kind,
But let me sketch in a word or two the
scheme I have in mind.
Let's build a million huge airplane bombs
and drop them with a plup
And blow the dirty capitalists and their
factories all up!"

With wild applause the criminal crowd ap-
proved this terrible speech
As shouts of "Clever idea!" and "Good!"
and "Excellent!" came from each;
Except for a quiet, smooth-shaven chap with
a shrewd and practical eye
Who puffed at his dynamite cigarette and
said neither nay nor aye.

"I thank you, friends," said Bombkewicz,
"for this reception kind,
But Comrade Appleton-Smythe appears to
have something on his mind.
Well, if it's a better idea than mine, give him
your approving din;
If not, just grab his ankles and wrists, and
slide him out on his chin!"

Again the applause as the drinks went
round that gathering unrefined.
"I thank you, friends," said Appleton-
Smythe, "for this reception kind.
There is much of good in the plan suggested
by Comrade Bombkewicz,
But it means we must run the risk ourselves
of being blown into bits.

"Now I hold no brief for capitalists, as is
known to all of you.
But what do we gain by blowing them up if
we blow ourselves up too?
My plan's of a totally different sort and
involves no risk at all,
For all it requires is a bag of clubs and a
tiny hard rubber ball.

"Statistics show that thirty per cent of busi-
ness men today
Spend sixty per cent of their time attempting
the game of golf to play.
And while they're wasting their time at bat-
ting a ball around the lot
Their businesses and their factories are
swiftly going to pot.

"When they ought to be thinking of overhead
they're thinking of putting greens;
They're making slices and hooks instead of
motors and slot machines;
And while they ought to be keeping their
employes up to the mark
They're plowing up fairways and breaking
clubs from daylight until dark.

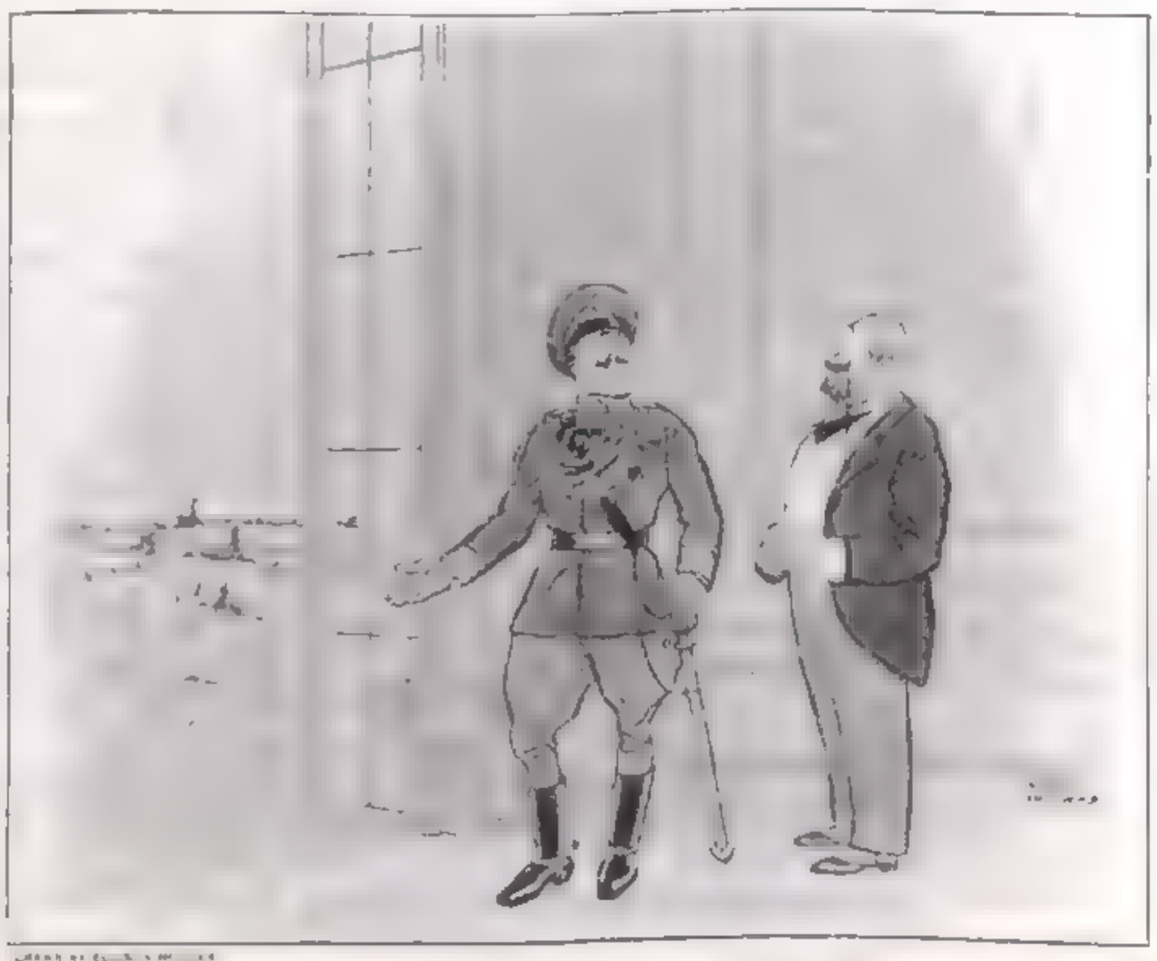
"Now if instead of thirty per cent of the whole
world's business men
We persuade one hundred per cent to golf,
just look what will happen then!
And if instead of sixty per cent of their time,
they spend it all
On golf, it means that capitalism is tottering
to a fall

"So let us propagandize for golf till we get
them all on the links!
The consequences are obvious to anyone who
thinks.
Their costs will mount, their sales fall off,
and the very first thing you know
All business will die of sheer neglect and
we'll be running the show!"

He ceased, and the Anarcho-Bolshevists rose
up to their feet and cheered,
While even the bloodthirsty Bombkewicz
laughed loud in his matted beard.
He nominated Appleton-Smythe as propa-
gandist-in-chief,
And the latter began with crafty skill to
bring the world to grief.

He raised a fund to subsidize the papers and
magazines,
Sent lectures over the radio, made disks for
talking machines,
All preaching the lure of the game of golf in
a vast perpetual song,
Till all the business men in the world did
nothing else all day long!

And Appleton-Smythe's whole plan came
true—the human race went broke;
The Anarcho-Bolshevists seized the power
and the world went under their yoke.
And the moral is—not what you thought it
was when you finished this little yarn;
But: The world was so busy enjoying golf
that nobody gave a darn!
—*Baron Ireland.*



"I Confess I Can't Understand This Growing Opposition to the Militarists. Where, I Ask, Would Europe be Today if the War Had Found it Without Armies or Navies?"

The new road to market

Grandfather "farmed it" as his father and grandfather before him had farmed. Then came the farm paper. It taught father many things; soil improvement; better breeding practice; scientific feeding principles.

But larger production brought with it new problems to the farmer. He found himself in the situation of the manufacturer with a factory full of goods, not knowing where or how to dispose of them.

Then came *The Country Gentleman* with a new message to the farmer. It first gave him the selling point of view. The manufacturer could hire a sales manager to market his goods.

The farmer, individually, cannot. But, collectively, he has discovered that he can. *The Country Gentleman* has shown him the way. It has made him market conscious. Side by side with production education, its pages are educating him in the science of modern marketing; of business principles; banking, distribution, concerted action.

With its program of production education, *The Country Gentleman* has given an objective to production. It is showing the farmer how to make farming pay. It is read by farmers who are making money.

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Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

MY CRYSTAL BALL

Continued from Page 4

nothing about entails, to which my father replied, "That may be so, but we know everything about cocktails."

He was born in Maryland, on the shores of the Potomac, but when a little lad his parents removed to Alexandria, Virginia. There he lived until, at thirteen years of age, he entered Amherst College. One of his humorous anecdotes connected with his collegiate days was that at fourteen he had the measles and was cared for by a spinster of fifty whose business it was to act as matron to the boys and who nursed them when ill. My father, whose allowance was very modest, was amazed at the amount of this lady's bill when presented. Asking timidly for an explanation, this venerable dame said that of course she had been obliged to add ten dollars to the account as compensation for the damage to her character, which as an unmarried woman was involved in her attending the sick bed of a young man.

This was my poor father's first and last personal experience with such females.

After graduating from Amherst he taught in the high school at Hudson, where he earned and saved enough to enable him to remove to New York and continue his law studies until such time as he could pass his bar examination. He soon entered my grandfather's law office, with the ultimate result that he became his son-in-law. My father's cousin, by the way, was the great forensic luminary of the District of Columbia, who won fame and place in history in the historical case of Marbury versus Madison.

Brilliant Parents

Father's memory was prodigious. He was an omnivorous reader and could easily recall and correctly quote 75 per cent of what he read. None of his children, I may add, inherited his gift. He was emotional and temperamental, which qualities, added to his logical brain, made a most interesting combination, although his absent-mindedness at times threatened disaster. On one occasion he was taking my two small brothers, aged six and eight, to visit an old friend in Rochester. In those days one had to make the connection at Utica. My father sat the little boys on a bench in the waiting room, bidding them not to budge until his return. He became absorbed in a new book which he had purchased, when suddenly, hearing his train announced, he rushed to board it, leaving my brothers where he had seated them. When he remembered their existence, it was too late, but fortunately the stationmaster was a kind man, who took care of them until they could be forwarded to their destination.

I well recall my father's political activities. He was a staunch member of the Tammany Hall organization, as were his friends Samuel Tilden, Abram S. Hewitt, and a score of other citizens of high standing. The name of Thomas Jefferson was a household word.

My mother was a direct contrast to my father. She was slight, and the quintessence of gentleness and refinement. I never recall her raising her voice. She was exquisitely neat in her dress and had infinite method in the regulation of her household. She was firm in her authority, however, and though we could always coax and wheedle my father, we knew instinctively that my mother's word was law.

She had all the graces of life. Her education, after the fashion of that day, included languages, music and botany. Personally, she seemed to me like a piece of delicate porcelain, so that frequently I restrained my boisterous and hoydenish ways and my love of emphatic argument, for fear that I might cause her to break, and to dissolve like powder. Her very fragility became my most potent influence for law and order.

It was my mother who instilled into me the mysteries of housekeeping, and it was through her that I learned the intricacies of purchasing, preparing and presenting food. Until this day I enjoy nothing more than going to market—which I always do myself—and directing my household. Thrift and economy were my guiding stars; waste and extravagance were deplored and avoided. Cookbooks were unknown. Receipts, like historical traditions, were passed down through a long line of ancestry.

In looking back I think that my mother's precepts sank deeper in my mind than even my father's brilliant witticisms. For instance, once when I expressed a desire to give an elaborate party, quite out of scale with our usual modest expenditures, my mother remarked, "Why sacrifice a year's hospitality for one evening's entertainment?"

On another occasion I queried inviting some friends to a family meal, fearing that our table might be too crowded. "Ah, daughter," said mother, "where there is room in the heart, there is always room on the hearth."

There is another incident I recall which, when I was ten years old, gave me my first lesson in the relations of employers and employes.

We had a buxom young Irish girl named Mary, who was our general housemaid. One day I took exception at her indifference to some childish request of mine. Finding her callous and stubborn, I waxed indignant, showered some ugly abuse upon her defenseless head, and finally gave her a good pounding with my fists. My mother witnessed the scene, and forthwith marched me to her room, where, taking me on her lap, she gently explained the one-sided game I had played; for I had attacked and insulted someone who, in the position of our employe, could neither retaliate nor protect herself. She was forced to endure in silence. In other words, my mother plainly showed me that I had acted like a vulgar and brutal little bully. I was dissolved in tears, and with a truly contrite heart sought Mary and humbly apologized for my misconduct; thus learning a lesson which was never forgotten. All through my life I have endeavored not to be rude, intolerant nor inconsiderate where an inferior was concerned, and when I have erred I have had the grace to express my sincere regret while asking forgiveness for my overbearance, injustice and impatience.

It was amid such home influence that I grew from baby days to childhood. The first four years were passed before a screen of sunshine and happiness, when suddenly everything became dislocated, even to my infant mind. This was in the fatal year of 1860. Hatred replaced love. War drove out peace. It was then, for the first time, that I felt the shadow of racial prejudice, of fraternal differences, of freedom as against slavery, of tolerance as opposed to bigotry. I began to realize that revenge and disaster went hand in hand.

I recall the breaking out of the Civil War, its episodes and its ending; the assassination of Lincoln and his funeral. It was early morning when the news reached us from Washington that our great President had been shot. Our household, like thousands of others, vibrated with horror at this fateful deed. As I stood listening to the details of the crime—I had but one thought—that with the death of Lincoln the awful rebels about whom I had been hearing for three years would surely pour into New York and kill us, each and every one. How could I escape? I suddenly remembered that we had a roomy cedar closet which was only opened occasionally. Into this I went, closing the door. I sat on a trunk, shivering with fright, and waiting.

Thrifty Peter Goelet

By and by I heard my name being anxiously called. I kept silent. Hour after hour passed. I heard my mother's anxious sobs, my father's determination to ask aid from the police.

Then everything became hazy. I felt the earth slipping, and tried the door, but in the meanwhile it had been locked from without. With my fast-ebbing childish strength I pounded on it. The door was opened and I fell, in a faint, into the hall.

Is it any wonder that the assassination of Lincoln imprinted itself indelibly upon my memory?

As I look over the pages of a resurrected Valentine's Manual I can rebuild the city of New York in recalling its old landmarks, which I remember perfectly, many of which I saw constructed, and many more of which I have seen destroyed.

Incidentally we had friends who had greenhouses on the East River within a stone's throw of my present residence at 13 Sutton Place. In those days the fish ran vigorously along the very bank of our present garden, and I can recall many a good catch taken literally in front of my door—the land then being part of historical Sutton Manor.

The old reservoir stood on the site of our present public library and for many years was the boundary between town and country. The best residential section was in Washington Square, gradually extending up Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street, where on the northwest corner stood what was referred to as the white marble palace of A. T. Stewart. Today this mansion would be considered small and unpretentious.

One of my earliest delights was the homestead of Peter Goelet, which was on the northeast corner of Broadway and Nineteenth Street, the center of the shopping district of those days. The chickens and goats roamed freely at the back of the house. I remember one incident clearly. My grandfather and I were passing the stable, which faced Nineteenth Street, when he spied his friend Peter, who sat in the doorway, surrounded by pots and pans, having by his side a tinsmith's stove and in his hand a soldering iron. As my grandfather expressed some surprise at his occupation Mr. Goelet answered, "Why, chancellor, should I waste my money paying a lazy tinsmith for work which I can do myself in half the time?" Peter Goelet lived and died a millionaire.

Whenever I see the prints of the old Volunteer Fire Department, I remember the activities of my second brother, Gilbert by name, who was always full of the spirit of adventure. He and some of his pals were enthusiastic members of one of the hose companies, but Gilbert was a sound sleeper, and at times failed to hear even the third alarm. He occupied a front room, with a window on the street, so he devised the following expedient: A long string was attached to his big toe, while to the other end, which reached nearly to the sidewalk, was fixed an iron ring. When the call came, some more wakeful neighbor would jerk Gilbert's toe from without, so that in a few moments he would be rushing with the others, to play the hose on the burning property, and to cry out "Jump her, boys, jump her!"

Old Time Players

The first circus I can remember was at the foot of Irving Place, in East Fourteenth Street. It was a country canvas tent. And the dwarfs! Lavinia Warren, Tom Thumb and Commodore Nut! How I reveled in them! Perhaps the proudest moment of my young life was when once, in Irving Hall while my nurse had turned her head towards my sedate sister sitting at her right, I, who was on the aisle at her left, upon hearing the manager invite any little girl or boy of six to come to the platform to measure height with Commodore Nut, seized this first opportunity to appear before the public, rushed up the aisle, and in a moment stood back to back with the idol of my dreams.

When I returned to my seat my nurse warned me that for such bold and disgraceful conduct I would certainly be severely punished upon reaching home. I have no recollection of this threat being carried out. My father's love of a joke probably spared me.

The first dramatic performance I ever attended was in the old Barnum's Museum, which stood on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, and which was burned in 1865. There I saw Mrs. John Wood in East Lynne. Many years later, by the way, I sold Aunt Jack to A. M. Palmer, in which play Agnes Booth was featured. This was an amusing comedy written by Ralph Lumley, who was Mrs. Wood's son-in-law. It was at Lumley's house, near Regent's Park, London, that I met Mrs. Wood, who was then over ninety.

My parents believed that the theater was educational, so I became its constant attendant. Every Friday night I was religiously taken to see something. Wallack's Theater, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway, became my happy hunting ground. How well I recall the performance of School for Scandal, with John Gilbert and Madeleine Henriques as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle; then Ours, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Ruy Blas, Rosedale, and a dozen other plays in which Lester Wallack and Mrs. John Hoey appeared.

Harry Montague, Wallack's successor as leading man, was, in the mind of a romantic

(Continued on Page 117)

Boys, Choose Your Own Prizes

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Baseball Goods — *Flashlight*
Jackknife — *"Y" Membership*
Swimming Suit — *Watch*
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(Continued from Page 115)

schoolgirl, a name and personality to conjure with. And the splendid melodramas in the Union Square Theater, chiefly adapted from the French, presented under the management of A. M. Palmer—how fine was the company! I can recall each and every member of it; and the great artists, whose first appearances in New York City are as fresh in my mind as yesterday: Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Charles Fechter, Helena Modjeska and Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Virginia Harned, Margaret Mather, Mary Anderson, Richard Mansfield, and a score of others. As the theater tide moved uptown, Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were in the Twenty-third Street Theater, where, by the way, I saw Adelaide Neilson, the Juliet of her century. I went not once but twenty times, to study her performance.

Julia Marlowe proved a delightful successor in this rôle. In those days Shakspere was revered. The form of the productions was traditional. A chatty Mercutio would not have been tolerated, and the actors and actresses selected as interpreters approached their tasks with humility and respect. They did not assume that they could improve upon the text, apply the spirit of modernism with impunity, or jazz with supreme conceit through the greatest plays in the English language.

Then there was the Madison Square Theater, where long runs of such excellent comedies as Hazel Kirke and Captain Swift set the pace, and the first Lyceum Theater, in Fourth Avenue, near Twenty-fourth Street, where the names of Belasco and De Mille, as joint authors, headed many a successful bill, and the Barrymore dynasty, founded by Maurice Barrymore, who had married Georgie Drew. He was not only an actor but an author. His was a wonderful and alluring personality. How well I remember it all!

The Old Clarendon

There were some very hospitable houses in old New York, where one could meet artists, actors, singers and men of letters. Society in those days was much smaller, and informal gatherings were the rule rather than the exception. On Fourth Avenue, running from Eighteenth to Nineteenth Street, were three very quaint dwellings which stood back from the street. In one of these lived Professor and Mrs Ogden Doremus, with their children. It was here that I met Christine Nilsson, who made her first bow to our public at the old Academy of Music. She stopped at the Clarendon Hotel, then the best in the city. It was on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. Clara Louise Kellogg and her mother always had their apartment there, and no foreigner of any prominence thought of going elsewhere. It was owned and run by a man named Charles Kerner, who had, as I recall her, a very pretty wife. He was a pioneer in hotel keeping, and was especially expert in the selection and preparation of food. Even when Mr. Kerner was in affluent circumstances he never delegated the practical duties of a steward to any subordinate, for every morning at five o'clock he made his visits to the lower markets. This fact may explain the great popularity of the Clarendon.

Christine Nilsson's rooms faced on Eighteenth Street. She became the idol of the city, especially amongst schoolgirls. I recall my first visit to her. I was very young and very nervous, so that at the graciousness of her greeting I became self-conscious to such a degree that I could only mumble and withdraw. Afterwards, when I grew more accustomed to celebrities, she and I became great friends, and I saw her frequently, both here and abroad.

Nilsson was a phenomenally strong woman. She was a great walker. I can recall her, dressed in coarse tweed, with stout boots, trudging through the streets in the heaviest snowstorms. She never took any especial precautions to protect her throat.

I often joined her in these promenades, and delighted in her reminiscences of the farm in Sweden where she was raised, of the discovery that she had a voice worth training, and of her subsequent struggles, heartaches and disappointments, until she scored her first triumph in the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris.

Her marriage to Auguste Rouzaud, a Frenchman, she invariably referred to as "a luxury to which I treated myself." The last time I met Christine Nilsson was at the gambling table in Monte Carlo. Like many women when they grow older, she found much solace in this nerve-racking pastime. She was a great artist, especially in certain rôles. I doubt whether anyone ever surpassed her in Faust or Mignon.

Another delightful house was the Richard Watson Gilders'. They had converted a stable into a dwelling, and many were the pleasant evenings spent under their roof.

The Laurence Huttons' was noted for its hospitality and its death masks, for Hutton had made a wonderful collection of the latter. It was there that I first saw Laurence Oliphant, the dreamer, the man of vision, the man who had practiced self-abnegation so that one believed he had looked into the face of God.

And Robert Louis Stevenson! What shall I say of him, who created a literary era while drifting through southern seas and while visiting tropical islands hitherto almost unknown! His inspired tribute to that saintly priest, Father Damien, whose life was ultimately sacrificed in the tender care of the poor lepers, to whom he had been a ministering angel, was a twice-told tale. Like all great records, it was the story of a life well lived and simply lost.

Emma Lazarus

It was at the home of Miss Emily Butler that I met Mr. Matthew Arnold, his wife and his daughter Lucy. He had come to our country to give an extended course of lectures, and so great was his personal popularity that it was said of him that from the day of his landing until he sailed he was never allowed to pay a hotel bill. While he traveled his daughter remained in the city. She and I grew to be close friends. She eventually married an American, Frederick W. Whitridge, which rejoiced her many admirers—for she had inherited her brilliant father's talent of attracting them.

How long ago it all seems, but the society of early New York would be a blank without a passing reference, at least, to these real salons. In those days there were no millionaires with palaces in which period furniture, eighteenth-century paintings and powdered flunkies were supposed to compensate for an absence of real people with real brains.

In the modern drawing-room, celebrities are often regarded as seven-headed cows, to be advertised in advance, and to be stared at upon arrival.

Hostesses used to create their own atmosphere. They did not depend upon professional decorators. They gave as well as did their guests. They were not crushed by the weight of their magnificence. They were adequate and articulate in themselves. There was no suggestion of that mental vacuum which undigested wealth generally fails to fill.

About this time I was given the opportunity of meeting Emma Lazarus the poetess. She was one of a large family well known and respected in this city. Emma had a rare literary talent, which received recognition both here and in England. I must confess, however, that I was much more attracted by the character of the woman than by the genius of the writer. She was the first Jewess I had ever really known, and one must admit that my introduction to this great race was made under remarkable guidance. Her ideals were sublime and her loyalty to her people was very beautiful to contemplate. She had studied their history reverently and was entirely familiar with their literature. I was her junior in years, which gave me the privilege of sitting at her feet.

I can truly state that I owe to this friend my first impetus toward the higher things of life. To be with Emma Lazarus produced a stained-glass effect upon one's soul. Her tastes were of the simplest description; despite the fact that she lived in a house of luxury, her own room was sparsely furnished. The walls were white and a plain iron bedstead was her chosen place of rest. She claimed that she preferred this severe environment on account of her work. I was inclined to applaud her wisdom.

It is no wonder that I thus acquired a respect and a love for the Jews which otherwise I might have been denied. Through Emma Lazarus I understood the beauty and simplicity of Ruth standing breast high amid the corn; and Rebecca at the well was revealed to me as a woman full of the poetry and the pathos of her people.

My early splendid impressions of the Jews was cemented when later I met Israel

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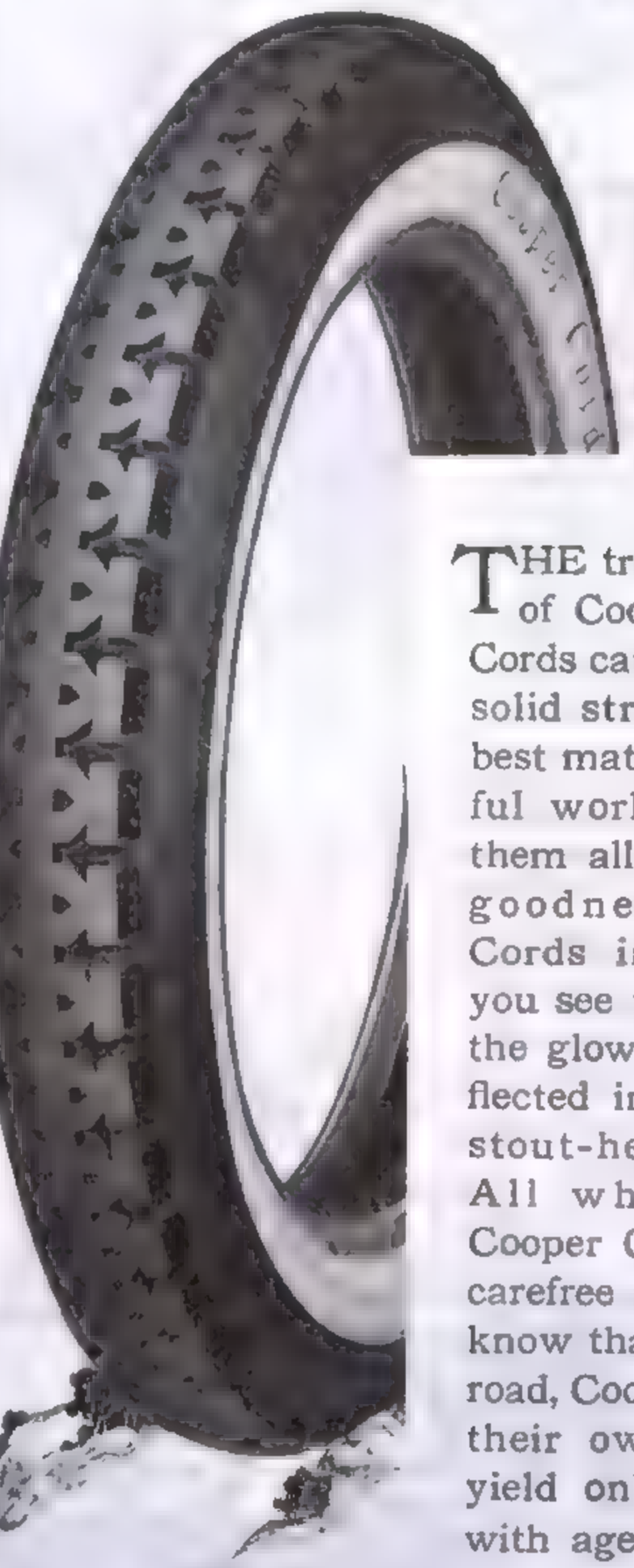

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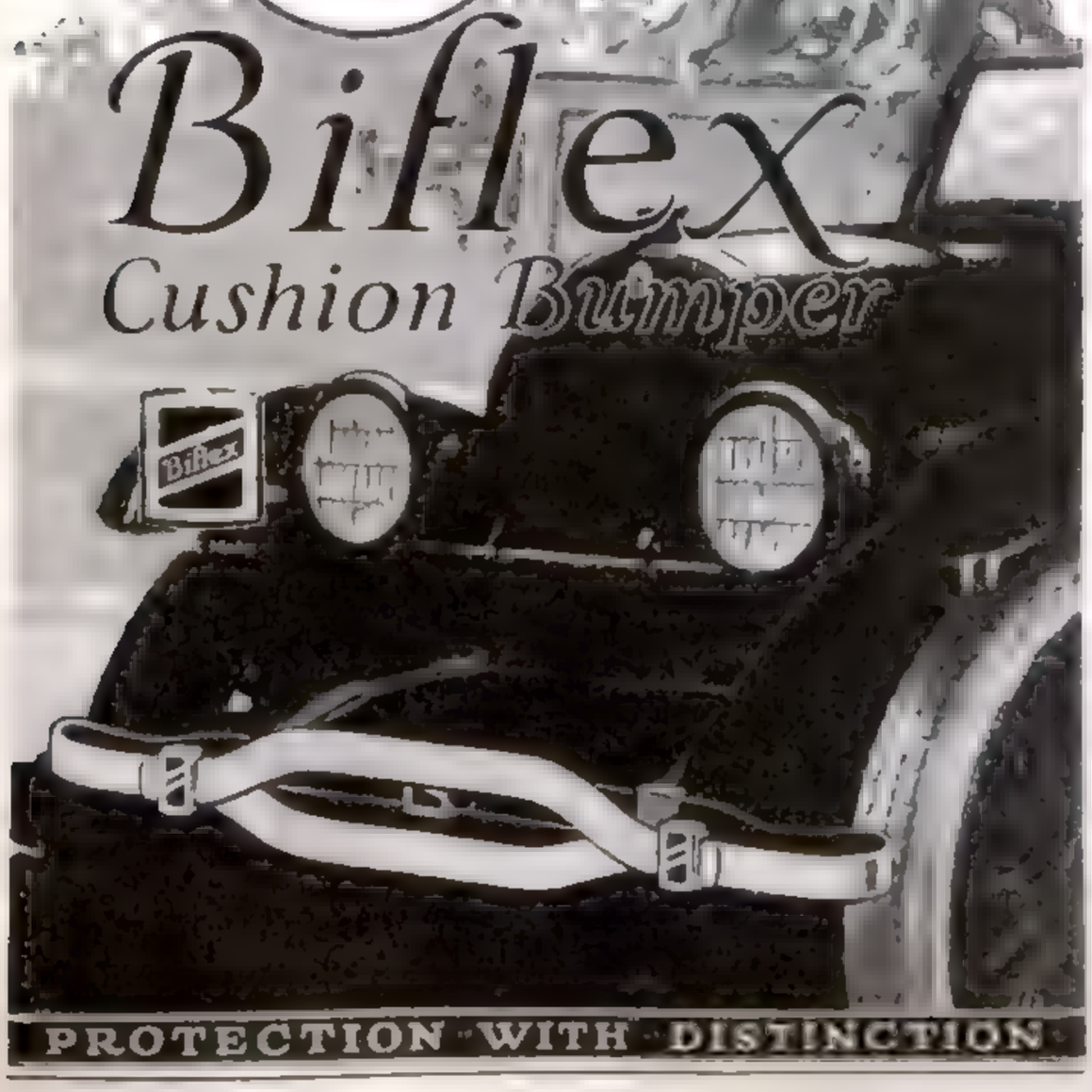


PROTECTION WITH DISTINCTION

Zangwill. I saw him frequently both here and in England, and watched with sympathy his efforts in behalf of his race. This was his life's work, and never once during all the disheartening years has Israel Zangwill ever turned back. He and Emma Lazarus are the representatives of the chosen people who could have led me with enthusiasm to the very shores of the "Red Sea."

As I have crossed the ocean some seventy times between the ages of sixteen and sixty-seven, it might now be advisable to refer to my first trip. I went abroad with a school friend, some college boys and several elderly chaperons. We were fourteen days from New York to Liverpool, and I experienced all the novelty of seasickness, followed by the hilarity born of recovery. We did the British Isles, Switzerland, the Rhine, Belgium and France. This was directly after the Franco-Prussian War. My whole memory of this trip centers around Paris as I then saw it for the first time. The Commune was barely over. Ruined streets, destroyed buildings were on every side. The Vendôme Column had been wrecked by the revolutionists and lay broken towards the Rue de la Paix. The Rue Royale was swept clear of buildings as far as the Church of the Madeleine. The Hôtel de Ville, on the opposite bank of the Seine, was picturesque with its open arches made by the shattered windows. The Bois de Boulogne was practically devoid of trees, as they had been cut down to provide barriers during the siege. The Palace of the Tuileries was in ruin, and outside of Paris the Palace of St. Cloud was still smoking. Everywhere and in all directions one realized the tragedy of war and the terror of revolution.

The Empress Eugénie

It took many subsequent visits before I could visualize Paris as a city of sunshine and laughter, for my first introduction to it had been through this echo of tears and of suffering.

The Palace of Versailles seemed even then to be smarting from the deliberate insult planned through the crowning of the victorious German Emperor in its great gallery of mirrors. The German officers, by the way, were stationed in one of the oldest hotels in Versailles, and it took many years before the inhabitants forgave the proprietors for selling its renowned wines to their foes. But these gentlemen argued in their defense that they were really doing a very patriotic thing when they forced the enemy to pay the top prices for these products of French vineyards.

My first introduction to black bread was at this time, because it was many months before even the tourists could buy anything made of white flour. Yet in those days, as now, the American dollar had a large purchasing power.

The Prince Imperial was alluring to my imagination. We were practically the same age. I never wearied of the many anecdotes told of his boyhood days, of his easy-going father, Napoleon III, and of his frivolous and selfish mother, the Empress Eugénie. Stories illustrative of her many superstitions were frequently told. I recall that during the war she received many blessed statues of the Virgin which were sent to her as votive offerings from different villages in Spain. Each in turn was placed in the niche of prominence in the palace and visited as a shrine by Her Imperial Majesty and the ladies of the court. But when news of a fresh disaster was reported, that particular statue was removed and replaced by one which had more recently arrived.

When in later years the Prince Imperial lost his life, sacrificed in a measure to the empress' parsimony, I remember how deeply I was impressed by the headline in the New York Herald announcing his tragic ending. It read "Shot dead in the tangled grass of Africa."

Years afterwards Victorien Sardou, the great dramatist and my friend, of whom later I shall write at length, told me many stories about the reign of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. Before she made the brilliant marriage which placed her upon the throne of France, she lived at No. 12 Place Vendôme with her mother, the Comtesse de Montijo, and with her sister, afterwards the Duchesse d'Albe. Here all the gifted young authors, men of fashion and statesmen were constant visitors. These ladies, after the Spanish fashion, smoked incessantly. Sardou said that as you entered the floor on the street and mounted the stairs you could smell the tobacco and that the rooms were invariably filled with a cloud of smoke. Years afterwards he was summoned to the palace at Compiègne to give a court performance of his then famous comedy Nos Bons Villageois. At the rehearsal, at which the intendant of the royal household was present, when one of the actors proceeded to light a cigarette, this gentleman informed Sardou that this must be cut out. Asking for an explanation of such an arbitrary ruling, the intendant said that Her Imperial Highness especially objected to tobacco, and that even the sight of anyone smoking was distasteful to her.

When the Tuileries was sacked, Sardou, who was an ardent young patriot, rushed through the empty corridors and endless suites of rooms until he found himself in the private apartment of the Empress, practically as she had left it. Evidences of her hasty flight were everywhere. Following the very natural impulse of taking away some souvenir of her occupancy, he grabbed the first thing at hand, which when he afterwards examined it, turned out to be a very intimate article of toilet.

While at the Hotel Bristol in Paris a trivial incident connected with my first visit deals with our Italian courier named Fantappi, and a very prim English maid named Smithers, whom we had picked up in London. Desiring to make himself agreeable, Fantappi offered to show Smithers the art treasures in the Louvre. They sallied forth for the whole of a Sunday afternoon. Imagine our surprise when, within two hours, Smithers returned with flashing eye and flaming cheeks. When asked the cause of her ill-suppressed excitement, she exclaimed, "I always heard, madame, that those Italians had dirty minds, but would you believe it, the whole reason that vile man took me out was to drag me into a building and through dark passages just to show me a lot of men and women with not a stitch of clothing on them. There the shameless creatures stood with nothing to cover them. I was that mortified, I didn't know where to look, and all the time that low Italian was explaining in his broken gibberish that they were art treasures that had been dug up. The only thing I said to him was that they had better have been left buried for the decency of the world! I am sure madame agrees with me!"

Education by Travel

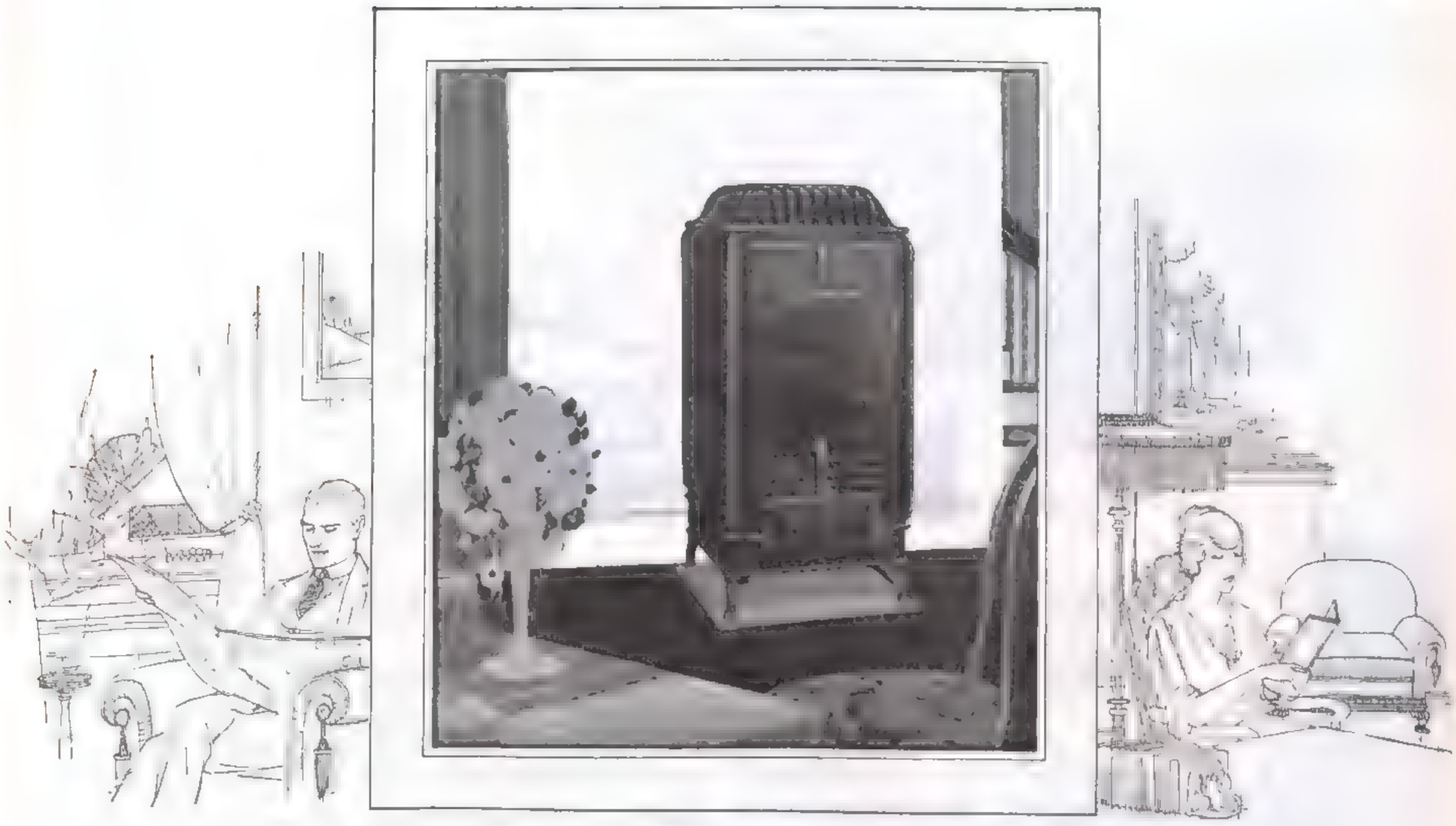
This same Fantappi evidently thought that American tourists were congenital idiots, for he never failed to exclaim when leaving a hotel, "This is the street," or when arriving at the sea coast, to say, "This is the sea." However, like many others in those days who were new to foreign travel, we imagined that couriers were a necessary evil and that attending to railway tickets was merely an incidental part of their duty, their real business being to protect travelers from bandits and highwaymen. When I think of those long carriage drives in Switzerland, climbing the mountain passes at a snail's pace, the brakes constantly in use, the tired horses resting with steaming flanks, the heat and the discomfort, the classical itinerary comprising Chamonix, the Mer de Glace, and the rest, I feel that to tour Europe as part of one's early education was no light task. We were crammed with historical details which to this day I have never digested.

I recall my first Paris dress. It was of green camel's-hair cloth, but made long. Never before had I had a frock below my boot tops. When I put on the gown in question, I purposely walked in and out through a door that I opened and shut in order that I might revel in the novelty of lifting the train so that it should not be caught. After all, this was a very harmless amusement.

It was during this first trip abroad that I had my introduction to the great collections of art. I began to realize the woefulness of ignorance. Things of unimportance fell into their proper places. I was inoculated with beauty and my feet became shod with a sense of its value, which sense, I am happy to say, has never left me.

I studied day and night. One interest followed another. Even though I was threatened with mental indigestion I never paused. I bought books, I collected photographs, I gathered souvenirs. It was not a case of the great men I had known, but of the great men I intended to know. I reveled in anticipation of the broad and inspiring

(Continued on Page 121)



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BUILT FOR SLEEP

(Continued from Page 118)

life which I determined was to be mine. I had eaten of the tree of knowledge. There would be no going back.

The art of etching was then in its infancy and I became the proud owner of Battersea Reach, by Francis Seymour Haden, and of Le Stryge, by Charles Méryon, which I had picked up as bargains. These were amongst my most cherished purchases.

Looking back I am aware of the lack of method in this self-training. It was like a meal in which the courses were reversed, but there was time enough ahead in which to tabulate, and the very spontaneity and enthusiasm of my wanderings may have quickened my imagination and may have spared me from an academic dullness of perception.

William Blake became a real person and Dante Gabriel Rossetti an actuality. The golden staircase of Burne-Jones was thronged with angels I knew, and I floated down the rivers of France with the Romance of the Rose as my guidebook. It was a wonderful awakening of the soul and of the mind of a young girl; but again I must pay tribute to my unusual father and to my gentle mother who had paved the way. Mine was a glorious inheritance—the inheritance of plain living and of high thinking.

Following my return to America after my first trip abroad, the next eight years of my life were chiefly experimental. I dashed into one absorption after another. Parties, balls, receptions and dinners came in natural order. On the other hand, I joined literary clubs; I took up various kinds of welfare work; I taught in the Sunday school, where, by the way, Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, was my pupil. I can see him now in a black velvet suit and red necktie. I wrote spasmodically for the magazines and newspapers. I became a polite philanderer, reveling in the joy of living. My mind was kaleidoscopic.

Affairs of the Heart

I fished, shot, rode, drove and played tennis. I was considered by my contemporaries as an all-around good sport, but underneath this apparent aimlessness of purpose I was steadily developing, because I had brains enough to feel a divine discontent and to know that there was something infinitely better awaiting me whenever I would stretch out my hand to take it.

Many of my friends expected me to marry young and well; and when I never married at all, great was their astonishment. I will now tell the truth as to why I never married, and then the subject can be dismissed. I can honestly say that I never had a really good offer. The best was but anæmic. I attracted all the lame ducks that were limping about, I was the lodestar of the weaklings; the youths who trailed me were poor affairs as a rule; and to prove that my estimate of them was correct, not one in after life ever demonstrated any real value and never achieved any conspicuous accomplishment.

I was always in love from the time I was ten years old until I was nearing the end of my first half century of existence, but invariably the quality of protection was the dominant note of my affection. I built many of my heroes out of straw; in fact, this was my proverbial habit, endowing them with unrealities, while blinding myself to their realities, of which sophistry, poor dears, they were sublimely unconscious.

Probably the longest lived in my memory was a fascinating gentleman, Byronic and Saturnic in appearance, for whom I cherished a hopeless passion for four years. I use the word "hopeless" because he had a perfectly good and healthy wife. As she was his generous provider and held the purse strings, he never, even when expressing the flattering assurance of his intense admiration for me, came within a thousand miles of suggesting a more compromising intimacy than that of a perfectly restrained and well-ordered friendship. He was almost cynical in the correctness of his conduct. Nevertheless, this romantic attachment may have made me blind to possible matrimonial opportunities. Yet in the instances, during this period, when my rejected suitors transferred their affections elsewhere, they never seem to have contributed much but misery to the ladies of their ultimate choice, so I may have escaped a worse fate than that of single blessedness. Perhaps if I had had sense enough to have recognized a real man when I met him, who would have commanded and not pleaded, I might have responded to him and been a happy great-grandmother even as I write.

To be quite honest, I firmly believe that every woman should marry if this is humanly possible for her. Her one indisputable field of usefulness is in the bearing and raising of children. This is the end for which God intended her. I wish that before any girl decides against matrimony on general principle, she would consult me before it is too late, because this is a subject upon which my advice would be of benefit, as I know what I have missed. If a woman through her own conceit registers against marriage in favor of some problematical career, she will find, provided she lives long enough, that all through life she is at best only a misfit. She may live creditably and even accomplish infinite good, her influence may be of great service to the world, she may help and heal, she may spread sunshine, she may exude happiness; nevertheless, she has missed the normal expression of all these things clamoring within her for utterance. Her natural territory is her home, even if it is a tiny flat. She should realize that the mothers of great men have contributed much to their making. If, on the other hand, the bearing of children has legitimately been denied her, then she can prove herself a real helpmeet to her husband, and if she is more richly endowed in vision and in capacity than he, she can encourage and mother him and be the silent influence making a good man better or a bad man less evil.

New Year's Day in old New York was socially observed. It was kept in an orthodox fashion. The ladies of the family were dressed and in their drawing-rooms as early as ten o'clock in the morning, ready for their visitors. On the dining-room table a collation was set out consisting of cold ham, boned turkey, jellies, sandwiches, punch and pickled oysters. The latter were very popular. Then the callers began to stream in. A careful count was kept of the number, so that for days following we girls would compare notes, and if any one bell had rung the oftenest in the neighborhood, the fact was proudly proclaimed by that triumphant hostess. As the distances grew greater in the city, the character of New Year's Day necessarily changed, until baskets were fastened on the doors, into which cards would be dropped. In due time this habit almost became obsolete, until now bridge, matinées and movies have replaced these old-fashioned customs.

Mrs. Wharton's Apprenticeship

There was a solidity about the great houses of that time, which was certainly early Victorian. Mahogany doors and American colonial furniture were a hall-mark of gentility. No one has better portrayed the spirit of this era than Edith Wharton in her delightful novel The Age of Innocence. That Mrs. Wharton—who had been born a Jones—became a successful writer caused no wonderment to those who knew her as a girl. She was never satisfied with anything but the best. Her taste was indisputable. She agreed with Buffon that style in literature made the man, and incidentally the woman. She would either learn to write well or she wouldn't write at all. She sought masters of pure English. She worked incessantly and was her own severest critic. Those who think that success in the world of letters comes easily should realize that an infinite capacity of taking pains is at the root of such accomplishment. The trouble today is that everyone thinks he or she can write, while very few know that they cannot. Ethan Frome, by Edith Wharton, is a classic which ranks with the very best fiction which American literature has produced.

It was in those days of long ago that I met her. I believe it was Henry James who first recognized and encouraged her talent. He was one of a group of brilliant young men familiar in New York society. Others were Allen Thorndike Rice, who was the proprietor, for a while, of the North American Review; Edmund Randolph Robinson, that handsome lawyer from Philadelphia; Stanford White, the architect, whose presence made the success of any dinner table. I had many talks with Henry James, who always longed to write for the stage. I think that perhaps one of his bitterest disappointments in life was due to his failure as a playwright. He never could grasp the safe receipt, that plays must act first and speak afterwards.

One of the most agreeable houses was that of S. L. M Barlow, which stood on the

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northeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Madison Avenue. It was a landmark for many years and a mecca to all strangers of note who visited New York. The Barlows were great dog lovers, and their canine friends were just as much part of the household as were the humans. The Hon. Roscoe Conkling, then at the height of his political career, was a frequent guest. I remember when sitting next to him one evening that I referred with admiration to E. L. Godkin, who was for many years the editor of the New York Evening Post. Mr. Conkling listened with tolerance to my girlish enthusiasm, and then dryly remarked, "Godkin is all right. He studied law in my office. I always found that he could think on the spur of a month!"

Another recognized hostess was Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, whose house was on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Her entertainments could hardly be called hilarious. They were temperate in their joy-giving quality. On one occasion when the champagne was served it was found to be corked, but instead of sending it away Mrs. Astor said that she preferred it corked because it reminded her of white wine.

Several years afterwards Miss Elsie de Wolfe and I crossed the ocean on the French steamship La Gascogne. We were at the captain's table, together with the members of the Panama Commission and Mrs. Astor. The latter was placed on the right of Captain Santelli, and as we sat down, on the second night out, her servant brought a dust-covered bottle which Mrs. Astor put in front of her, asking at the same time for a small liqueur glass while remarking that the wine was old Tokay costing forty dollars a bottle. When the steward brought the tiny glass she filled it and offered it to the captain, who in voluble French insisted that he did not wish to rob her of such a priceless beverage. The next night, however, the old lady called for a large glass, which she filled and passed to the captain. Overcome by this increasing generosity, he was visibly embarrassed, when Mrs. Astor put him wholly at his ease by saying, "I beg of you to drink it. I find that it gives me a severe headache."

What Tickled the Queen

These were the days when Mr. Ward McAllister rendered social New York a great service. He took the most infinite amount of trouble in organizing and directing the subscription balls, such as the Patriarchs and the Assembly, not to speak of the public entertainments for charity. He was invariably kind and courteous, and many a débutante felt grateful to him for seeing that she was provided with partners. In those days Delmonico's, on Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, was the fashionable resort; afterwards the tide followed this same popular restaurant to Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, then everything swept northward until Sherry's, on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, became the center.

The everyday whirl of that time was as unlike the present as it is possible to imagine. Sleighs in New York City are no longer seen, whereas then they were familiar objects in the streets. How beautiful some of them were, to be sure! I recall the sensation caused when one of the most dashing young men we knew drove up to our door with a sleigh drawn by three horses abreast, in leopard-skin collars and harness à la Russe. This was certainly sensational enough to have been the legitimate forerunner of the Chauve-Souris. Jerome Park, as the terminal of coaching parties and of straw rides, was very popular.

Everyone seemed to know everyone else. One of the old houses still remains as a landmark, not only in brick and mortar but in its hospitality, which has changed but little in its character since those early days. I am speaking of the Hewitts', at 9 Lexington Avenue.

Peter Cooper, that pioneer in effective welfare work, and the founder of Cooper Institute, was the father of Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, and, on their mother's side, the grandfather of Mrs. Gifford Pinchot and of Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram.

Abram S. Hewitt was always in active Democratic politics. He was a member of Congress from 1874 to 1878, and from 1880 to 1886, after which he was elected mayor of New York City. During his administrations New York was honored by the visit of Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. The mayor appointed his daughters and myself as her escort to introduce her to the things of interest which she might enjoy seeing.

We arranged that she should visit the Vanderbilt private gallery of paintings, which was then unique. When we arrived, Her Royal Highness passed listlessly from one picture to another. We handed her one of the large magnifying glasses. This seemed to amuse her while she held it forward then drew it back with gusto. However, the climax of her delight was reached when, in passing out, she saw, for the first time, a dumb-waiter in operation. Not once, but over and over again she insisted upon having it run up and down, clapping her hands gleefully and urging her prime minister, who was also her interpreter, to see to it at once that similar dumb-waiters were installed throughout her royal palaces. At the large reception given her by the mayor she appeared in a robe made of the yellow plumage of canary birds, which only royalty had the privilege of wearing.

There were five children in the Hewitt family with whom I literally grew up, and much of my youthful enjoyment I owe these good friends.

Hints to Social Climbers

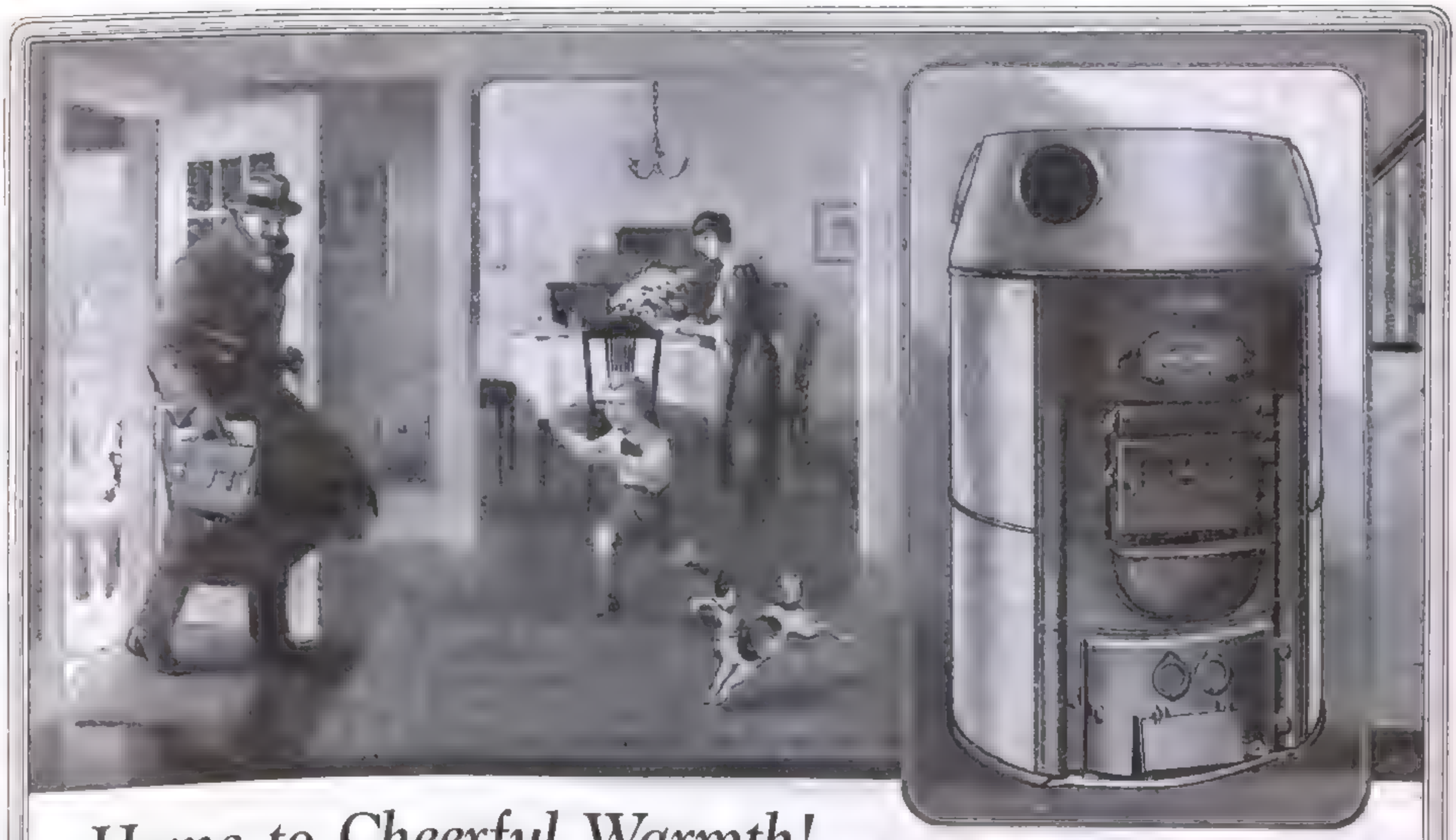
The house was the center of all that was best socially, intellectually and artistically in New York, and the fidelity with which the next generation kept up the tradition of their family to the honor and glory of their forbears is indeed worthy of the highest commendation. The Manor House at Ringwood, in New Jersey, was then, as now, a model country estate. From the very beginning, it had an atmosphere which was essentially its own, and one which defied imitation. It was first and always a home in the fullest sense of the word. It exuded a breeding which came from the heart. Gentle kindliness was its watchword. Old age and youth mingled naturally. There was inspiration to be drawn from these fundamentals of good taste, of warm affection, of mental vigor and of honest principle with which it was permeated.

Then the delightful musicales given by May Callender and Caro de Forest -who can forget the graciousness of these hostesses or the informality of the evenings when great artists provided an enjoyment equaled only by the generous hospitality which was so genially dispensed!

Nevertheless, and despite such cases as I have described, there were quite as many snobs then as now, and I can recall the careful combing of lists and the rejection of names on the plea of exclusiveness. I wonder that the leaders of the '70's and '80's do not turn in their graves when they read the society columns in our contemporary press and note the present importance of the descendants of those who in their day were cruelly snubbed and ignored. I have always maintained that to climb socially is legitimate, provided that in the struggle the machinery does not creak too loudly. If I may be permitted, however, to offer a little advice to those who are striving for this kind of recognition, let me say that nothing in the world is easier than to get within this inner circle of the so-called fashionable set, provided a little intelligence is displayed while making the effort. Here is the receipt:

First, the oven must be hot with enthusiasm. No attention must be paid to dampers. The mixing of the ingredients must be done with infinite care. When ready to function, cultivate on the quiet some few really nice people of assured position. Take a house that is not too large. Have a faultless cook and an imaginative and experienced butler. Give generously to charities, but not so lavishly as to become conspicuous. Do not begin with more than one automobile. Invite only the few already well selected, and allow your visiting list to expand normally. Do not rent an opera box at first. Subscribe for seats. Do not lease a house at Newport until you have substantial friends in the Berkshires and on Long Island. Above all, do not let any other woman discover that you are intelligent. Conceal this fact as a crime. Be well dressed, but never too well dressed. Wear small pearls and not large ones. Be deferential when advisable, while preserving always a dignified independence. Analyze and acquire a proper estimate of values. Do not hurry and do not wax impatient if your social progress seems slow. If you are young you can afford to wait. Above all, realize that you cannot indulge in economy. The richer your friends the more they will cost

(Continued on Page 138)



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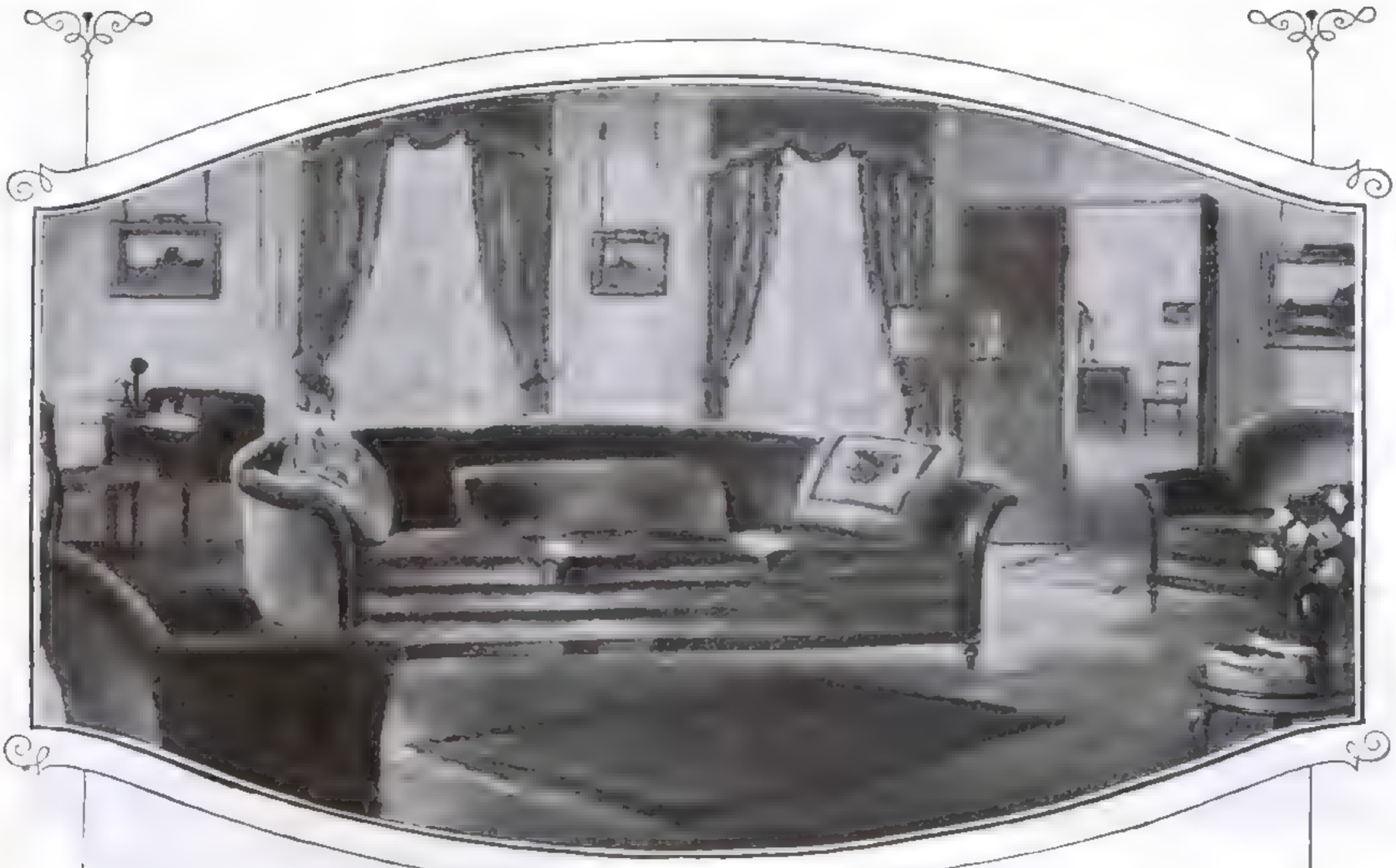

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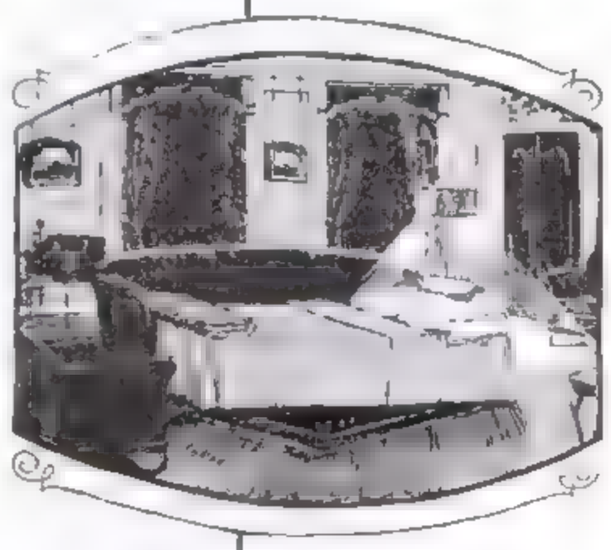

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(Continued from Page 122)

you. There is no greater fallacy than to imagine that millionaires are profitable acquaintances. In my long and varied experience I have found them to be a very expensive luxury.

When a young girl I had a friend whose income was forty thousand a year. It was always I who paid for matinée tickets, for cabs, for luncheons and for similar items. Once in London I was the daily companion of a multimillionairess from a large Western city. We lunched, dined and went to the play. At the end of a week I had to retire, as in the seven days I had spent one hundred and fifty dollars upon her entertainment. Believe me, it is far cheaper in the end to pay for your own taxis, your own meals and your own pleasures. The rich, as a rule, never acquire the habit of incidental spending. They donate libraries, found charities and endow churches, but the everyday items of life seem beneath their comprehension.

World fairs always aroused my enthusiasm. I have personally enjoyed four of these official amusement parks, beginning with that of the Philadelphia Centennial, opened by President Grant in the year 1876. My father was then encouraging the attentions of a very substantial and serious young man from Boston. Therefore this admirer was invited to go to Philadelphia with us. I was reasoning with myself that I ought to respond to his wooing, as I was quite sensible enough to appreciate the assets he had to offer. He was extremely well off. Two trivial incidents, however, proved fatal to his courtship. We were passing an exhibit of heating appliances and I was especially attracted by some Franklin stoves, built after the old models. My admiration of them was abruptly checked by my escort, who remarked that they didn't begin to heat the room as did the ugly modern stove which stood well out; in fact, he asserted that when he married he would allow no other kind than the latter in his house.

The second setback had to do with furniture. I was particularly pleased with some that was upholstered in attractive material, when my friend insisted that horsehair covering was the only kind he would use, as it could be kept clean with little effort

This finished him, and so I promptly informed my father that any further persuasion was useless.

Artificial Fairylands

I do not recall anything of memorable interest in the Philadelphia exposition, unless it is a phrase that decorated the Egyptian exhibit and which read: "The oldest nation in the world sends its morning greeting to the youngest."

The large and superlatively beautiful construction of Chicago in 1893, and of San Francisco in 1915, obliterated even the impressions of this, my first, experience of world fairs. The White City in Chicago will always be remembered, and the names of Daniel Burnham and of Stanford White are immortal in this connection.

In point of beauty and of inspiration the exhibition at San Francisco effaced anything of the kind in history. It would be difficult even now to surpass it, so much was accomplished there with the aid of prodigal expenditure and of artistic direction. It was a perfect creation of its kind.

So far as the gathering of priceless treasures was concerned, the exposition in Paris, in 1900, stands forth as preëminent. Its educational opportunities were infinite. The retrospective collections offered unique facilities for comparison and for research. The royal palaces of Europe had poured out their possessions. The local museums had disgorged their objects of the greatest value. Private citizens had generously loaned their pictures and tapestries for the success of the vast undertaking.

France, at the beginning of the new century, intended that the world should be brought to her feet. Her trumpet of art tradition, of art leadership, was blown to the four corners of the earth. Every nation was urged to bring her, in adoration, its sweetest incense and its finest myrrh.

Like a gesture of hands across the sea, the gilded bridge of Alexander III was thrown over the Seine, and Russia, the unknown and the unconquered, was bidden to be the guest of honor among the nations to partake in splendor of the bounty of France.

It mattered little whether England sulked and whether Queen Victoria stayed away. The grand dukes formed a never-to-be-forgotten cortège, and an alliance between France and Russia was consummated in a treaty which at that time seemed invulnerable and eternal.

Yet the rumble of revolution could be detected, even while the military bands played loudly and the fireworks illumined the new bridge of beauty. It is but little wonder that national archives become the wastebaskets of history.

My second trip abroad was with my father in 1880. We went directly to London and there took lodgings in Jermyn Street. James Russell Lowell was our minister at the time, and William Hoppin the senior secretary. Both of these gentlemen were intimate friends of my father's, sharing with him, while smoking their after-dinner cigars, memories of Brook Farm, that experiment in fraternity, and of its habitués, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne and George William Curtis, about whom I heard many a story. Thanks to Mr. Lowell we were invited to various agreeable functions. It was even proposed that I should be presented at court, but, oddly enough, this held no attraction for me. Then, as all through my life, I escaped the lure of titles. I felt, with Emerson, that the only real aristocracy in the world was the aristocracy of brains; it was the opportunity of penetrating into the circle of such men as Charles Robert Darwin, John Tyndall, Thomas Henry Huxley and Herbert Spencer of which I eagerly availed myself. They were my father's associates during this London visit. I absorbed from them.

Spencer on the Old Masters

A little anecdote in connection with Professor Huxley seems worth the telling. We were at a large Sunday-evening high tea at his house. Nearly everyone present enjoyed some distinction. After supper in the long twilight the young folks adjourned to the lawn to play croquet, the then popular game. There was a nonconformist church near by. The singing was distinctly heard, as was the clicking of our croquet balls.

In the midst of the fun a stern-looking individual appeared, stalked up to Professor Huxley and said, "Sir, the rector and our congregation beg that during the hours of service you will refrain from disturbing us by making this most objectionable noise with the croquet balls."

To which Huxley loftily replied, "Sir, I and my guests beg that during our enjoyment of my garden your rector and his congregation will refrain from disturbing us by making the very distressing noise caused by your singing."

Another anecdote is in order, which relates to Herbert Spencer. One morning he came early to our lodgings and found me just leaving to visit the National Gallery. I was eager, full of enthusiasm. Spencer, looking at me with a certain amount of weariness, asked why I devoted so much time to the old masters. In retort I said that it was doubtless because I realized that I was so young that age could teach me much.

"That is all very well," answered Mr. Spencer, "but if you had ever studied anatomy, nothing in the world would seem to you more grotesque than the majority of these old paintings which we prize as national treasures; for instance, look at any one of the Holy Families and therein study the eyes of the Christ Child. You will note that those early painters invariably put eyes of adults into the heads of children, and that they were never accurate in their portrayal of anything which required a knowledge of anatomy."

For years afterward these observations of Herbert Spencer disturbed me not a little. It was only when I grew to understand the souls of these old masters that I realized how much he had missed in merely dwelling upon those technical defects of which they had been guilty. His scientific mind had failed to grasp that "something more" which, as Browning says, "was miles away."

Spencer, like all that group of thinkers who were then considered unorthodox, rarely wandered into the byways of imagination. They had little sympathy with loose thinking in any direction. Herbert Spencer always impressed me as a highly nervous man. I believe he was a victim of insomnia, which could readily account for this. In those days there was no Coué to teach people how to sleep, and autosuggestion was still in its infancy.

John Tyndall, the physicist, was then sixty years of age. He was an Irishman,

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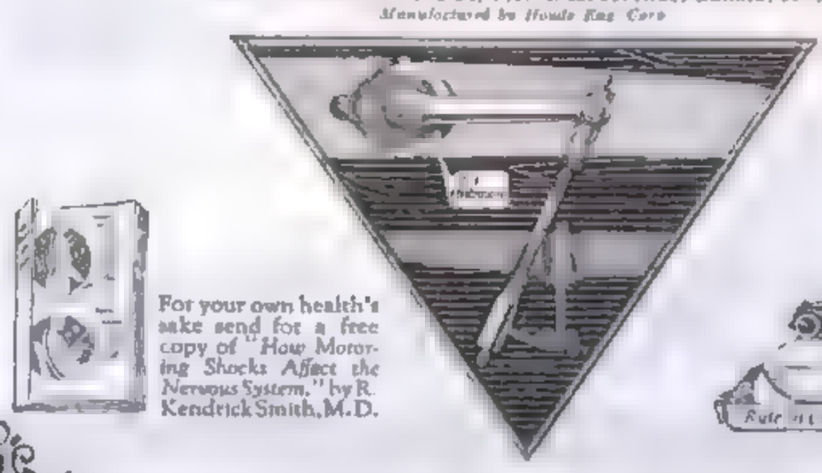

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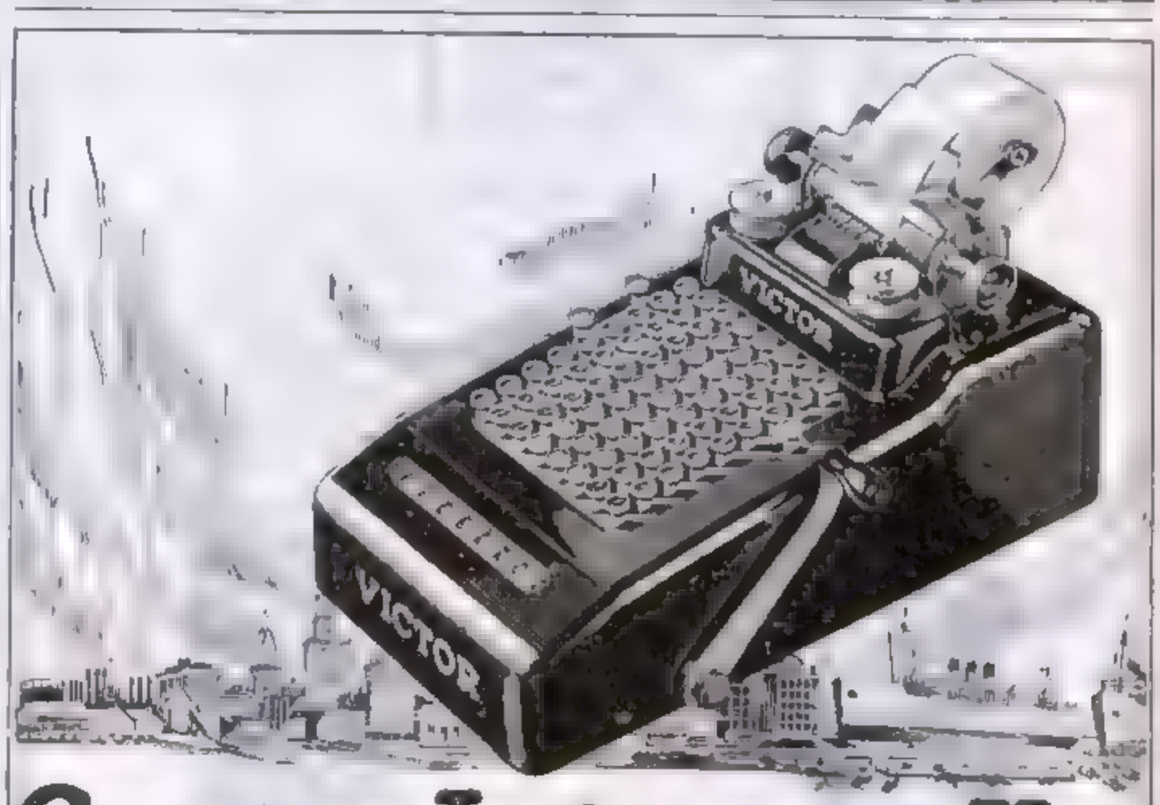

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very gentle and very lovable. Possibly his constant visits to the high Alps, where he lived for months at a time, away from the incessant bustle of the world, may have contributed to his balance and self-poise. Charles Darwin was seventy-one years of age when I saw him. He was surrounded by those who worshiped at his feet. His theory of evolution had enlisted hundreds of followers. People who believed at all in Darwin regarded him as the Columbus of the scientific world. Those whose intelligence failed to grasp the social economics of Spencer felt responsive to the teachings of Darwin, which carried them in an unbroken ascent from an atom upward. There was something especially fascinating to the imaginative mind in his Descent of Man. To trace one's scientific ancestry through centuries was educational and flattering, especially as humanity was thereby proved to be the best creation of a perfected system.

George Eliot I never met but once. My father and I were taken to her house on one of her intimate afternoons. Her personality to me was rather austere and frightening. Her face was unattractive and angular, but redeemed in a great measure by her wonderful eyes. Her book of essays, The Impressions of Theophrastus Such, had just been published. Of course I had read, with infinite delight and a surprising appreciation for my age, everything from her pen. I was also familiar with The Life of Goethe, by George Henry Lewes. Prior to the time of which I write there was a very large element in English society which refused either to visit or to receive George Eliot. Her liberal views were never entirely indorsed nor generally tolerated. The circumstances which determined her to live with Lewes as his wife, without the marriage ceremony, would seem less startling today than they were at that time. Her marriage to John Cross in May, 1880, though it brought her many new friends and gave her a security of position which she had never previously enjoyed, cost her many of her old admirers. To them, George Eliot, strong and independent of view, George Eliot who through her sheer intellectual forcefulness had reached the pinnacle of literary fame, reigned supreme in their minds and far above the necessity of an alliance which seemed at best but a commonplace concession to public opinion; a sort of social aftermath which to them was colorless and unconvincing.

Professional Beauties

Thanks to our friend Mr. Hoppin, my father and I were taken to visit the wonderful collection at Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster. It was there that I saw Gainsborough's Blue Boy for the first time. It seemed so completely in its proper setting that I confess to a regret that it was ultimately sold, even though our own country has thereby benefited, as its home hereafter will be on the Pacific slope.

Another visit which I shall always remember was to the beautiful and impressive studio of Alma-Tadema, then at the zenith of his popularity as a painter. Upon entering his house, which was classical in conception and decoration, two willowy young girls, clad in clinging draperies which might have come from the looms of William Morris, rose to greet the visitors. They were the daughters of Tadema, and it would not have been surprising to run across them in one's travels, reclining upon marble benches or loitering in the Acropolis with baskets of luscious fruit upon their heads. Over the wide doorway which led into the studio were these words: "As the Sun is to Flowers, so is Art to Life." This phrase savored of such good symbolism that I have never forgotten it.

It was in this same year of 1880 that the professional beauty became a recognized factor in London society. Conspicuous amongst these young conquerors were the lovely Georgiana, Countess of Dudley; Lady Lonsdale, who afterward became the Marchioness of Ripon; Mrs. Cornwallis West, who had a distinction which was all her own; and the fragile and lovely Marchioness of Anglesey, an American girl who was Minnie King, of Georgia.

However, the sensation of the London season was a young woman who had crept quietly into town from the Island of Jersey, protected by a husband, but having neither influential connections nor a substantial bank account. Her name was Lily Langtry, referred to in the society columns of the day as the Jersey Lily. I saw her for the first time at the opera. She came in rather late, when immediately all eyes were turned in her direction. The stage was forgotten. She stood for a moment, wondrously fair and symmetrically slim. Her gown was of black net with tulle sleeves. There was neither paint nor powder on her face. Her complexion was literally like roses, the softest shade of pink and white. Her arms were very beautiful; in fact, as she stood there, the target of concentrated admiration, it seemed to me that I had never seen anyone before who was quite so lovely.

Hobson's Choice

This impression lasted for several seasons, even when I became more accustomed to seeing her. She was the social star. No function of any importance was complete without her. Whether within the royal inclosure at Ascot or on the royal yacht at Cowes, it was Mrs. Langtry upon whom all eyes were turned; and it was Mrs. Langtry who was the rain and the sunshine of London drawing-rooms. It was she who had Jersey cloth made into sport costumes, and I remember now how smart and trim she looked in them.

I first saw Henry Irving in 1880. My father took me to a performance of the Lyons Mail. I enjoyed it vastly, but father, who admired good diction above all else, insisted that Irving's was beneath contempt, that his mannerism was unpardonable and his speech unintelligible. I was never, even in later years, able to change his opinion so far as Henry Irving was concerned.

Having tired of London we crossed to the Continent, where we spent several months.

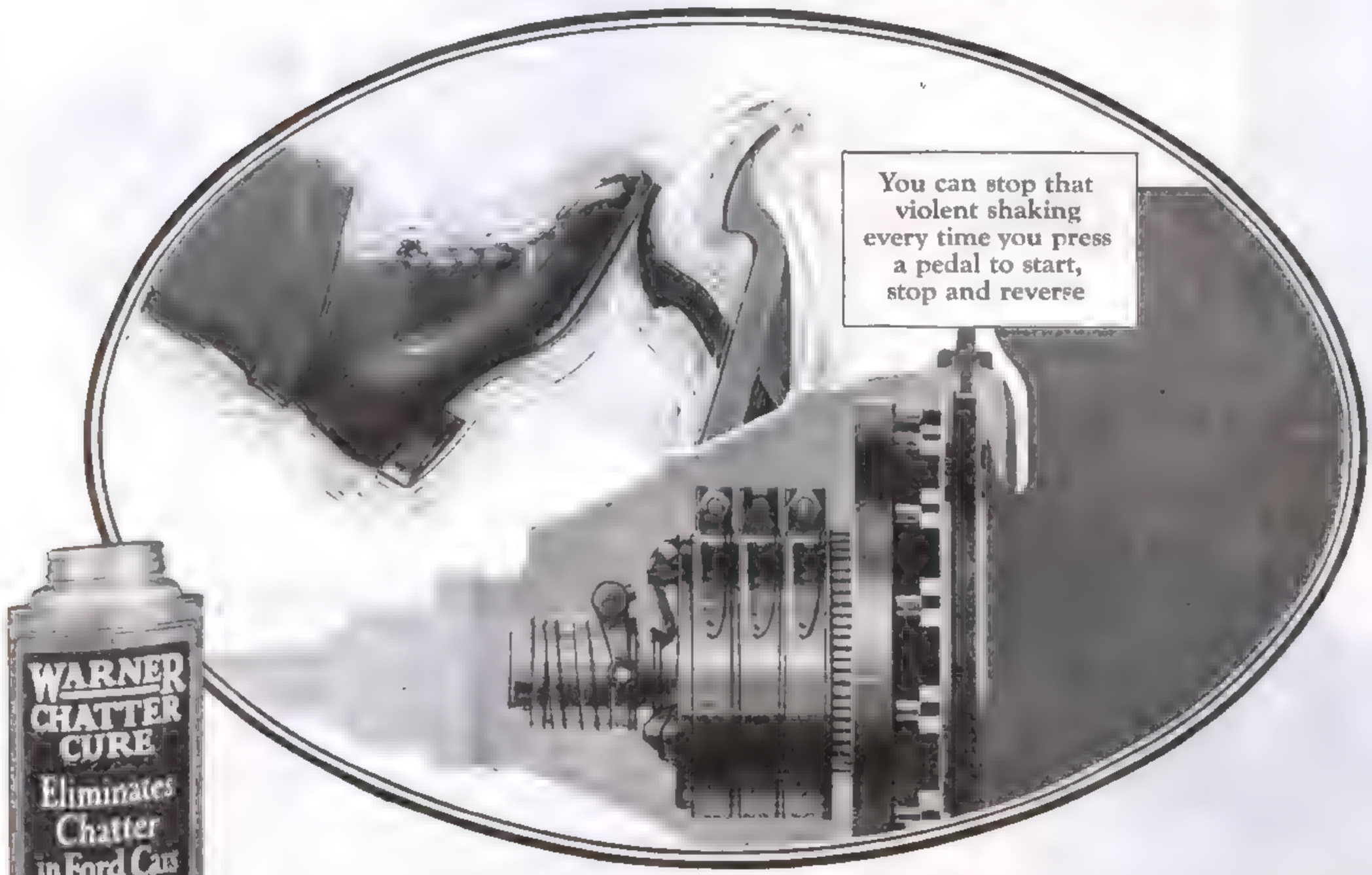
One story regarding that great patriot Gambetta deserves mention. We were walking along under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli when suddenly a smart little brougham dashed up to the curb. The man who alighted from it was Gambetta. I was moved by curiosity to step to the side of the carriage and to look in. Judge of my surprise to see on the seat three articles—a new novel, a box of chocolates and a bunch of violets. No paper of state, no ministerial portfolio, no political review. Were these three presents for three women or were they three presents for one woman?

The above reminds me of the very witty remark of the wife of Lieutenant Hobson, a hero of the Spanish-American War. After addressing a meeting in Chicago, so great was the enthusiasm that the lieutenant was forthwith kissed by three thousand women. When Mrs. Hobson was asked whether she objected to this she replied: "Not in the very least! I infinitely prefer to have my husband kissed by three thousand women than that he should be kissed three thousand times by one woman."

This indeed was a case of Mrs. Hobson's choice. How many, by the way, know the origin of this expression? It seems that, in the eighteenth century, there was a livery-stable keeper in England named Hobson. His horses all stood in line. When a teamster or a traveler called for a post horse, Hobson's rule was that he should take the horse standing nearest to the stable door, hence the expression "Hobson's choice."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of nine articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue.

Marvelous New Treatment for FORD Transmission Bands Eliminates CHATTER in FORD Cars *for* $1


You can stop that violent shaking every time you press a pedal to start, stop and reverse
WARNER CHATTER CURE
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You Simply Pour It Into the Crankcase Oil

Don't blame your Ford car because it shakes and shudders every time you press a pedal. *Cure* that chattering. Do it *yourself* quickly, surely and safely.

Use a can of Warner Chatter-Cure and your Ford will run the way it was *built* to run. Ford owners everywhere are amazed at the wonderful improvement it brings. It enables you to start and stop with perfect smoothness and comfort instead of jerking and lurching.

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Warner Chatter-Cure softens and rehabilitates the bands, making them pliable and effective as when new, and gives you an almost unbelievably smooth and sweet running performance.

A. P. Warner, inventor of the famous Warner Speedometer, guarantees Chatter-Cure. It will not injure the efficiency of the oil or damage any working parts of your engine. No parts to be replaced. No installation cost. Get a can and find out how wonderful it is at once. Your money back if not satisfied. If your dealer cannot supply you, use this coupon.

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The New Merchant

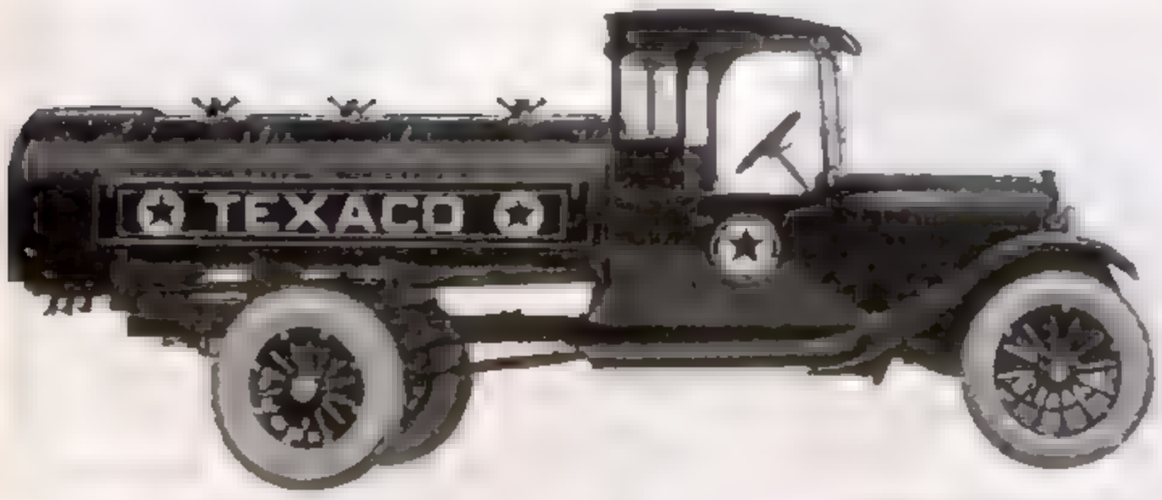
Twenty years ago the principal function of the Petroleum Industry was to supply kerosene for lamps. Its assets did not exceed $750,000,000.

The kerosene lamp has passed, yet the Petroleum Industry, with $7,500,000,000 in assets, is today the second largest in the United States. Expending a billion dollars a year for supplies, and millions more for wages, it is a potent influence for prosperity.

When the motor car superseded the oil lamp as chief customer of the Petroleum Industry, it brought into being a new type of merchant. He presides at 30,000 drive-in filling stations and 250,000 curb pumps, where he dispensed most of the 4,844,300,000 gallons of gasoline and 250,000,000 gallons of oil sold to motorists in 1922. Supplying him as well as millions of farmers, are the sturdy tank trucks of 37,000 wholesale distributing stations.

Graham Brothers Trucks are serving in the production, refining and distribution branches of 150 oil companies. Among these are the Associated, Empire, Gulf Refining, Pure Oil, Shell, Sinclair, Standard and Texas. There is no indorsement as complete and emphatic as an additional order—and these companies are ordering additional Graham Brothers Trucks in constantly increasing numbers.

1 Ton Chassis, $1265; 1½ Ton, $1325, f. o. b. Detroit or Evansville, Ind



GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit — Evansville

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

AN OPEN-DOOR POLICY AT HOME

(Continued from Page 16)

about it. Conferences were arranged between representatives of makers and buyers. The conferees were asked first to find out how many different sizes they were making and using. If one plate was seven and three-quarter inches in diameter, another seven and seven-eighth inches, another seven and fifteen-sixteenth inches, another just seven inches and another seven and one-sixteenth inches, and so on, wouldn't it be better to make all those plates exactly seven inches in diameter? The conferees were asked to study that over among themselves and decide upon the smallest number of sizes that would fairly meet the requirements. They were then asked to agree among themselves to make and buy just those simplified sizes.

Manufacturers were glad to do it, for they calculated that it would save 10 per cent in the cost of production. Buyers were glad to do it, because they calculated not upon getting some of the benefit of lower cost of production but their problem of replacing breakage and renewing stock would be simplified and cheapened. Dealers saw a benefit to them, because it would enable them to meet the requirements of their customers out of a smaller stock, with faster turnover.

The Department of Commerce used no coercion. Nobody was required even to send a representative to the conferences if he didn't wish to. Nobody was threatened with any pains and penalties for failing to follow the conference's recommendations. The trade representatives were left to settle the question of sizes among themselves. The department simply showed what benefits might be expected, offered advice and the use of its large and capable corps of experts over in the Bureau of Standards if their services should be needed or useful.

Specifically, I mention crockery first, because I saw the crockery and it happened to come up first in Mr. Hoover's talk. Now hotel crockery is no great matter. In the mountainous bulk of American foreign and domestic commerce it makes only a dot. It is not even a railroad spike, but only a shingle nail—yet a nail actually driven in where it will do the most good, a tangible saving in cost of production and distribution. Though no great matter in itself, some great matters are involved in it.

Overwide Margins

It was no fountain-pen industrialist, but a textile manufacturer with a long and successful experience who remarked the other day, "Goods cost too much; the margins all along the line are too wide." And he cited the instance of a certain small mahogany table which one of his neighbors bought not long ago for forty-five dollars. The man who was talking to me had some factory figures. He said the mahogany in that table cost about three dollars. Of course there was some other wood back of the mahogany veneer, but its first cost was only a small fraction of the final cost of the table.

If you have bought anything lately, no matter what, you will agree with him that goods cost too much. Labor is a large part of the cost all along the line, but wages will not come down. Broadly speaking, they never do. The reports of the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington, as far back as they go, show that even in the worst times reductions in daily or hourly wage rates are comparatively insignificant, and the reduction is quickly recovered when times improve. No doubt Mr. Gompers was right when he declared a year or so ago that, taking the whole field, wages had come down less than 5 per cent from the war peak. Labor liquidates by unemployment, by being out of work, not by reducing wages. And no amount of unemployment will reduce the cost of producing goods by a penny.

However much manufacturers' associations may grumble at the hard fact, by and large, we've got to reduce costs without reducing wages.

Better living in the future depends absolutely upon that. For instance, the year 1912 was a prosperous one; labor in the United States was quite fully employed, but only a minute fraction of it was engaged in the automobile industry. Today, first and last, probably 1,500,000 hands are continuously engaged in that industry. An important part of them must have been released from other fields of production in which they were engaged in 1912, yet we still get as much of the other things as we did then. They were released by economies in the other fields which enabled a smaller number of hands to turn out an equal quantity of goods. It takes all your time to tend the garden, but you want to build a chicken coop. You must either neglect the garden or find out how to tend it in fewer hours, so that you will have some hours to spare for the chicken coop. That is a national problem.

As Secretary Hoover put it: "We could lay off 2,000,000 hands now and still supply the people of the United States with all the goods and services which they consumed a dozen years ago." Of course, we don't want to lay off 2,000,000 hands. We want to consume more goods and services—in other words, to live better—and we are doing it. The automobile is the outstanding illustration of how many more goods and services we are consuming now than we did a dozen years ago. But there are many smaller illustrations.

Foreign Trade Indispensable

Certainly we want to keep on consuming more goods and services—living better and releasing labor from older fields in order that additional goods and services may be supplied. In plain language, we can do it only by cutting down costs of production and distribution, and to do that we must not disdain such humble items as crockery. Finally, it can be done only by concrete practical steps—having the right plan to begin with, then driving this nail and that nail, not even overlooking the tacks. I am not forgetting that no end of cheerful little boys with limber typewriters will tell you offhand how to do the whole job in one grand flourish in A. D. 1950 old style or the Third Olympiad of the Universal Soviet new style. But we needn't bother with them.

Another reason why we must cut costs may be mentioned. The United States cannot get along without a positively large foreign trade. The more prosperous we are the larger our foreign trade will be on at least one side of the ledger—the import side. The more prosperous we are the more we will consume of raw materials for manufacture and articles like coffee which we do not produce. Probably you have noticed that the balance of trade has lately turned decisively against us, imports largely exceeding exports. That is a result of prosperity; we are consuming more foreign raw materials and tropical goods. To keep prosperous we must export goods to pay for those imports, and we must export in competition with nations every one of which has a lower wage scale than ours—in many cases much lower. We must be able to pay the higher American wages and still produce the goods as cheap as the foreign competitor. To do that we must cut costs.

Always production costs must come down, and distribution costs. Testimony taken by Congress' Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry brought out that the cost of distribution is as great as the cost of production. Taking it all around, when you pay a dollar for an article the producer gets about fifty cents of it, while the other fifty cents goes to wholesaler and retailer, including the freight charges which they pay. The testimony also showed clearly that one of the prime factors in wholesale and retail cost is turnover. Usually the article that moves fast moves cheaply; the one that sticks on the shelves accumulates cost. That a slow-moving stock will involve more expense than a fast-moving one is obvious; and it scarcely needs an argument to prove that the more different sizes and kinds there are of a given article the larger distributors' stocks will be, and the slower the turnover.

Probably you have bought a mattress for a bed and found that it didn't fit, or attempted to move the springs from one bed to another and found they wouldn't fit. Seems to me I have enjoyed that experience periodically time out of mind; and often marveled at the ingenuity of manufacturers in designing so many bedsteads, springs

Old home in La Grange, Ill., built over 30 years ago, remodeled into a 2 family flat, and modernized by 3¼ inch oak flooring.
"These are the times"
—that try women's souls!
Summer winds are blowing dust in through the screened windows and doors, and most of it sooner or later drifts to the floor.
Have you ever been dismayed at the dust mounting up through a strong ray of sunlight when you sweep a carpeted room? Imagine the dust you don't see that is stirred up every time you step across the room.
OAK FLOORS are sanitary, as there is no place for dust to accumulate. A little attention at regular intervals is all that is necessary to keep them floor bright and clean.
If you live in a home without oak floors, a search through stress calls attention to recommendations for laying over the old worn floors. The work can be done quickly, one room at a time, if desired. A booklet on the uses and advantages of modern oak floors will be mailed you on request. Write today.
OAK FLOORING BUREAU
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AMERICA IS STILL SHORT OVER A MILLION HOMES
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Put your flooring problems up to our experts. We will gladly serve you
OAK FLOORS
NATURE'S GIFT OF EVERLASTING BEAUTY

SHAWKNIT Hosiery is appreciated most by men who know good hosiery, and who are glad to take the little extra trouble of asking for it by name. You will appreciate Shawknit quality and style.
SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FINE HOSIERY

—where it's Maytime the year 'round.

Pasadena

"Home City Beautiful"

The Beauty Spot of *Winter*—come and see

SUNSHINE, flowers, green things everywhere at every season of the year. A remarkable climate.

Ten famous golf courses, not merely one or two, on which to really test your game.

The center of 4,000 miles of paved motor highways to take you to mountains, desert, mile-high lakes, seashores, historic Missions, and a hundred other interesting places.

A "Paradise City" of modest and pretentious homes, small and large hotels, churches of all denominations, and public and private schools of highest standard. An air of culture and refinement predominates.

"Tournament of Roses"

The famous "Tournament of Roses," January first; and a great inter-sectional football game with 60,000 people there to see.

All this, and far more is *Pasadena*—Mecca of the traveler.

Here is practiced easily the art of living as you like. Try it for a few months and you, like the thousands who have done so already, may wish to make your home here too some day.

Ask questions. Let us tell you more—give you detailed information about *your* visit here. Send coupon now.

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Chamber of Commerce
Greater Pasadena Committee
100 South Raymond Avenue
Pasadena, California. Dept. 308

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and mattresses that looked alike, but no one of which would really fit any other. If the purchased springs and mattress do not fit the bedstead or each other, you send them back and the furniture man ransacks his stock to get an article a couple of inches shorter or longer, or he sends on to the wholesaler for the article if he hasn't it.

At Washington I learned with surprise that this heterogeneity was as unsatisfactory to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers as it was to me. It came into being like the farm wagon that cut an honorable figure in our war literature. Originally the local wheelwright and blacksmith made a wagon for local consumption. Every maker had his own notions as to diameter of wheel, length of box, and so forth. The shop expanded into a factory, machine production succeeded handwork; but all the old patterns were retained and new ones added until a thousand wagons, each different in some unessential particular from the others, were on the market. In some such way there came to be a million unessential differences in manufactured articles of common use.

For example, when Secretary Hoover invited the bed industry to confer, an invoice showed that bed springs, nominally four feet and a half wide by six feet long, were made in fourteen different dimensions; while metal bedsteads, classed as four feet and a half wide by six feet long, were actually of twelve different dimensions; so a man might have bought eleven bedsteads and thirteen springs—nominally of the same size—and still not had a fit. That is, the man would have had a fit, but his bed wouldn't have fitted. It was waste for maker, wholesaler, retailer and consumer. The conference agreed on standard, or simplified, sizes.

An eminent Englishman, panning his fellow countrymen the other day in good English style, declared that the industrial output of the United States, per man employed, was two and a half times what it is in Great Britain. That, he said, is why there is an automobile in use in the United States for every third family, while automobiles are quite a luxury in England. I don't know where he got his figures as to industrial output per man; but there is no doubt that our output per man is decidedly larger than England's, nor that that's the reason why automobiles are articles of common use here. The Englishman attributed our greater output per man to our greater use of machinery. Mr. Hoover, by the way, thinks that our advantage lies more in management and organization than in machinery; but at least part of our advantage does arise from greater use of machinery.

Competition Not Restrained

We are the great machine producers, the great quantity producers. There is no advantage in machine production unless it is quantity production. A hundred and fifty years ago, when machine production was fairly beginning, Adam Smith started his Wealth of Nations with the remark that by division of labor and use of machinery one man could turn out a thousand times as many pins in a day as would be possible if he worked alone and by hand. But if each one of the thousand pins must differ in some particular from every other, a machine would be a hindrance, for constantly changing and adjusting it would cost more time than it could save. So with crockery and bed springs and ninety other lines of manufacture that have taken up the subject of simplification—or elimination of unessential differences in sizes and kinds—under the auspices of the Department of Commerce.

There is no restraint of competition, no suppression of individuality. Of course there is no fixing of prices. Each manufacturer will make his own price. One will decorate his plates with pansies, another with sailboats. Each will argue to the buyer that his plates are the very best plates for the money ever made by man. They agree simply on sizes; and if crockery seems trivial, turn to lumber. In the New York market, boards nominally one inch thick were found to be of seven different thicknesses, and two-by-four scantlings were of three different dimensions. Lumber manufacturers have calculated that Mr. Hoover's simplification scheme, applied to their industry, will save $250,000,000 a year. Dealers can carry smaller stocks. Builders can know how thick an inch board is before they measure it with a pocket rule.

The Department of Commerce prescribes nothing—and proscribes nothing. It issues no commands and threatens nobody. It has a Division of Simplified Practice, under the direction of William A. Durgin—who, by the way, was borrowed by Mr. Hoover from a large and flourishing private concern in Chicago. There are hundreds, or even thousands, of trade associations in the country. Almost every line of production and distribution has some kind of association. Some few of these associations have been caught in the henroost and handed over to the Department of Justice for price-fixing or other monopolistic and illegal practices. Some others have been in the past little more than social affairs, to get up an annual convention and banquet. But most of them are perfectly legitimate and useful attempts at beneficial cooperation.

Mr. Durgin's particular job is, first, to let all such associations know that the Department of Commerce is anxious to lend a hand wherever it seems possible to cut down costs of production and distribution by cutting out unessential differences in sizes and kinds—in other words, by simplifying; also, that the department has a technical equipment which may prove very useful to that end and which is at their service. Representatives of the different branches of the trade then meet, canvass the situation, find out exactly how many different sizes and kinds the trade is handling now, and agree upon how many of them can be dispensed with to the advantage of everybody concerned.

Useless Diversity of Sizes

That is practically all. It sounds simple, and is. These trade representatives could do it themselves, without any initiative or aid from the Government. But by and large, they don't do it themselves. There appears to be, in the United States at least, a sort of human force of gravitation that pulls the other way—toward diversity rather than toward uniformity. The agricultural implement industry has long been pretty well organized; that is, a large part of the production has been in the hands of comparatively few big concerns. We might have expected to see wasteful diversity of models reduced to a minimum in that field. But when war forced a drastic overhauling it was found that implement manufacturers were making scores and hundreds of plows and wagons that differed from one another just enough to increase the cost of production without making one implement any more useful than another. An implement maker has said that war standardization, by eliminating unessential differences in sizes and styles, cut cost of production in his factory ten million dollars a year.

Implement dealers could have standardized or simplified themselves, but they didn't. Once upon a time the President, by executive order, fixed the standard size or proportions of the American flag. Not long ago the catalogues of three flag manufacturers exhibited 289 different kinds of American flags, not one of which was standard. An ax is a primitive sort of implement, but the catalogues of only three manufacturers offered axes in thirty-four models, four qualities, thirty-five brands, eleven finishes and nineteen sizes. Milk was transported in 239 styles of cans and poured into bottles of sixty different shapes fitted with paper caps of twenty-nine sizes.

The list could be extended to almost any length. This useless diversity increases cost of production and distribution, for if a single manufacturer—as actually happened—makes 901 different models of bedsteads, wholesalers and retailers must carry larger, slower-moving stocks than would be needed with fewer designs. Trades could simplify on their own motion; but many of them do not. There is a natural pull toward diversity and individuality. And there is the shadow of the Federal Government, with antitrust laws whose precise meaning in a given case not even all nine Justices of the Supreme Court can agree upon, and with a radical contingent in Congress, breathing fire and brimstone to combines and combiners. A good many business men are still in the state of mind of the Michigan grape growers—uncertain how far they can go in the way of coöperation without danger of being dragged into court. An invitation from the Department of Commerce to wade in meets with a response, where an unofficial attempt might fail. Moreover, the imprint of the department carries weight. The seal of the Government on the report gives it an authority that inspires respect.

(Continued on Page 133)

Always Fresh

What Funsten's vacuum process means

In the Funsten process, the finest select pecan halves are packed under a vacuum, which removes all air from the jars and tins. Pecans cannot spoil unless they come in contact with air—and that is why Funsten's *packaged* Pecans are so crisp, sweet and fresh.

Summer or winter, their delicious flavor is unimpaired. Used in dainty desserts, salads, sandwiches, cakes, ice creams and candies, they add a most enjoyable and nutritious element to your diet. Ask your grocer for Funsten's *packaged* Pecans. Guaranteed *always fresh* and cost practically no more than bulk pecans.

R. E. FUNSTEN CO.
Established 1897
ST. LOUIS

Funsten's PECANS

Think back Old Timers —think fast

YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERIENCE CONTEST CLOSES SEPT. 1

If you were driving before 1905, or before 1915, you may be one of the two motorists who will receive our $500 checks under the following plan:—

Get a horse!

See the man in the derby hat.
How industrious he is.

See the farmer with his fork
How sympathetic he seems.

Is it not an amusing picture?

It is only an artist's dream of the past

But the prize winning photograph—the real thing—will bring tears to the eyes.

$500 —to the Old Timer who was driving in 1905—or earlier, and who will send us a photograph of himself making a roadside tire repair, at that time, and who will submit the most interesting statement of his tire experiences since then.

$500 —to the Old Timer who was driving in 1915—or earlier, and will send us the same sort of picture as of that period, and the most interesting statement of his subsequent experiences.

HOW about those good old days?—the days when the boys used to shout "Get a horse!" as you went chugging by; days when you got into the tonneau through a swinging door in the rear seat. When you sweated and swore over balky cranks, when you bragged about a record if a tire lasted through any trip on its original air.

Will you ever forget the sensation you made with your four cylinders roaring, and your cut-out wide open, kicking up such a dust on the old dirt turnpike as was never seen before?

Photos by N. Lazarnick

Vanderbilt Cup Race
1909

The old Classic was never won without many tire changes. Today ord nary touring is scarcely less severe than the old Vanderbilt Cup race and tires stand up for thousands of miles over their expected life.

The Glidden Tour—1909

The Press car suffered mishaps with the rest. Booming along with the caravan—then, Bang! another tire gone to glory. Had to take the laughs and dust from the whole procession while ye editors made a change "But we had our revenge," says S. K. W., "when we passed seven other tire shifting parties before catching up with the main body."

Those were the days when the horseless carriage was scarce, and the world was young—about 1900 or thereabout. And then, the middle ages—from 1905, say, to 1915—before the war. The days of real sport! The heyday of the great Glidden Tours! The era of the Vanderbilt Cup race!

Then—progress! Horseless carriages grew into automobiles; the put-put-put tempo changed to a steady purr; oil was poured on the troubled dust, and good roads multiplied; the Blue Book appeared and with it every cemetery and church became a landmark to point the way; road signs sprang up from New York to Bird Centre; water troughs dried up; tires blew out less frequently; dusters and goggles and tire gloves went out of style.

Straight side tires came in; cord construction doubled tire service; quantity production introduced great economies; co-operation between manufacturers reduced the number of standard types and sizes, and prices headed toward lower levels.

Today you don't even have to worry about tire service. Your tires give you two or three times the mileage guaranteed in the early days. Over 99% of all tires made today by responsible manufacturers are without defects of any sort. You buy tires on their merits, now, as you buy any standard article of wear.

And so "Old Man Guarantee" lies amouldering in his grave, but his soul goes marching on in the memories of all the Old Timers. It is worth a thousand dollars to us to get two master pictures that will epitomize "The Days of Mileage Guarantees" and keep that grave green.

So dig into your old "Fotygraph" Album. The prize picture—can't you just see it? There you are, a little thinner around the waist perhaps, out in the dust with your tire irons in hand and a grin-and-bear-it spirit on your face. Mark the date and location on the back; write up your "experience," and mail the lot, as many pictures as you wish, before *September 1st*, to the Rubber Association of America, 250 West 57th Street, New York City.

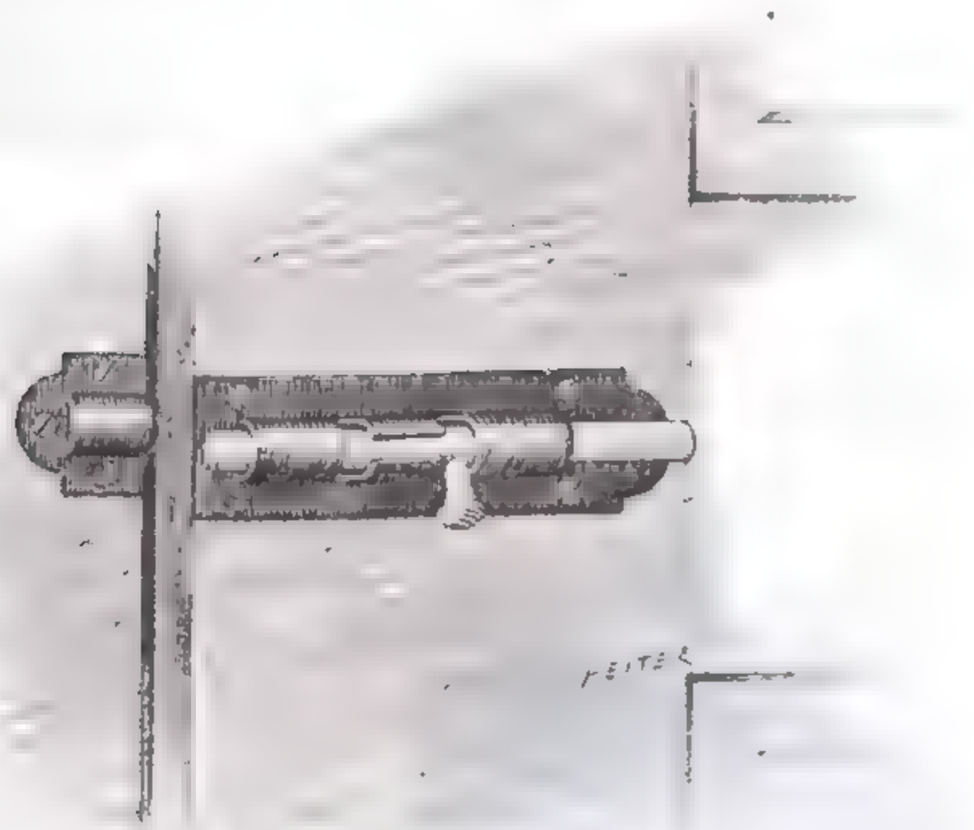
The winners will be announced in the October 20th issue of this publication.

THE RUBBER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA INCORPORATED 1915

This emblem appears on a valuable booklet "The Care of Pneumatic Tires." It is authoritative as it presents the combined experience of the membership of the Rubber Association. Every motorist should have this book. A copy will be mailed you — free — upon request. Or ask your dealer.

Accepting a name–

The name Stanley is found on hardware and tools which are widely accepted for their fine workmanship and detail.



For example, door bolts: a product judged on a basis of pure utility. Through originality and merit, Stanley has become the largest manufacturer of such products.

STANLEY

STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges – Carpenters Tools STANLEY TOOLS

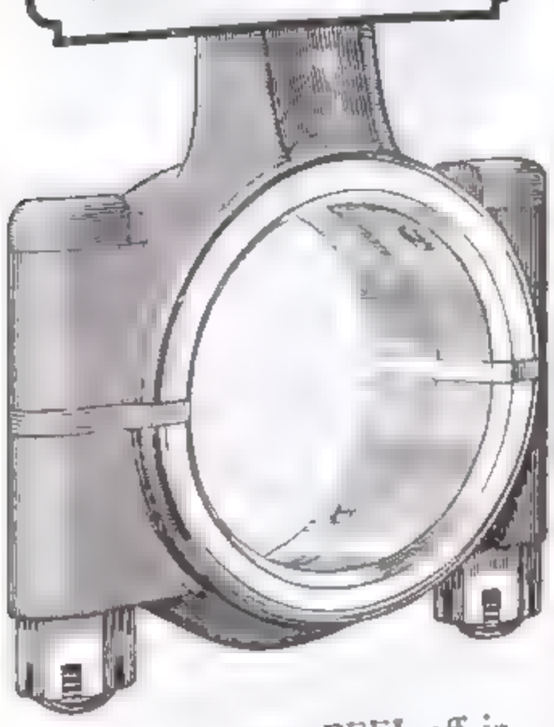
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

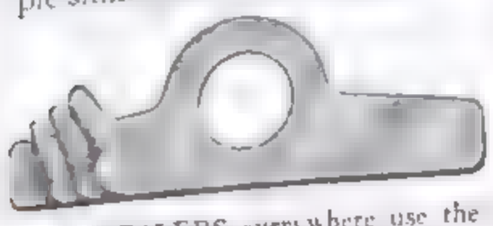
© The S. Wks

Save your Bearings

THE BEARINGS in the engine of your car need care, attention and occasional adjustment. Worn-out or burnt-out bearings are responsible for many engine troubles. Have the bearings *properly* adjusted with Laminum. Your serviceman will explain to you how a Laminated Shim will take up the wear and adjust the bearings to the thousandth of an inch. When you *save* the bearings, you save much expense and many repairs.



Laminated Shims PEEL off in paper-thin layers. They make possible correct bearing adjustment at low cost. Send for a sample shim and illustrated booklet.



CAR DEALERS everywhere use the Laminum-Kit in their Service Departments. An all-steel box containing 250 shims for the car the dealer sells. Also Kits for servicemen with 250 shims for *all* makes of cars.

LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, INC.
205 14th St.
Long Island City, N. Y.
St. Louis: Mazura Mfg. Co.

LAMINUM

(Continued from Page 130)

Since Secretary Hoover has been preaching simplification, more or less frivolous critics have objected that he is trying to standardize everything, so that finally all hats shall be of the same size, color and shape and individual heads will fit themselves to the standard hat as best they can. But in the matter of headgear, what Mr. Hoover really wants is that all hats that are marked six and seven-eighths shall be as nearly as possible of the same size, and those marked seven and an eighth shall be as nearly as possible of the same size—which isn't the case now, as anybody who has bought a hat can testify. If anybody wishes to express his individuality by sticking a red feather in his hat and yodeling Up the Mountain High, he will, I am sure, have the secretary's blessing—unless he has the bad taste to yodel under the secretary's window in the small hours.

Of course, only an excessively muddle-headed critic can see any connection between simplifying sizes and running everybody into the same mold. A man who cannot be his own self and think his own thoughts because the mattress he sleeps on is of exactly the same size as his neighbor's mattress has no self and no thoughts that are worth bothering about, anyway. A clergyman and a burglar eat the same bread, drive the same car and wear the same hat; but they are not two peas in the same pod. The eminent Mr. Ruth and the clumsiest bush leaguer use the same ball and the same bat, but their scores express wide variation of personality. It is doubtful whether, in their inner mold and constitution, the people of the United States are too much standardized—as our intellectuals bitterly assert—or too little.

A moment ago I referred to the well-known fact that when nine gentlemen of substantially the same antecedents, and with the same technical training, put on the robes of the Supreme Court and sit down to consider a question within their special field, it's only one time out of three that they can agree about it. Congress, prohibition and a thousand other symptoms suggest that more agreement, rather than less, would be good for us.

But that has nothing to do with the case, because Secretary Hoover's scheme has nothing to do with inner mold and constitution. Not only does it leave as fair a field for individuality as before but it makes competition more effectual by directing it to the essentials of quality, price, service, and the like, instead of to the nonessential of a difference in size or style that does not correspond with any possible difference in the usefulness of the article or in its appeal to individual taste. Have daisies or sailboats on your plates as you please; but don't have fifty useless differences in size.

Good for War, Good for Peace

In a way, this is a war product, and so are other things in the same line that I wish to talk about. Before the war the Federal Government had one overruling and immutable principle in respect of domestic business—namely, it must not combine in restraint of competition. Congress had repeatedly affirmed it. But war, in its own brutal fashion, played hob with that principle in its literal form. To win the war we had to subsist a population of 100,000,000 people used to a higher scale of living than any other big population in the world, and we had to turn out vast quantities of war goods that were useless for mere civilian subsistence. Under that ruthless necessity, the Federal Government itself immediately began combining and coordinating industry. In fine, we simply had to have a higher degree of coöperation throughout the industrial field. In that way we met the war needs.

If it was good for war it must be rather good for peace too. That cooperation may be a beneficial force anywhere and everywhere is so plain that it needs no argument. Undoubtedly, as the Chinese bandits have lately exemplified, it may be used for obnoxious ends. But, to use it beneficially, as war experience so conclusively demonstrated that it may be used, is the ambition of the Department of Commerce. To common sense, there is all the difference in the world between a meeting of paving-brick manufacturers to divide the territory among themselves, fix prices and trim the consumers, and a meeting of the same manufacturers along with representatives of buyers' associations to look over the product and see where cost of production can be cut. As a result of the latter meeting, on invitation of the Department of Commerce, sixty-six sizes and styles of paving brick were, by agreement of all concerned, reduced to eleven.

Monopolistic cooperation to fix prices means that manufacturers are thereby relieved of the bother of trying to cut down cost of production, for whatever the product costs, they can fix the price high enough to leave a good profit. Coöperation to cut out unessential differences in sizes and sorts means cheaper brick, with competition focused on the essentials. But in a narrow, literal sense, any sort of agreement among competing manufacturers might be held to restrain competition, and therefore to be illegal. The rules of a football match restrain competition, as compared with competition's unrestrained play in a free-for-all, knock-down-and-drag-out fight. Competitive football, rather than knock-down-and-drag-out, is Mr. Hoover's aim.

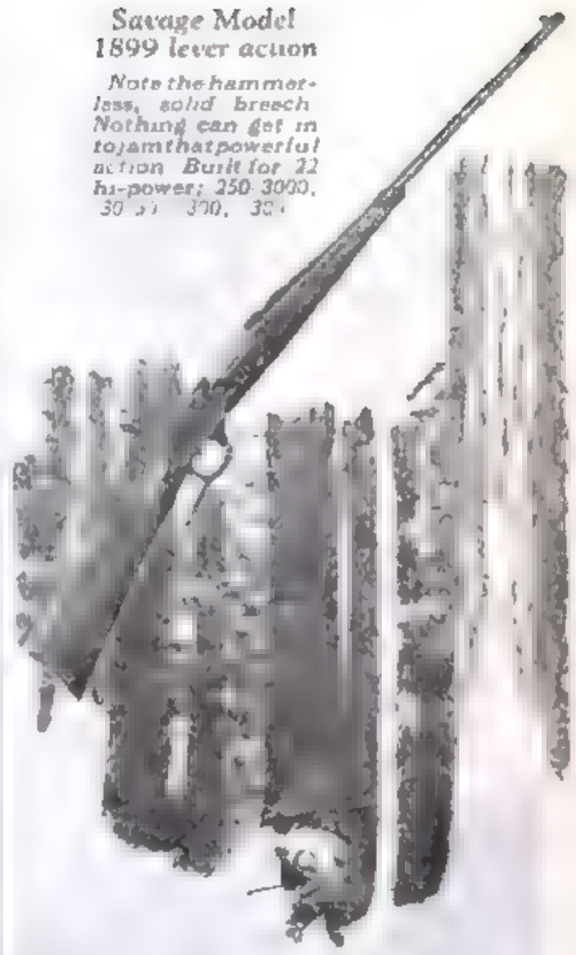
It would be odd if business hadn't learned something by experience in the generation that has elapsed since March 21, 1890, when John Sherman introduced his famous antitrust measure in the Senate. In plain fact, there has been a great change in emphasis, or point of view. If price came first then, volume comes first now; business would rather sell 1,000,000 gross of hairpins at a net profit of a cent a gross than 1000 gross at a net profit of ten cents a gross. And with mere growth of the country's business, it takes a very reckless flight of imagination to conceive of monopolizing it. Business may not be essentially more moral than it was a generation ago, but it has learned by experience and is more civilized—which finally means readier to coöperate fairly instead of fighting.

An Entirely New Departure

Of course, we need the common-sense view of it, with encouragement for cooperation that is plainly beneficial to everybody concerned. It is very fitting that such encouragement should come from the Federal Government, which by the antitrust laws has made itself the especial guardian and expounder of competition. For legal and beneficial cooperation, the Department of Commerce has an open door with "Welcome" on the doormat. But even now a good deal of legitimate business is somewhat suspicious of it—suspicious of Washington in general. It takes time to restore your confidence in the town where you were pinched for driving down Main Street at seventeen miles an hour, and furthermore required to take out a driver's license, and then found that you couldn't get through, anyhow, since the road beyond the pickle factory was all torn up.

Mr. Hoover concluded the introduction to his last annual report with the statement: "These coöperative activities mark an entirely new departure in an attempt to change the attitude of government relations with business from that of interference to that of coöperation." As I understand it, there is where he sees the greatest opportunities for the department. Certainly the Government will continue to interfere with illegal business practices. But about half the adult population of the country is in business in some fashion or other. It would be too bad if we were all crooks and business were all crooked. For a generation the Federal Government viewed business mainly with the crook slant. Its dominant interest in the matter and its most decisive interventions in business were by way of forbidding and prosecuting combination in restraint of competition. Its simple code was that if competition was not restrained all would be well. But Mr. Hoover has pointed out that some of the most indubitable economic and social losses to the public result, not from combination or coördination, but from the lack of it.

He says, for example, that our soft-coal bill is fully one-third higher than it need be. If Congress knew of a major industry that was overcharging the public by one-third through combination, it would be after that industry full tilt. But the basic trouble with the soft-coal industry is lack of organization. The country has immense soft-coal deposits. To open a mine in many fields requires little capital and less experience. There are some 8000 soft-coal mines with an annual capacity of 850,000,000 tons, which is 300,000,000 tons above yearly consumption. Consequently, soft-coal mines have been always starting up, overstocking the market and shutting down. In a good year, after subtracting certain



Savage Model 1899 lever action

Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for 22 hi-power; 250-3000, 30-30, 300, 303.

Deadly accurate —with punch

Every Savage barrel made of finest high-pressure steel

Every barrel bored again and again until smooth as science and machinery can make it.

And each caliber its own twist in rifling—the exact twist to spin the bullet most perfectly for accurate flight. Backed up by strong action—swift and sure action. Accurate and sturdy.

For every kind of American game

.22 hi-power. The amazing *Imp*—ideal for woodchuck, fox and wolf. Accurate at long and unknown ranges.

.30-30. The old reliable—choice of seasoned hunters for deer and medium size game at moderate ranges.

.303. A hard, knock-down hitter—has dropped deer, bear and caribou for 20 years.

.250-3000. An all-around rifle. Terrific speed and accuracy make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats, and deer at extreme ranges.

.300. Delivers a crashing blow that is powerful enough for any American game.

There's a corking line of Savage .22s—bolt-action or slide-action. And the Savage Hammerless Repeating Shotgun—it ranks with the best. Distinctively Savage throughout. Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

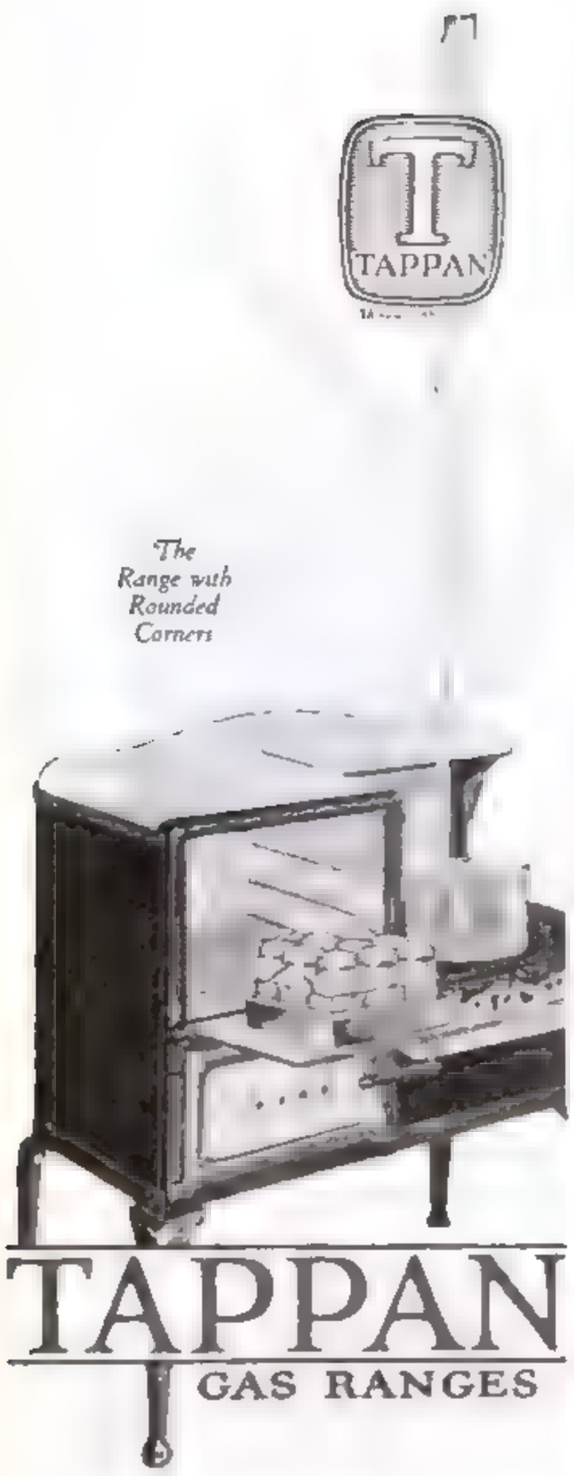
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Dept. 105
Utica, N. Y.

Owners and Operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company

Savage Model 1920 bolt-action

Note the solid locking lugs, short throw of bolt-handle. There's strength and speed there. It won't jam. Built for .250-3000 and .300.

SAVAGE



The Range with Rounded Corners

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES

There's Matchless Flavor in Your Own Preserves

TEMPTING jars of peaches, pears, tomatoes, corn—ready to enrich the winter's menu! You're proud of your *own* preserves. And they always have an unmistakably finer flavor and wholesomeness.

So it's no wonder that the unusual adaptability of this beautiful Tappan range to the work of preserving makes it doubly popular at canning time. For the Tappan oven is remarkably well equipped for the simple process of cold-pack canning. It is unusually roomy, always uniformly hot from the Cast-Iron Oven Bottom, and kept at just the proper sterilizing temperature by the Wilco-Tappan Heat Regulator.

Write for the Tappan cook book and learn how to prepare delicious new fruit desserts. Also ask for the name of your Tappan dealer.

Dealers: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some unusual opportunities.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN

mines that are operated quite continuously for metallurgic and railway interests, the other mines are worked an average of 180 days a year; some of them are operated only 100 days a year.

This means chronic part-time employment for miners and chronic underpay for a great number of them when their intermittent pay envelopes are spread over the year.

Of course, that means chronic discontent. Usually the men hang on during shutdowns, hoping the mine will soon resume operations. It also means alternate glut and famine of coal, with price variations ranging to 300 per cent in a year. Often when the mines are ready to operate at capacity a car shortage will develop. Adequate storage facilities are lacking. A big social loss arises from the discontented, underpaid, precarious state of the miners, with a constant liability to strikes. The direct economic loss is put by Mr. Hoover at one-third the national soft-coal bill. Commenting on the great coal strike of last year, he said in his annual report:

"The instability of the bituminous-coal industry and the disintegration of its employers' associations by pressure under the restraint-of-trade acts contributed directly to the prolongation of the strike, as no adequate organization of operators existed which could meet and bargain with the workers."

Government has dealt with this basic industry by saying, "You shall not combine," which still left the industry a big sore spot on the social and economic body of the nation—a sore that can finally be cured only by intelligent effort of a coöperative sort

The railroads also may be mentioned. They come within the scope of the Department of Commerce by that provision of law which requires it to promote foreign and domestic commerce, mining, manufacturing, shipping, fisheries and the transportation facilities of the United States. Secretary Hoover makes the statement—rather startling to me at least—that inadequate transportation facilities lay a tax on the public greater than the cost of the Federal Government.

Costly Car Shortage

Except during strikes or periods of depression, shortage of cars has been a chronic condition for six years. Shortage is most acute during the four or five crop-moving months, when the demand for rail transportation is greatest. Recurring car shortage is one of the underlying troubles of the soft-coal industry. In periods of car shortage, grain at the country terminal falls five to fifteen cents below the Liverpool parity, which would doubtless govern if the grain could move freely. Car shortage often takes heavy toll of livestock growers by obliging them to hold animals that are ready for market and to continue feeding them wastefully. Every important fruit and vegetable district can tell of losses from the same cause. Manufacturers and merchants pay the tax. An annual loss equal to the cost of the Federal Government is enough to make anybody sit up; but not even the extremest trust buster could charge that loss to combination. In part it is plainly due to lack of combination; that is, to absence of coördination and coöperation.

A mere dogmatic antitrust policy is no policy at all for the government of the greatest industrial nation. The public naturally gets its impression of the Government mainly from Congress, which is by far the most articulate branch of the Government; and it is pretty apt to get its impressions of Congress from the noisiest and most sensational elements in that body. Therefore it is likely to form an impression that the Government stands toward business in the mere Donnybrook Fair attitude of looking around for a head to crack, and threatening to knock somebody's block off. Apparently that is the only attitude toward business that some politicians know, or the only one they find profitable in their vote-getting trade. But it would assuredly be a most stupid attitude for the government of this business nation. The Department of Commerce holds the opposite attitude of hearty cooperation within the law and of heartily encouraging business to coöperate lawfully and beneficially.

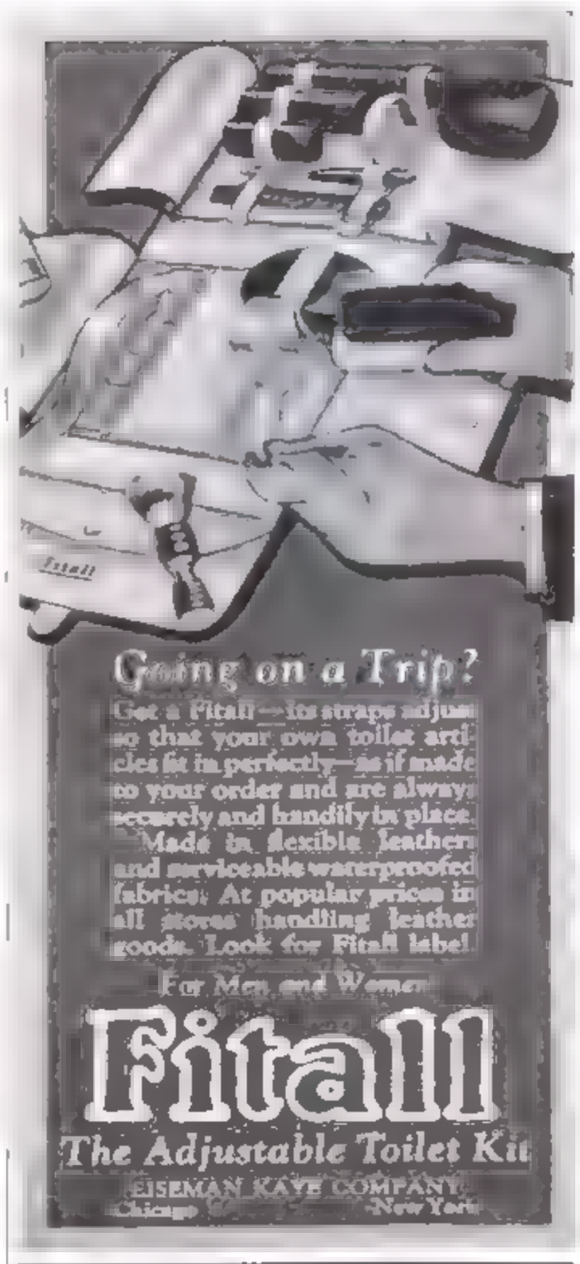
Only the other day a crisis arose in the building industry—beginning in New York and spreading to other cities. All the symptoms of a dangerous boom had developed in that industry. Builders were recklessly bidding against one another for materials and labor. Wages were snowballed far above the union scale, up to fourteen and fifteen dollars a day in some cases. Money for urban building operations comes pretty largely from trust funds; that is, from savings banks, insurance companies and the like. That money was going into buildings at greatly inflated costs. The cost of buildings is a capital charge that extends over many years. Lenders became properly alarmed. There was plainly a situation that invited an explosion.

Foresight in Building

This is still fresh in the recollection of many of you. The only point in mentioning it here is that the Department of Commerce was called in, and Secretary Hoover's course gives a view of his methods: First, conferences of representatives of the leading interests; then voluntary agreement upon the means of taking an accurate, continuous survey of the building industry. Building must be planned ahead; therefore it must be possible to know quite accurately how many brick, how much lumber, how many tons of structural steel, how many bags of cement and how much labor building operations are consuming this month, and at what prices; and how much they will consume next month, and at what prices. It must be possible to reduce all that to index numbers that strike the eye at a glance. In a little while, as this continuous survey goes on, it will be possible to compare one month with another, this year with last year and the year before. In short, it will be possible to have a chart, so simple that anybody can comprehend it, which shows exactly where the building industry is and whither it is moving.

If it is getting inflated and boomy, anybody can see it; anybody with sound common sense, who is engaged in building or who contemplates building, can act accordingly. Public bodies, the Federal Government, the state governments, the cities and school districts and road districts do an enormous amount of construction in a normal year. If they will set up a little intelligent cooperation among themselves, with this chart in hand, they can defer construction when the chart points to boom and then step in to take up the slack when the chart points to depression. Big private builders can do the same, thus keeping the industry on an even keel. No coercive law is needed anywhere along the line, no policeman's club; nothing, in fact, but a good chart and intelligent coöperation.

Of course, this recommendation for the future was apart from immediate steps to check building inflation at that moment. But this recommendation for the future pretty well reflects the Department of Commerce's leading ideas: First, the engineer; survey it, weigh it, measure it, find out exactly what you are dealing with; mark it down so that anybody can understand it. Then, knowing where you are at, sit down sensibly to coöperate in taking the steps which common sense shows to be for the benefit of everybody concerned. How this applies in some other directions I hope to show in another article.


Going on a Trip?
Get a Fitall—its straps adjust so that your own toilet articles fit in perfectly—as if made to your order and are always securely and handily in place.
Made in flexible leathers and serviceable waterproofed fabrics. At popular prices in all stores handling leather goods. Look for Fitall label.
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Buy 12 Hair Nets and get—
15 Hair Nets for the price of 12
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3more
Buy 12 Dress Snaps, Safety Pins or Buttons, and get 3MORE to the Dozen Free.

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WHEN you buy 3MORE Ribbon or Elastic the girl at the Notion Counter will sell you 1 yard just as cheerfully as she will sell you 12 yards. With the larger purchases, however, you get 3MORE yards to the dozen FREE, as an extra measure of service.

And, as an Extra Measure of Service 3MORE for you boasts a "coupon" or a "trading stamp."

Snaps	Safety-Pins	Ribbon and
Hair Nets	Buttons	Elastic

Ask for 3MORE to the Dozen at the Notion Counter

Salesmen

3MORE Dress-Snaps as a side line may pay you better than your regular job. Write for our vest pocket sample and order book. It will enable you to earn hundreds of dollars. Address Dept. A. 3rd and Huntingdon Streets, Philadelphia, Penna.

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JIFFY LOCK
BATHING BAG

A wonderfully convenient bag for many uses.

A pull *down* opens it—a pull *up* closes. No buttons or snaps. Water and rust proof.

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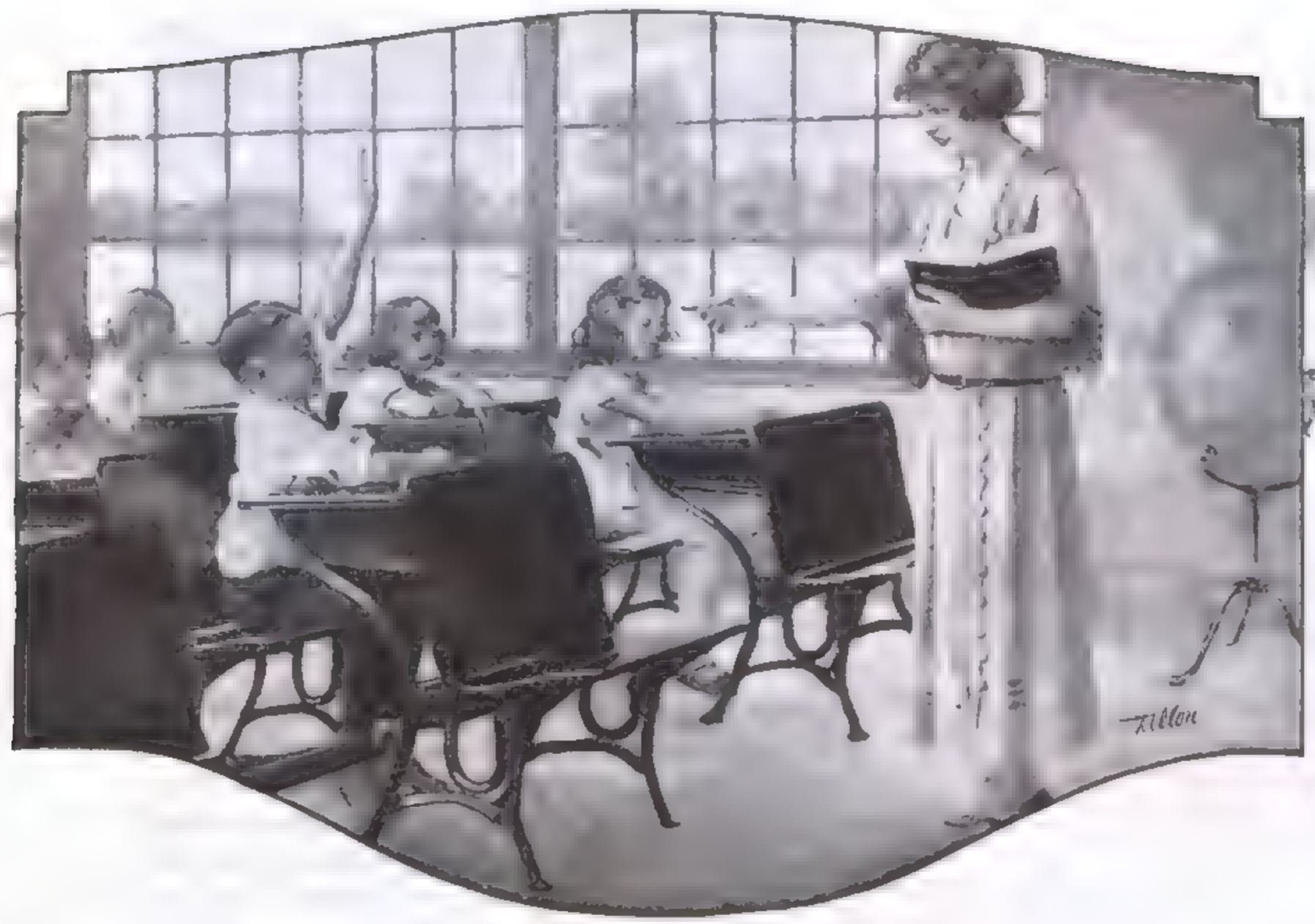


The Business of Going to School

GOING to school is the business of childhood—and just as a man's desk and chair are the most important part of his business equipment, so is the school desk to the child.

In the formative, impressionable years of childhood and youth the school desk, at which so many hours are spent each day, has an influence on physical and mental development that is seldom considered and always underestimated.

The desk should be such as to promote the child's powers of concentration because of comfortable and healthful posture during study periods. Desks improperly designed take their toll in decreased efficiency and in possible ill-effects physically. This danger every school official and parent should fully realize.

With full acknowledgment of these facts it has been the accepted responsibility of this Company for many years to provide the nation's youth with school-room seating which in its construction provides physical comfort, and which by its design contributes to an atmosphere of appreciation and contentment.

No effort has been spared by this Company to determine by practical test and experiment which of new ideas in types and designs are practicable for school use. This is due not only to the child but to the constantly widening clientele which is depending upon this Company for its school seating.

"American" Desks in your school-rooms evidence proper purchasing discrimination by your school officials, and constitute an investment, rather than an expense, regardless of price comparisons.

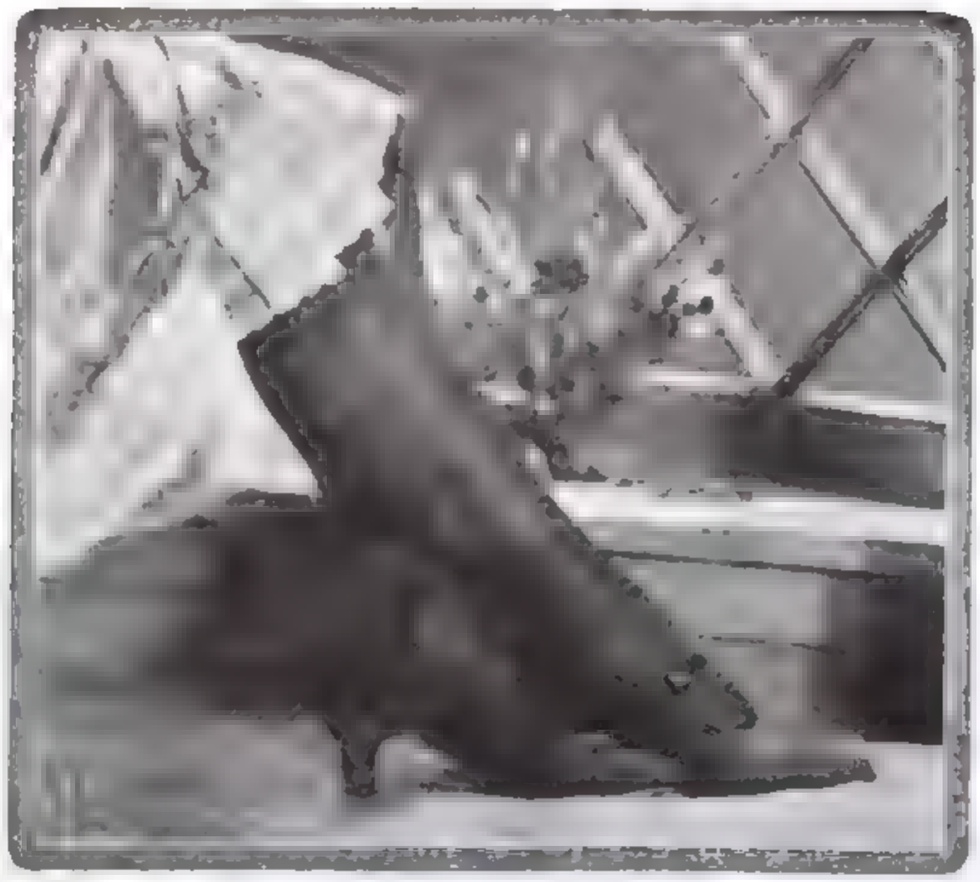
American Seating Company

School Desks—Theatre Chairs—Church and Lodge Furniture

General Offices—14 East Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

Branch Offices and Distributing Agencies with Display Rooms and Service Organizations in All Principal Cities

The SMART VEE WEAVE OF BURSON



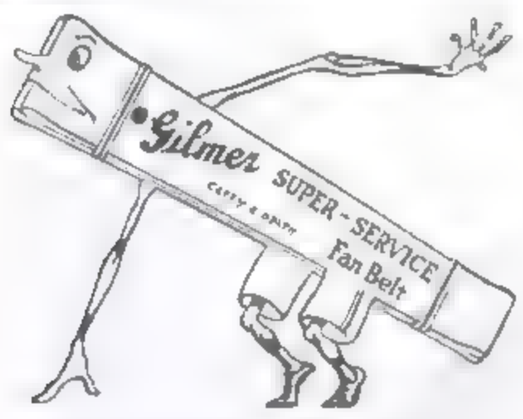
THE smartest, best-fitting hosiery known to discriminating women is the result of the Vee Weave of Burson. ¶ Every variation of proportion in foot and limb is likewise varied in Burson knitting. There is no stretched-out tightness around the calf nor relaxed cloudiness at the ankle. ¶ Burson Hose are fully fashioned by this truly remarkable Vee Weave, offering as it does the added advantage of a smooth, comfortable foot, knit to fit without a seam.

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

The Vee Weave in back of hose (magnified)

BURSON
FASHIONED/HOSE
Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized & Silk

This ticket (in red) on the hem of every pair



RARIN' TO GO!

Super-Service, the marathon fan belt, craves action. Long winded?—well, rather! He's built for racing engines.

He's a good-looking runner, too. Notice that snappy metallic finish. That finish is responsible for his making many a distance record. It gives him greater resistance to heat, oil and water.

Super-Service Fan Belts come wrapped in pairs. Put one on your fan and the "spare" in the tool-box for emergency. Buy the twin package at your dealer's to-day.

60c each for Ford cars—90c each for all other cars using flat belts.

L. H. GILMER CO., Philadelphia

Gilmer

SUPER-SERVICE
FAN BELT

"It's a Gilmer Product—you can depend on it"—Happy Van, the Gilmer Man.

WANTED
District Sales Mgr's

A New York Corporation doing a National Business will open new territory this summer and has and seeks applications from responsible business men between thirty and forty years of age. Some sales experience desirable. Remuneration will be between $5000 and $10,000 a year, according to ability. Write giving experience, nature of present employment, age, etc.

P. O. Box 560, Syracuse, N. Y.

High School Course in 2 Years You can complete this simplified High School course at home in... six other practical... for it TODAY

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. HC 67 Drexel Av. & 58th St. CHICAGO

ERICKSON LEGS
Comfortable to Wearer

Do not Chafe, Overheat or draw end of Stump.

If you have had a recent amputation send for New booklet on TEST LEGS for beginners. (Estab. 1892)

E. H. ERICKSON CO.
36 Wash. Av. N. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

The Reinforced

EARN MONEY AT HOME

...unnecessary... details.
Selling catalogs. JOHN A. HERTEL CO., Dept. G 5 S Clinton, Chicago

SALESMEN WANTED

To sell a unique line of advertising novelties on a liberal commission basis. Highest references required.
STANWOOD MANUFACTURING CO., 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

IF YOU are a producing salesman wanting exceptional line with large commission, write
Diehl, Kane & Diehl Tailoring Company, Dept. H, Cincinnati, Ohio
Give references

We need more men to become Fire Protection experts
We teach you free and show you how to make $10.00 to $20.00 a day right in your own neighborhood. Write to-day.
The FYR-FYTER CO., 418 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

ALL CHANGE

Continued from Page 19

his being without a fear they would be betrayed. Not only that, but he longed to do so. In his sixteen years Dennis had had little enough contact with women. There had been a few nice aunts and cousins; but somehow they didn't enter into his scheme of life, and no single one of them had ever drawn him out of his natural reserve. This stranger with the sweet, white, oval face was different. Being with her was like sitting before a fire; talking to her was like talking aloud to oneself. But he hesitated.

Cool fingers touched the back of his hand and a soft voice said, "She isn't dead, is she?"

"No," he answered; "no—at least—I suppose I should have heard if she were dead."

"What—what happened then?" There was a quality of nervousness in the question.

"Oh, I don't know. It was before I could remember much. I was only a kid of four or five. You see, she didn't stop with the guv'nor."

"Oh," said the voice. "Oh, I see—it was like that. Then I suppose—you hate her, don't you?"

He shook his head.

"It's too long ago to hate anyone, especially someone you can't remember. Besides, the guv'nor wouldn't let me hate her."

"Wouldn't let you?"

"No; that's one of the few things he'd never shift about. It's only a year ago he told me the whole story. Queer, how he talked about her, just as if she was the rippingest memory in his whole life."

"Did he, did he? I didn't think men were like that. Go on."

"Why, he even blamed himself—which was awful rot—accused himself of getting stale—or dull—I forget the word. He said she was the most beautiful treasure a man ever lost possession of. Stuck in my head, that sentence did."

"But you—can you remember nothing about her?"

He shook his head.

"Scarcely anything. Only stupid things, like being very pretty, and cool hands, and some topping scent she always used." He sniffed and gave a little laugh. "It's absolute rot, but you've got some scent on that made me think of that. Just as if one could remember a smell for eleven years. Idiotic!"

"Anything else you remember?" she asked.

He wrinkled his forehead.

"A front door shutting," he said. "Someone who was always going out. That sounds pretty stupid, too."

"Not stupid—rather sad," she whispered. "I didn't know children were conscious of things like that—little children, I mean."

They were silent for a long while. Then: "Why—why did it happen—the break-up?"

"The guv'nor said change, but I'm not quite certain what he was getting at — Change, and she was awfully young when they married, only a year or two older than I am now. He was pretty young himself. 'I let go, somehow,' he said; 'missed the bus.' His work kept him pretty busy—late at the office and all that. D'you know what he told me?"

"Well?"

"That half the world's unhappiness is caused by people forgetting to put their hands in front of their mouths when they're yawning. He says the oddest things, the guv'nor does. Here's a bit of advice he gave me: 'When you marry, old chap', he said, 'which you must, cultivate two intelligences—one for the home and one for the office; for sure as eggs, if you get 'em mixed up or neglect the one or the other, you'll finish up a bachelor who is sweeping a crossing.'"

"Then he never married again?"

Dennis shook his head.

"No such luck. I wish he had. That's selfish, of course; but at school with fellows for always asking questions, it would have eased things up a bit for me."

"Don't!" she said quickly. "Oh, don't!"

"I suppose it was rather a caddish thing to say, but I don't only mean it in that way. An all-man house is a bit of a stummer, however you look at it. Somehow one can't ever stand at ease, if you know what I mean."

"Tell me what you mean."

"When one's down—when things have gone wrong, one kind of wants to—to get beside someone and not much care what one says or does; you know, let your feelings go."

"And would a stepmother do?"

"Depends; she might—can't say."

"You are fond of your father?"

"Good Lord! I should think—no one could help being fond of him."

"He sounds nice," she nodded. "Most tremendously nice; like—like the best man I ever knew—oh, ages and ages ago."

The carriage door on the side away from the window opened and a startling apparition with a black mustache and an unshaved chin plunged in out of the night.

"Brigands!" cried Dennis, and his right hand flew for the pistol.

"It's only the ticket inspector," said the lady in black.

In Spain they have odd habits; even in corridor trains the ticket inspector prefers to make his excursion along the running board. The tickets were examined and punched and the intruder vanished into the void, whence he had come.

"By gad, that was topping!" said the boy. "It would have been a pity, though, if I had plugged him."

"Are you out here all alone?" she asked.

He hesitated.

"I'm joining the guv'nor at Seville."

"How beautifully independent!" And she looked at him with admiring eyes. Then quite unexpectedly she said the oddest thing. "Oh, aren't you sorry for that mother of yours and all she's missing now?"

"Eh, what's that?"

"I was wondering what I wouldn't give to be the mother of a boy like you, with a first-fifteen cap, independence, and a pistol in his pocket to shoot brigands with."

"You're laughing at me."

"If you only knew, you wouldn't believe I was laughing at you."

"At any rate," said Dennis, "you could hardly expect to have a son as old as me. I'm sixteen, you know, and you can't be much more than twenty-something."

"I am much more," she answered. "I could have had a son like you and he would have been sixteen; but I haven't got him—I haven't got him. I haven't—haven't!" And a white hand flew up and was pressed tightly to the plaintive, angry mouth.

"I say," said Dennis, "whatever's wrong? You seem awfully queer."

He crossed and sat beside her and put a nervous hand on her arm, which she imprisoned quickly with her fingers.

"Keep it there," she pleaded. "Be kind and stay beside me, because I'm frightened."

"Good heavens, of what?"

"You wouldn't understand—at least you would, too well; but I'm one of the people who've thrown away everything that was worth having—everything—and—and"—her voice split up like fragments of a broken tumbler—"and I'm child enough to want them back—all of them."

"Want what back?" he asked. "Look here, I like you frightfully; you're the nicest person I've ever met. Tell me, has anyone made you unhappy? I swear if there's anything I can do to help, you've only to say."

"Even if I told you it was—was my fault that I'm miserable because I was vain, empty, selfish, second rate?"

"It 'ud be no good your telling me that, because I shouldn't swallow it."

"Even if I said I was just as cruel as your own mother was cruel?"

"Chuck that!" he answered hotly. "Even from you, I won't stand that."

"Oh, you darling!" she said through a bright mist of tears. "You loyal, loyal darling! If you really mean you'd do something for me, just for a minute help me to believe I've got back the best of what I threw away."

"That's a tall order," said he. "How can I?"

"Put an arm round my neck and kiss me like a son would."

"That's easy," said he. "And do you know, I've been wanting to."

He gave her a mighty hug and pressed his hot, boyish face against her cheek. A faint perfume, pregnant with memories of a half-forgotten past, filled his nostrils. It was so comforting, so right that he left his head lying against her shoulder.

Simply enough, she said "Thank you," and passed her cool fingers across his head.

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They stayed thus for a long while in contented and unbroken silence.

Presently she said, "Will you tell me your name?"

"Dennis Stayton."

She started violently, shook and went supple in his arms, then tilted sideways against the window glass in a dead faint.

"I say, I say!" he cried. "I say, look here!"

But she might have been dead for all the notice she took of him.

In a panic, Dennis cast about for restoratives. He laid her along the seat, slapped her hands and fanned her with a newspaper.

Brandy! Brandy was the stuff! In desperation he dragged her dressing bag from the rack and tried to open it. It was locked. Written across the hanging label was the name Phyllida Waverley. The dressing bag slipped with a crash to the floor and the boy's eyes opened wide. Phyllida was his mother's name and Waverley the name of the—but that didn't matter; he was dead now. Nothing mattered but the supreme discovery of this adorable mother with the dead-white face who lay like a corpse upon the seat. In a frenzy of haste, Dennis dashed out into the corridor and beat his fists against the barred communicating door that led to coaches of the wagon lit. There was no answer. He beat again. A head was thrust out of an adjoining compartment and someone cursed him fluently in Spanish.

"Swine!" said Dennis with equal venom, and fled back to his own carriage again. Not a sign of life stirred the motionless figure. Then Dennis opened the off-side door and lowered himself to the running board as the train, with a shriek, plunged into a sulphurous tunnel.

A rush of cold air and a hand lugging at his arm aroused John Stayton from his sleep.

"Good God!" he said. "What's up?"

Dennis was gasping—blubbering almost.

"Mother—mother's there! She's fainted! Mother's there! Oh, don't you understand? It's mother!"

"What in blazes are you driveling about?"

Dennis, stammering and gasping, made a pitiful mess of the story, but somehow he managed to convey the essentials. "Mother's there! I kissed her, dad. And, dad, she's lovely—most—and oh, dad, don't you think you possibly ——"

"Here, get into that bed," said John Stayton, lugging a pair of trousers over his pajama legs. "Get in and go to sleep."

"Yes, but I must show you where."

"Idiot, boy!" said his father. "D'you imagine I turned in without finding out where you were?"

He struggled into an overcoat and dropped a flask into the pocket.

"The door's shut," said Dennis.

"I've got my boots on," came the answer.

In the bright sunlight of the early morning, Dennis Stayton made his way down the corridor. The door was open now, so there was no need to go by the running board. Sleepy Spaniards were stretching themselves. The railway embankments glittered with wild flowers, and through the open windows came a delicious smell of orange blossom from the groves.

His father and mother were looking at each other with something in their eyes that seemed so intimately their own that for the moment Dennis felt almost a wave of jealousy. They seemed to be sitting unnecessarily far apart, but that might have been explained by the fact that Dennis had sung his way down the corridor. They looked, moreover, as though they had only that moment arrived at their present positions. There was an amazing difference in their expressions, as though something which was lost or missing had been replaced. It was absurd that anyone could be so pretty as his mother. As Dennis came in, she was patting her hair in order with a few deft touches.

"Do I look most awfully untidy?" she was asking.

And his father replied, "You look hullo, Dennis!"

A grinding of brakes and the train slowed down in the station at Seville.

"*Hay que cambiar!*" roared the guard. "*Hay que cambiar!*" Which, translated, implies "All change!"

All change! Without which life is a dull affair of no great account.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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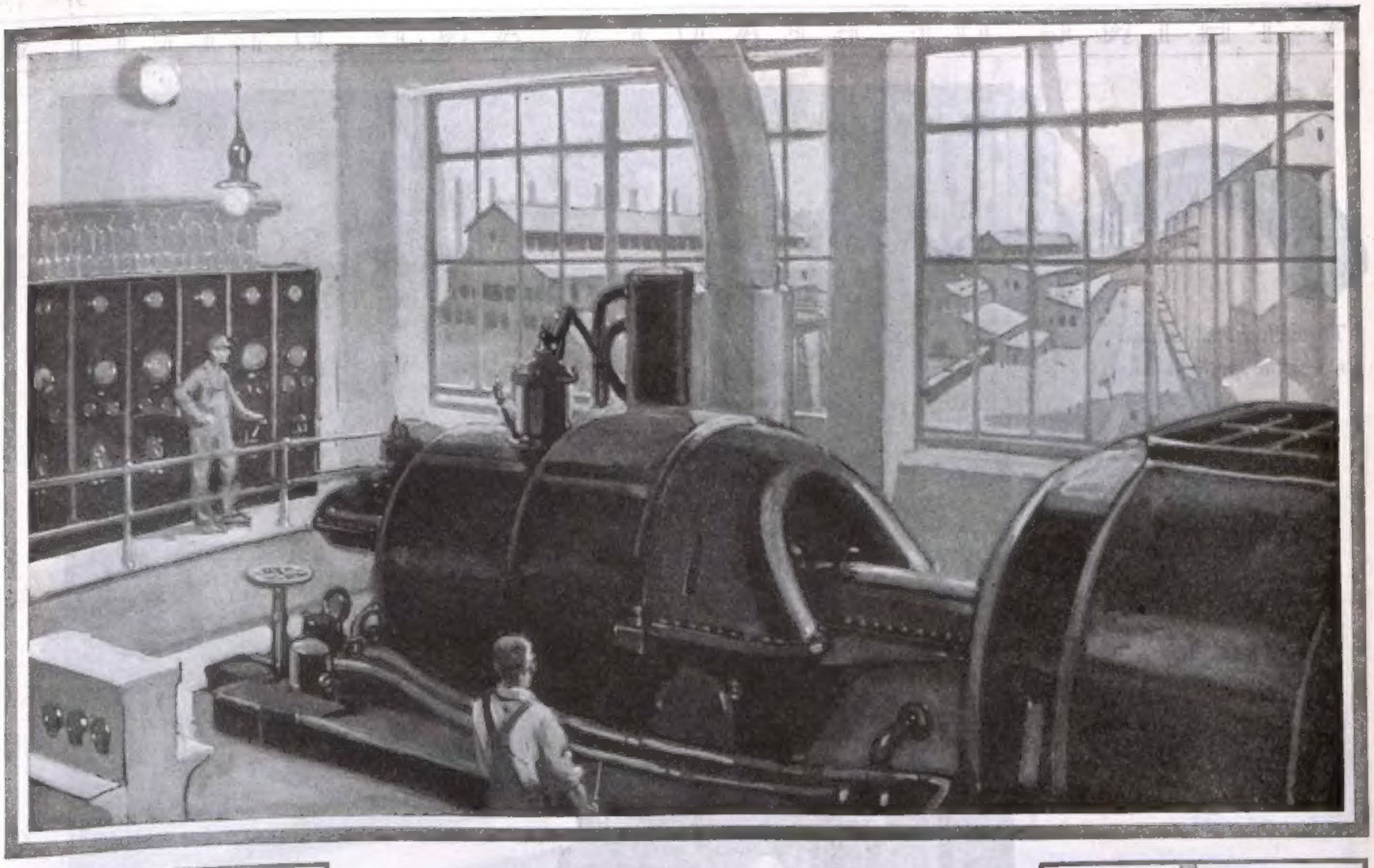

The Power Is On

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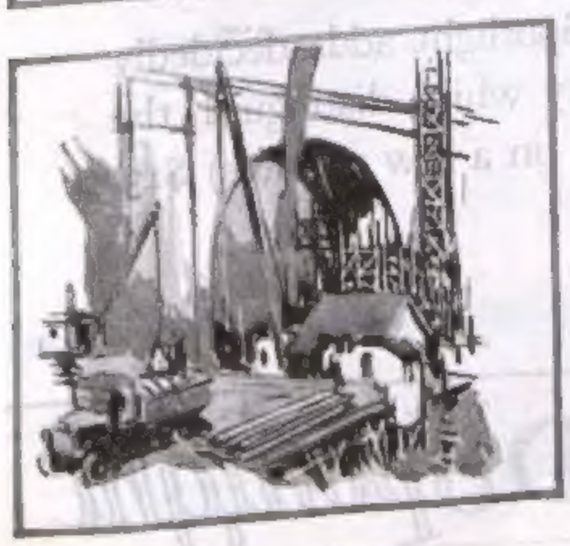

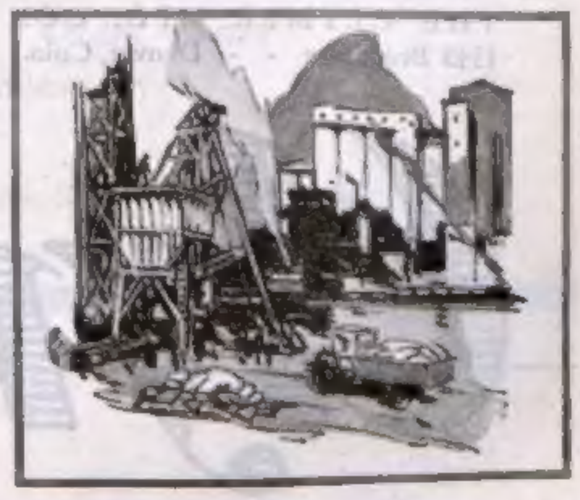

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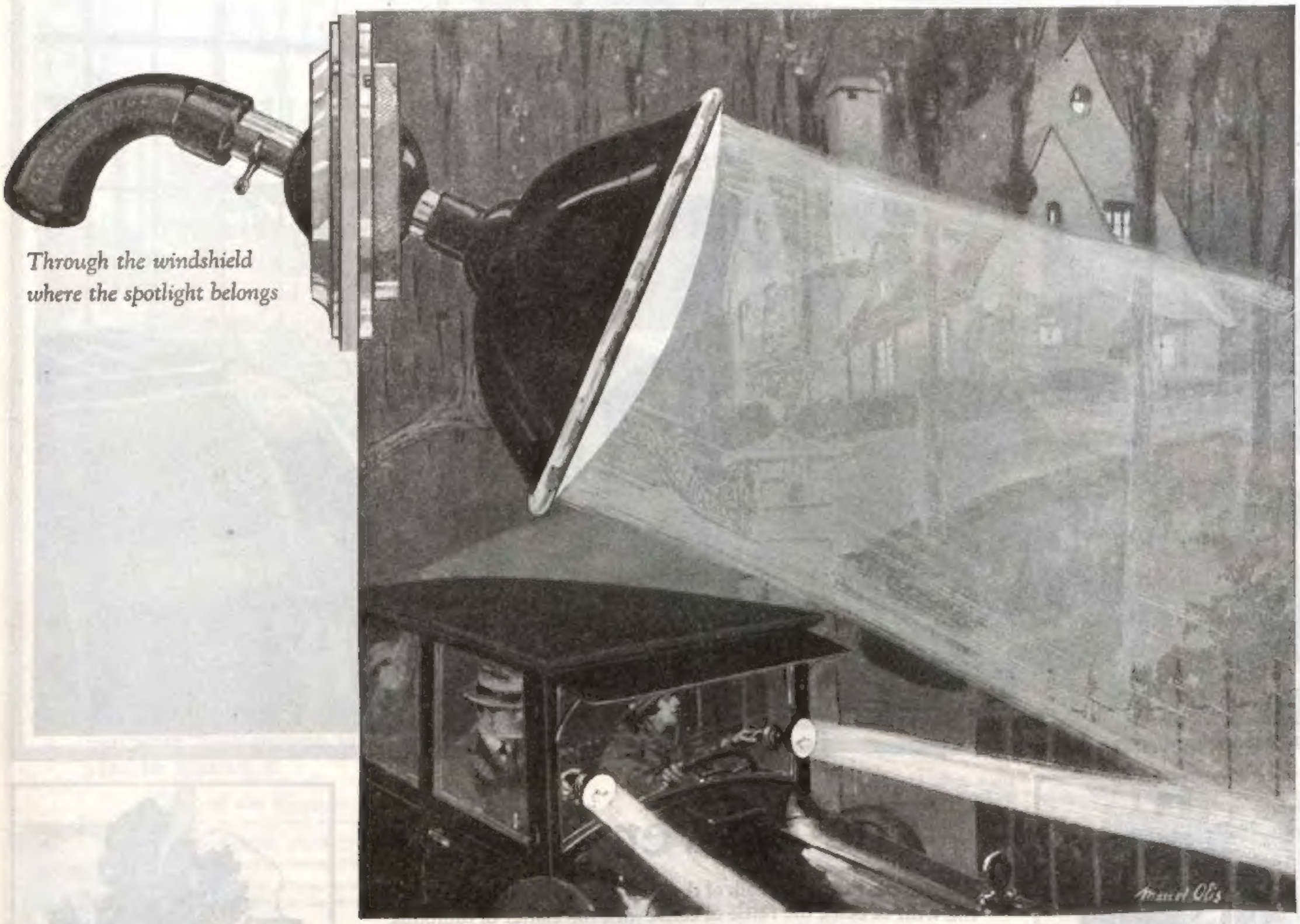

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Perhaps it had occurred to him, just when he was told to look at the little bird, that the plunge for which he was so niftily arrayed was going to be doubly perilous.

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